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AMERICAN PORTRAITURE OF CHILDREN

By Harrison S. Morris

THE plant finds joy in its buds, the race lives anew in its offspring; and hence childhood, with its helpless little needs, its tiny mimicry, its confidence, and the simple purity of its conceptions, is the supreme human interest. All are engaged in rearing it. Even the unwilling bachelor has his economic share. The whole race exists for its preservation and thinks itself well paid if there is a scant glance of affection now and then, or a little arm stolen round the neck.

What wonder if the ancient painters we endearingly, though somewhat vaguely, call the old masters found in motherhood an endless source of impulse? They were thinking much about the larger facts of life, and their art was a language in which to give forth praise. Motherhood, childhood, the Madonna, were at once mysteries and revelations, and it was ordained that they, masters of color and form, seers of beauty, should interpret by tenderness and loveliness the subtile meaning of the relationship.

Color and design are by no means bad vehicles for the expression of insight. They convey compactly what has been observed, and they have a way of rendering it unmistakably. But when you add to this the simplicity of a deep conviction and the approach of a reverent spirit there is something more profound than a mere record—there is creation.

Those pious old worshippers with the brush created once and forever a Madonna which was lifted out of the realities by its sacred fervor. It was a mother and child, to be sure, but sublimated and ennobled by the intensity of devotion which produced it. All the gifts they possessed, all the sights common to their daily vision, all the thoughts of their exalted moments, and the attentive study of the sacred texts were concentrated on this spiritual rendition of a Mother and Child.

But the conception, whence came it? Surely it had a fireside or wayside origin. One of those devout ancestors of art walked abroad some morning and saw a mother caressing her baby under the twinkling sunlight of a Florentine garden. Another, by a northerly hearthside, watched, with parental emotion, the little child he loved lie sleeping in its mother's arms. Botticelli painted the child and mother of Italy, touched with a charm which had come to him as guerdon for light-heartedness and love of beauty for its own sake. Michelangelo modelled a serener Madonna whose face bespoke the profundity of his own insight. Raphael's conception was angelic in its spirituality. He saw far into the Heaven of his faith, and lifted his type up to that exalted revelation. Rubens found his ideal at the threshold, and it keeps warm that homelier association.

As you go through the list it is plain that each master discovered a motive among his own surroundings, and those divine types of the Madonna we prize as the heirlooms of a world, are, after all, only the everlasting childhood interpreted by genius. The wonder is that such devout passion ever abated; that what was so universal in appeal should have lost its power to stir and inspire. But with the relaxing grasp of the simple old faith in revelation the Madonna was effaced from among the painter's ideals. It had ceased

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Cynthia, by Cecilia Beaux.

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to reveal human attributes, and had taken on an ecclesiastical significance. In its passage into the realm of symbolic religion it lost its hold on filial emotions.

Thus, here in America, saving in some hopeful directions, there is no general counterpart for the tender and lovely Madonna of old. The type is all but lost in those perverse realisms which only a touch more of reverence for the maternal bond, that hovering aureole of sentiment and meaning which encircle every mother and child, might elevate into the ancient reality. There is no valid excuse for deserting the sweetest of all paintable subjects. Pass

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Dorothy, by John S. Sargent.
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through almost any street, enter almost any domestic circle, and there likely enough is the old significance. Dress and habitat do not alter it, nor when the intangible loveliness is innate, can squalor cancel it.

To be sure it is not every mother who bends into the beauty of Madonnahood. There are types that it evades. But without seeking you may find it, and in truth the revelation oftenest comes unbidden. It has not infrequently come to me at moments when place and time were least hopeful. Looking up from a book or suddenly out door or window, or travelling down a "long, unlovely street," the old beauty and sentiment have appeared in undiminished appeal. It requires art-composition, color, design, to ennoble this into the accepted Madonna, but now and again all these elements combine, by an accident of nature, and you have the fe-

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A Fairy Tale, by Sergeant Kendall.
(Owned by the artist.)

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licity which stays long and blesses, of seeing the Mother and Child in an alien land, yet as authentic and touching as in mediæval Italy.

One such vision I recall for its vivid reality. It was in the grimy lane of an industrial village. The young mother sat with her child on a low door-step under the shade of a dusty maple. The clamor of great mills filled the air, and the sky was darkened by their smoke. Her roof was the forlorn shelter of an unbeautiful and meagre life, but the humble doorstep, like the manger of old, had become the throne of motherhood, and its wretched surroundings were lifted into unassailable beauty.

I have said that in some hopeful directions the American painter has kept open his receptive eyes, and the tender responsiveness between mother and child has not escaped them. The four or five groups by George de Forest Brush make this conspicuously plain. He has seen with an artist's soul the principle which underlies the lovely form, and he has dedicated his gifts to portray it again and again in differing compositions, each dwelling on some intangible attribute differing from the others, each emphasizing a new and elusive trait.

There are such groups by Brush of two, of three—as in the accompanying plate—and of five figures, and it is their high value that they strive to translate existing human forms into types that stand for ideals, just as those pure old Madonnas do, and just as all things painted or carved do, that possess the touchstone of endurance.

That Brush has found his own little ones his best inspiration is a present fact in the painting of childhood most significant. It means that he has crossed the thin partition which divides but does not sever the old from the new, and has drunk at the same springs of impulse as the elders of art. He has learned that the barrenness of achievement was not in the race nor in the sentiment of childhood, but in the artist, and he has come back to his task with a confidence that has cast aside the reserves of convention, and brought him to touch hands with clever sentiment.

A Miniature, by Margaret Kendall.
(Owned by the artist.)

It takes a good deal of self-abnegation to win the friendship of a child. Gifts will not always do it. Gentleness, frankness, and good-humor go a long way; but a very potent aid is the ability to pretend. If the painter hopes to catch the fugitive charm he must put on the badge of the nursery and live its life. He must believe in the land of fairy and travel its perilous ways, he must be fresh in wonder and

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Profile of Child, by John W. Alexander.
(Owned by L. Simon, Esq.)

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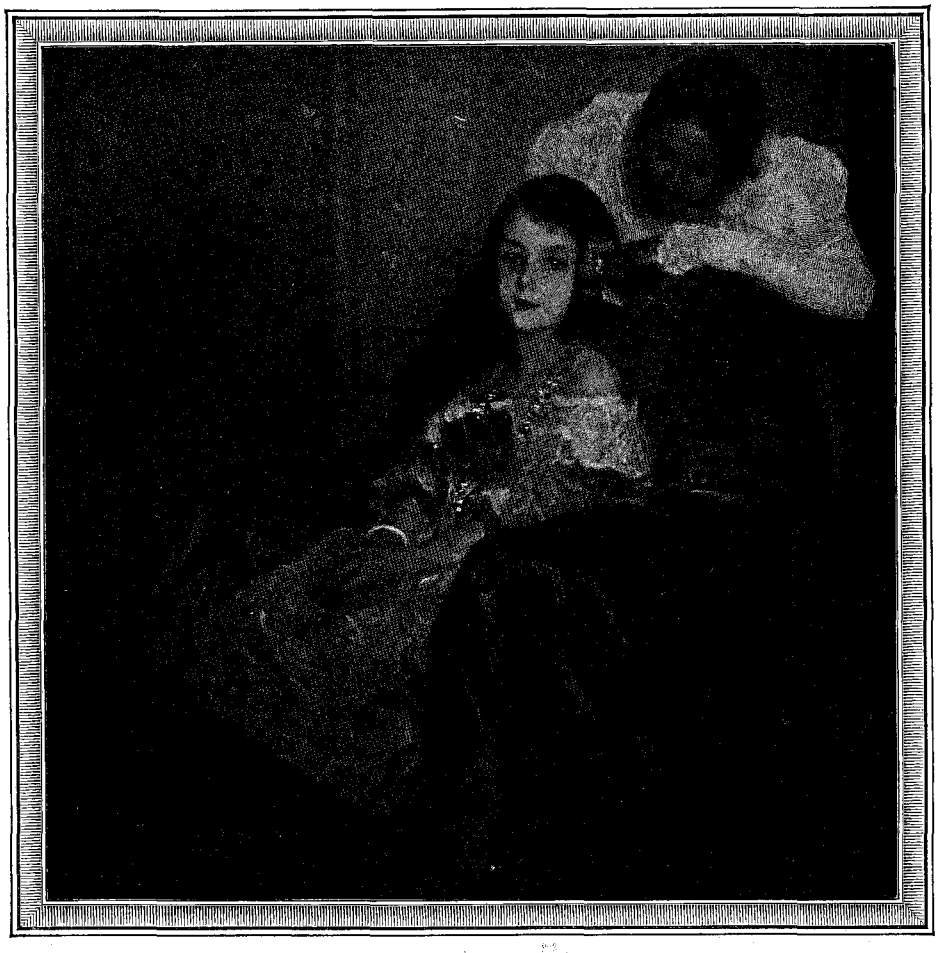

Dorothy and Her Sister, by William M. Chase.

(Owned by the artist.)

inventive in whim, and he must be very pure of heart.

For tenderness and loveliness and the purity of sentiment which lives in beauty are nowhere expressed so simply as in a little child. He stands as he was fashioned, unaltered from Nature's mould. He twines the problem of existence with charm of form and character, and to catch his changing moods is half to solve the mystery of beauty. He is a divine possibility because he lies on the borderland between existence and the unknown.

The painter who deals with this problem must bring to it many qualities besides the desire to paint. He must have sympathy for childish character; he must surrender himself to the youngster's standpoint, he must put on humility, and, above all, he must approach in a spirit of equality. There are many artists too self-conscious, or too little in harmony with the artless joy of being a child, to understand and interpret him, many fail altogether to catch sight of the "clouds of glory," trailed "from that imperial palace whence he came." Such may be sensitive enough to the grandeur or the soft appeal of landscape, or they may feel moved to express the universe in other equally profound symbols, but I cannot escape the conviction that when painters turn for a language in which to utter their highest aspirations to the mystery and innocence of childhood as Brush, and Thayer, and Sergeant Kendall have done in the pict-

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Mother and Child, by Mary Cassatt.
(By permission of Durand-Ruell & Co., N. Y.)

ures here presented and in others equally significant, they are concerned as the reverent masters were with the deeper purport of life, and their choice is a happy augury for their future.

There are a great many ways, to be sure, in which the old spirit of child-and-motherhood may be evoked. The times change, and even art, the lasting element of life, changes with them. We all remember the poor youngsters of our own day who suffered at the hands of the artist only less bitterly than from the iron instrument employed by the daguerreotyper to effect elegance of pose. I have in my eye a group executed by a painter of those days, in which the green effigy of a child, and a younger red one, lightly entwined in a whip describing the line of beauty, pause under an arch overlooking a sunset as unreal as the architecture. Such was one old way of seeing the hard fact called childhood. It lacked

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Brother and Sister, by Abbott H. Thayer.

From a Copley print copyright, 1897, by Curtis & Cameron; painting copyright, 1889, by Abbott H. Thayer.

(Owned by Arthur A. Cary, Esq.)

every essential sweetness and subtlety which the season implies. It omitted almost every invisible attribute, every intangible charm, each impulse that lifts form and face into the most winning of human expressions; and it retained, happily not for long, those external angles and temperamental perversities which run like an accompanying discord below the graces of youth. This example, perhaps, was an extreme one, but there were many gradations of conception, through conventional poses of little prigs, and the artificial refinements chosen by an adoring family, down to the photographic elegance of false plants and make-believe balustrades.

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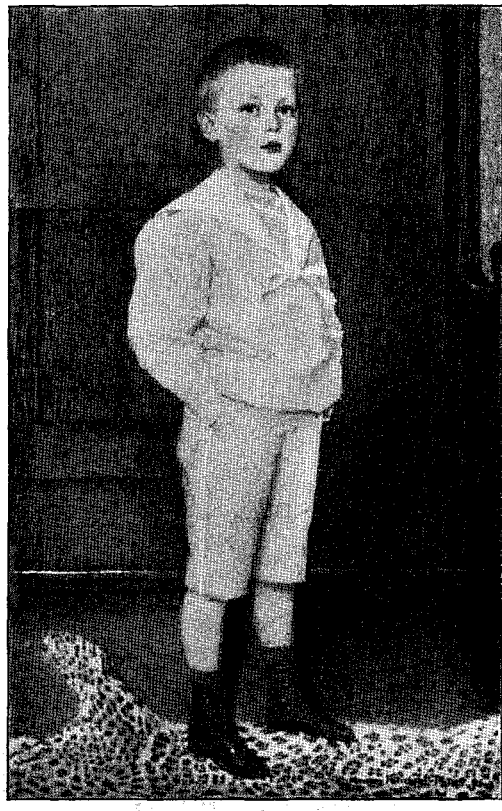
But it must not be argued that to approach the spirit of the Madonna it is needful to throw an aureole around every maternal group, or that to paint the natural youngster it is desirable to search into his being for evidences of eternal truth. A halo does its pious office in withdrawing the figure on which it rests into the seclusion of worship. One could conceive a Madonna, such as that lovely one of Dagnan-Bouveret under the Pergola, without an aureole, but it adds to the tender divinity of the conception that such a symbol is there.



Charles P. Curtis III., by Lucia F. Fuller.
(Owned by Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Jr.)

In the domestic loves of child and mother painted by Mary Cassatt, and in the household infant so characteristically portrayed again and again by Cecilia Beaux the essence of the hallowed tie which made sweet the Madonnas of old comes to us, altered in nothing save dress and race. The nursery cannot conceal the tenderness and loveliness of the little child, even in the antics of play or under the rigorous ablutions of the toilet, nor even when hidden in some make-believe, old-fashioned gown, as with the "Miss Persis Blair" by Laura Hills, nor when taking part in an appropriate composition such as that by Margaret Kendall, where the contour of the little chap has the lines loved by the simple-hearted masters. Even in these specimens so far removed from the original type, the kinship with what is most genuine in the art of painting childhood is not sought in vain.

It is on the common ground of interest in youth, infancy, babyhood, that the beginning and the end of art thus meet. Nature and human nature love a child as they love a bud, promises each of immortality. In them life moves forward. By them the pledges of existence are to have fulfilment. Every trait is momentous, each characteristic is vital to the race. How the child looks, its acts, its caressing little speech musically mispronounced, its restless waking, its dreamless sleep, its imitative play, and, above all, its expression, by every attribute, of the diminutive — that weakness of doating humanity—all these singly and collectively kindle our devotion to the child. The sacred Infant gathers into His being all the hopes and fears of mankind; the memories of our own youth are the fixed stars of our wayfaring; the cradle is the heart of the family. From the manger at Bethlehem to the encircling arms of the latest mother is only a step in the pathway of time. Is it therefore strange that the painter who reveals even one endearing trait of childhood touches some answering chord in the universal heart?

There is a babyhood which Sargent has painted with the buoyant technique and unbending truth that are his highest gifts. In the little Goelet child who toddles to the edge of the canvas with an impulse that "has had elsewhere its setting," and in "Dorothy," here depicted, he has stolen into the being of the pretty

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Mother and Child, by George deForest Brush.
(Owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.)

infants and betrayed the guileless mysteries of their brief existence. His is an art which does not so much look for sentiment as for reality. He seeks the fact and discards as beyond his province those tender influences that may seem to hinder manly analysis. He has no madonnas in his list, and only a few compositions. He deals by choice with the portrait as a solvent of character and enjoys the biologic practice of revealing the secrets of life with a brush.

But, if you question that he knows the value and beauty of sentiment, you have only to turn to the group of Homer St. Gaudens and his mother, and in all the range of contemporary painting there is nothing that more adequately expresses childhood. It breathes the human significance which makes one soul stand for all, and in this sense it ranks with the elder art. It avows the divinity of the maternal tie as seen in the thoughtful boy leaning with simple trust at his mother's side. The costume sinks away, the accidents of time and place count nothing. It takes no aureole to elevate such work to the plane of the masters, whether for subtlety, for interpretation, or for the mystery of motherhood, which, after all, is the soul of the ancient beauty.

The always apparent truth is that whether the youngster painted be large or small, black or white, sweet or homely, what is demanded is a spirit which seeks childhood in a sympathetic mood, a sense of the juvenile stand-point, and a feeling

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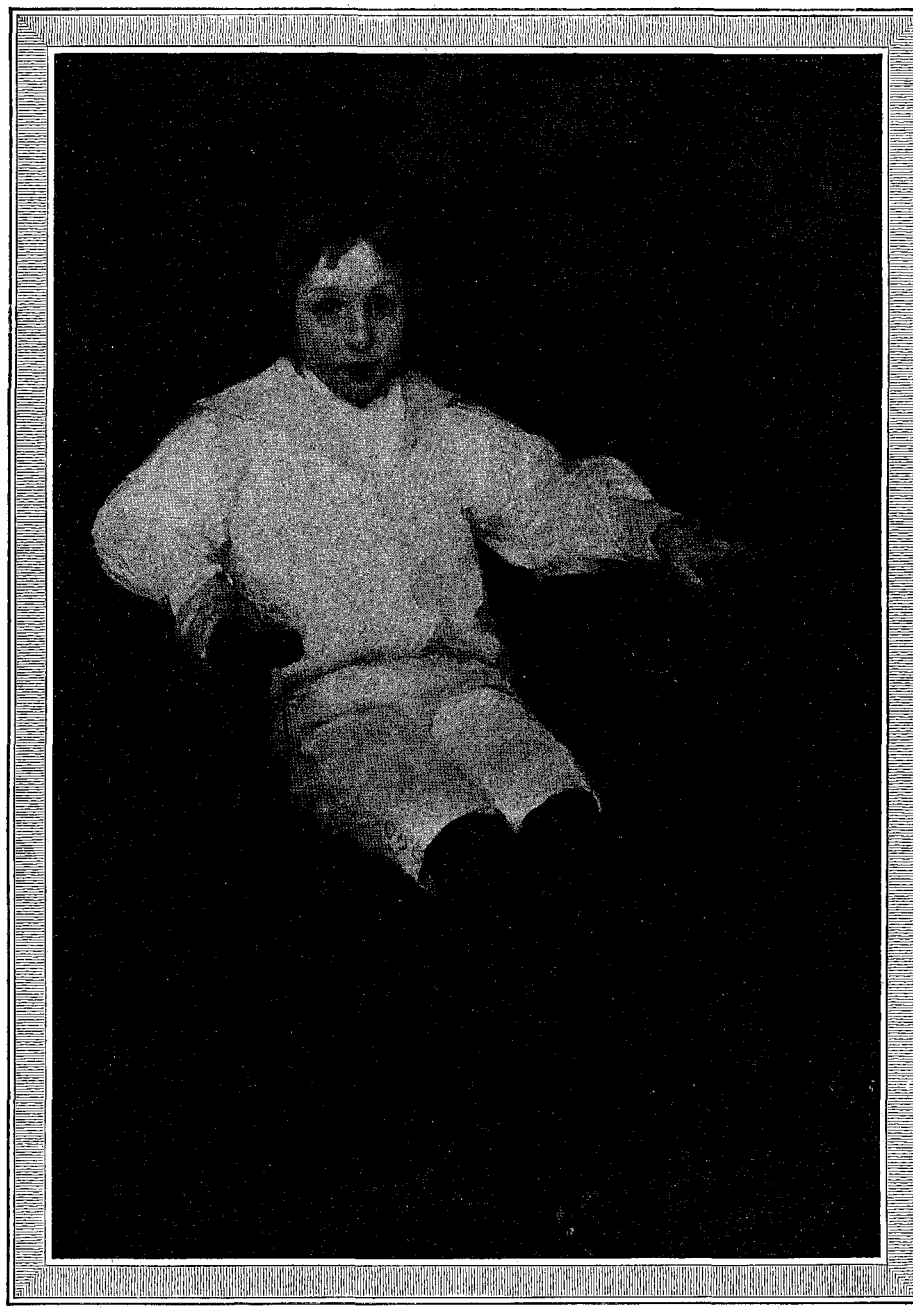

Portrait, Gilman Nichols, by Wilton Lockwood.

(Owned by Mrs. E. Q. Nichols.)

for the tenderness and loveliness that exist in the maternal relation and in the mystery surrounding the nonage of every child. Some painters reach this through one mood, some another; but the essential traits thus grasped form the foundations of every enduring portrait.

In a picture like "The Story Book," by Charles Hopkinson, the sympathy of insight is marked. The caressing mother,

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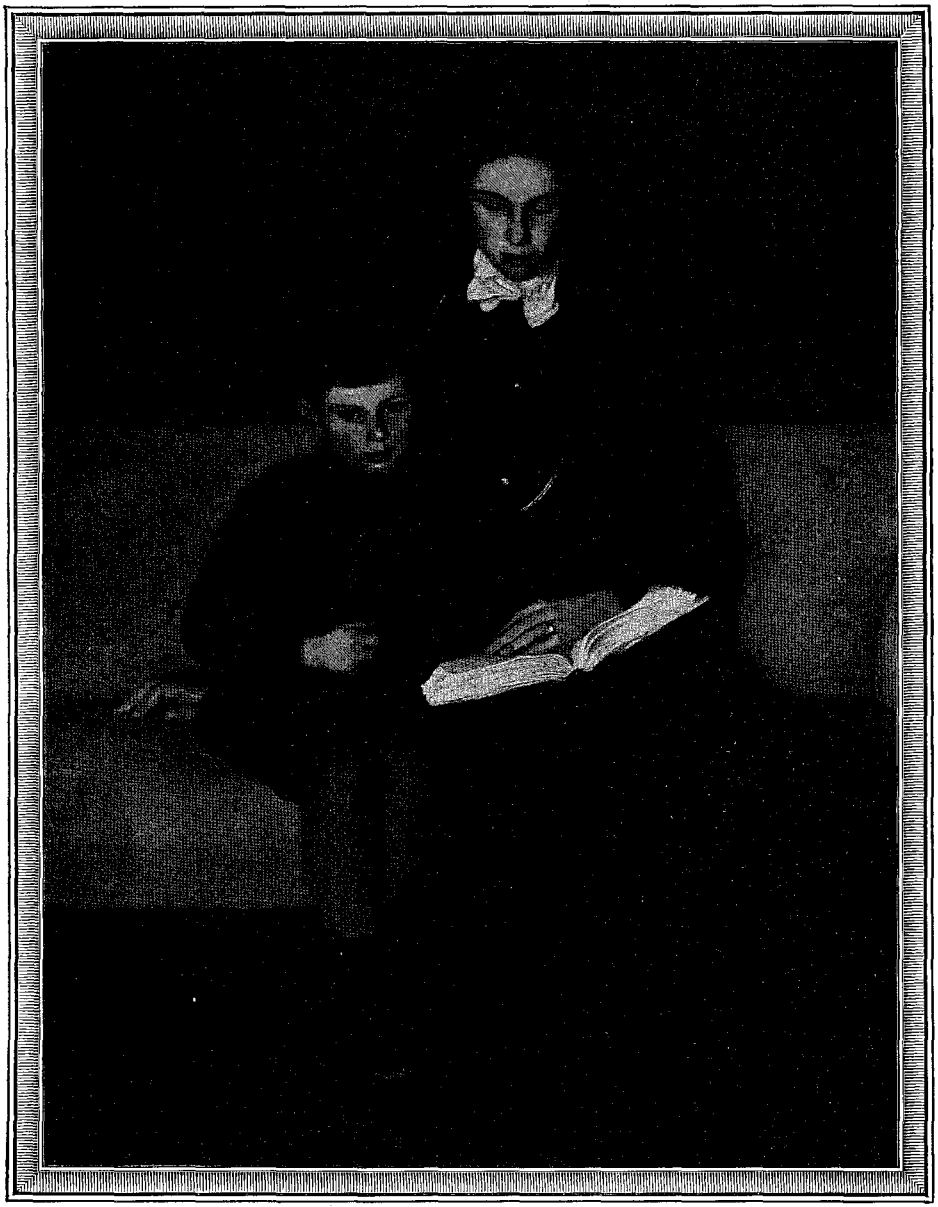

The Story Book, by Charles Hopkinson.

(Owned by the artist.)

the confiding boy, simple in his honest intelligence, show the sweetness that exists next us always were we as wisely alert for its charm as is this young painter. In his "Brother and Sister," Thayer makes search for a deeper purport of childhood, but the sincerity of approach is the same. It is only the angle of vision that is altered, not the sympathetic and understanding scrutiny. So, too, in Chase's group, "Dorothy and Her Sister," the simplicity of young girlhood is studied with loving attention, and, indeed, were this other than a parental analysis I doubt if masculine questioning could have obtained an answer so naïve. Perhaps the

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Miss Persis Blair, by Laura C. Hills.

portrait by John W. Alexander of his son, that sturdy, handsome boy in the brown velvet coat, owes its fidelity and manly young beauty to the same paternal insight; and though his portrait given here is of the winning little daughter of another painter, M. Jules Simon, it seems to say, "He has known me well, and I love him much."

As an experience for the painting of children's portraits nothing could surpass, I suppose, this practice with subjects found at home. It offers the utilities of an obedient model and convenient poses, and it supplies exercise for moments when the professional brush grows weary. But its crowning merit is that it cherishes those sentiments of intimate association and promotes that zest of understanding without which little is achieved in this or indeed any field. A father or mother is surely endowed with a deeper knowledge of the household group than the keenest of strangers, and when such study takes the form of painting, it penetrates farther into character and betrays wider reaches of truth than are possible to the alien. The little figure by Mrs. Kendall and the madonna-like group by Sergeant Kendall bear substantial witness to this, and in the handsome boy "Sydney" by Benjamin Curtis Porter, though the sentiment of the lad is less emphasized and his straightforward likeness more desired, the qualities which join to make him the adorable child he is are those which flow from

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Portrait of the Artist's Son, Sydney, by Benjamin Curtis Porter.
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parental intimacy. Always we are led back to the thesis of the venerable masters who found ideals realized at the threshold.

All of which shows how needful is the spirit of comradeship and self-abandonment to the adequate portrayal of childhood. The inflexible discipline of two generations ago in the household, at school, even in the playroom; the grim moralities and terrifying menaces which had crept into religious training were reflected in the painting of that austere day—even in the woodcut which accompanied the text of many a homily directed at the grace of light-hearted youth. The painter found only what he sought. The child gave him what he would, and the joyless result gathers dust on the panels of not a few prim homesteads which survive into a sunnier time.

I shall be reminded, and justly enough, that the technical skill of each painter limits his interpretation. Without doubt. Minus gifts to support sympathy there would be but a lame conclusion. It is, after all, the personal bias, the sign-manual of character, which stamps any work of art as self-sufficing. But we are concerned at the moment with those who are conceded to possess the equipment, who have achieved, with more or less convincing proofs, the right to stand *hors concours* as artists. What we are engaged in questioning is their ability to speak the simple language of childhood which none utters but the humble in spirit and the pure in heart. The painter may work in landscape and a thousand and one other subjects with matchless dexterity. How does he paint childhood?

There is another way to paint childhood familiarly and with understanding, and, indeed, subjects of the class in question yield hardly to any other treatment. This is the way that reveals a youngster in his up-to-date surroundings, undeviating, unemotional, a likeness rather than a picture, though partaking enough of picturesqueness to render the image valuable as a record. It is the commoner way, because patrons who desire a likeness seldom want anything else, and, in truth, when so served, it is often beyond their deserts.

But distinction is in the artist, not in the sitter. One may imagine the Infanta of Spain to have been a plain enough little girl; Velasquez gave her royal dignity. And the lads and lasses painted by the golden brush of Sir Joshua or Gainsborough or Morland should thank their benign stars for the favor. Forever they will go down the admiring ages in the bloom of fragile loveliness, when in truth many of them were likely enough youths and maidens of full English habit and of robust and strenuous build.

The painter makes the man, and in dealing with types of the prevailing order, clothed in the fashions of a day of utility, subdued by Puritan and Quaker instincts to monotony of color, he has little choice. His hope lies in his subject, and, given a healthy, well-bred, and lively boy, even the disadvantages of a colorless and unemotional age may be overcome by evoking character, natural charm, and, where the conditions admit, the latent maternal beauty.

Of such are the "Gilman Nichols" by Wilton Lockwood and the "Charles P. Curtis III." of Lucia Fairchild Fuller. No attribute of childhood is lost in the every-day costume which blends social life into a unit as the uniform effaces the soldier. There is a sparkle of gayety bubbling over into mischief in the Nichols urchin; refinement of limb and elevation of instinct show forth through his tailored exterior. The lines which run through eternal childhood, though invisible, are instinctively felt twining this limb of the twentieth with the symbolic infant of an earlier century.

And in Mrs. Fuller's sturdy boy there exist the painter-like structure and grasp of human meaning which are independent of an age. To know life by observation and loving watchfulness is a high gift, and those who possess it are of one family, even though generations of indistinguishable beings have streamed between. It is this that makes the old and the new painters of one kin, and without those excellences which all but elude definition, but which are the soul of every living work, there is no fellowship with the past, no anointment from that fountain whence all art that endures has drawn its life.

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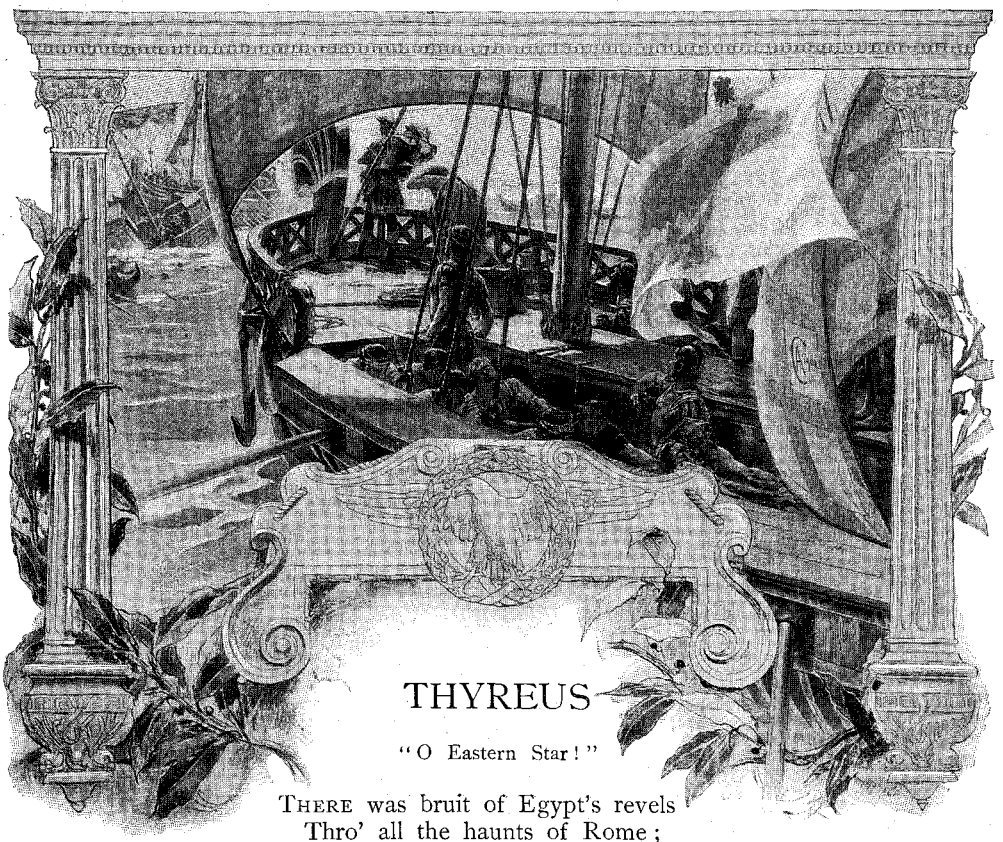

THYREUS

"O Eastern Star!"

THERE was bruit of Egypt's revels
  Thro' all the haunts of Rome;
There was question thro' the legions
  If Antony would come:
The sails of Pompey fluttered
  E'en in the city's face,—
The dread Sextus Pompeius
  Had swept the seas apace,
While many a Roman matron
  Was loud of Fulvia's shame,
And Octavius' look was clouded
  At the chief triumvir's name.
For still "the queen," "the Gypsy,"
  "The siren of the Nile"
Was theme for song and gossip
  Of wit and fire and guile,—
A being of fateful passion
  That held the time aghast—
A trophy of Julius Cæsar,
  Still splendid with the past.

And then—thou knowest the story:
  How Lepidus was thrown,
How from Octavia's tender arms
  Rough Antony had flown,
How of the world's three pillars
  Cæsar would stand alone.

*** After Antony and Cleopatra had escaped from the disastrous sea-fight before Actium and had shut themselves up in Alexandria, the victorious Cæsar (Octavius) despatched thither Thyreus, a youthful favorite of his own household, to win the queen from her unfortunate lover. In the poem Thyreus recalls his memorable adventure—which recurs also in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii, scenes xii and xiii.

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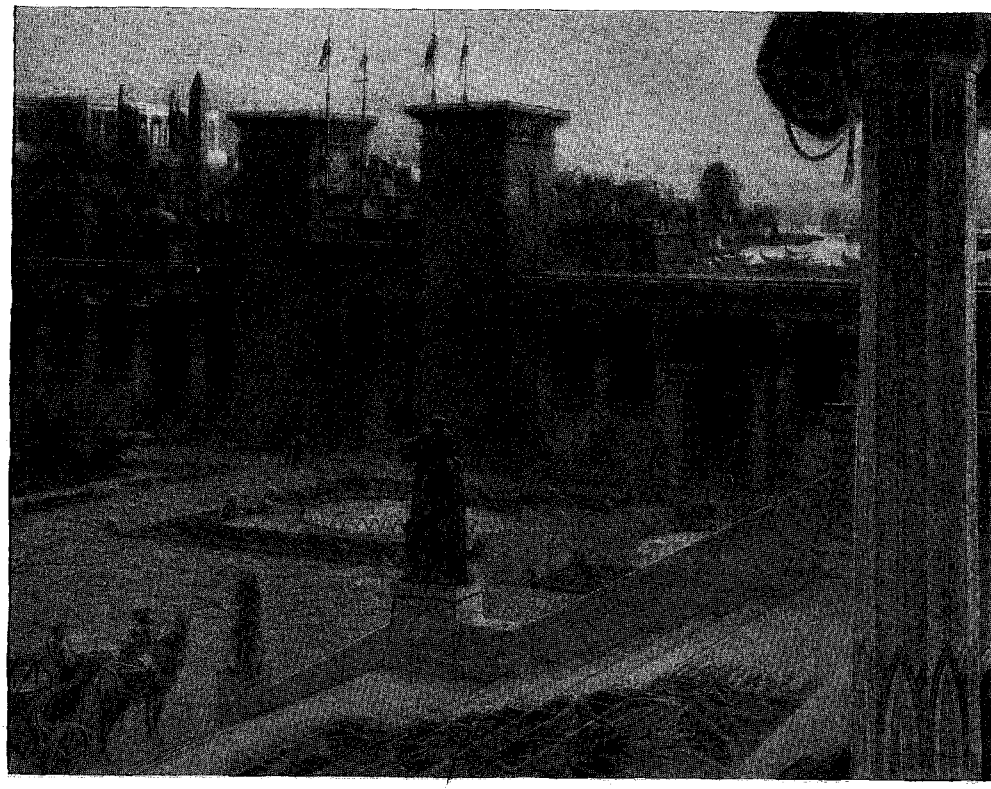

Soon comes the word from Actium
That Cæsar's fleet prevails—
That Egypt's sixty galleys
Turn, white with flying sails,
Till pent in Alexandria
Rome's stoutest soldier lies—
Prince of so many kingdoms,
There steeped in miseries.

But ere our hovering eagles
Should cloud those shielding walls,
'Twas mine to voice Octavius' will
In Ptolemy's royal halls:—
"Trouble thou not for Antony,
Tinkering his battered casque:
Lure Cleopatra from him!
'Tis more than a soldier's task.
Prove her with gold, with incense—
Fling kingdoms as thine own!
Thou wearest the seal of Cæsar:
So wear thy head!—Begone!"
. . . . . .

On a couch whose drifting shadows—
(Breath of the Tyrian loom,)
Still whispered of the Pharaohs
Thro' all their haunted bloom,
The queen of queens lay musing
Of glories turned to gloom.

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Emblems of grim Osiris
  Hung 'round her brow their spell;
'Neath the circling asp, "eternity,"
  Her eyes blent heaven and hell:
Thou couldst not dream, "How beautiful!"
  Ere thou shouldst dread, "How fell!"
. . . . . .

Was it my youth had moved her—
  Haply the ring I wore!
Or was it my wild heart, beating
  Thro' the message that I bore?
She sighed—perchance for Cæsar—
  Perchance for all the race!
But her hand rose through my kisses
  To soothe my lifted face:—
"Star of the East!" I murmured,
  "Through all the purple years
Thus shall my master sue thee—
  Thus, thus my master's tears!"

With a roar as when Calabria's coast
  The siren Scylla chides,
The Roman came upon us,
  Crushing his girded sides:—
"Scourge him—this Jack of Cæsar's!
  Menial!—beat him with rods!"

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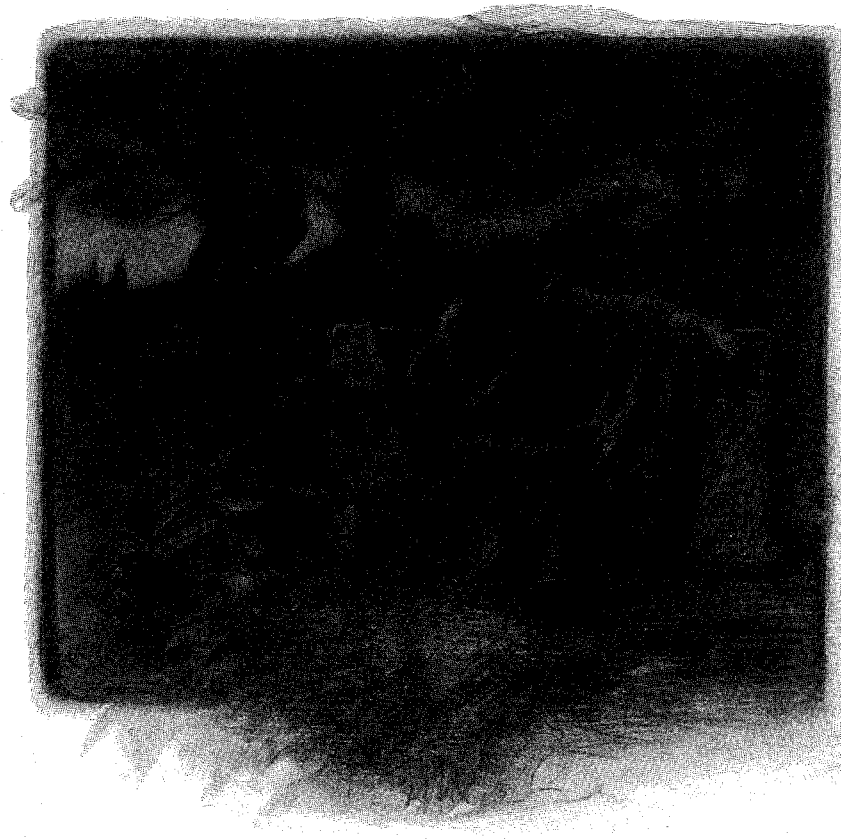
(Oh, aye—if strokes might reach him
Thro' that fever of the gods !)
And they smote till my blood gave earnest
Through these thin masks and shows,—
Till I knew that her touch was real,
By the faintness of their blows !

We ask not of the sunlight,
Nor of the wind, "How old ?"
The legend on the talent's face
Dates not the unchanging gold :
And over my heart's first passion
The wings of time are furled,
Save when their slow fanning enkindles
A dream of the underworld.
Once yet, in my soul's hereafter,
Beyond the Stygian gloom,
By a couch whose flame-wrought curtains
Shall blast your Tyrian bloom,
I shall kneel to that star Egyptian
Who lights the scene so wide,
And the shadow of my brave fortune
Shall cover all beside.



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THE HIDDEN BIRD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

SING on, you little hidden bird:
What recks it if we go
Athirst for all your wasted songs,
And you—you do not know!

One far-off day, the wind shall lay
Cold hands upon the bough,
And scatter all the summer leaves
That are your shelter now.

And there will be the nest laid bare,
High up and all alone;
And we shall know where music lived,
But you—you will be flown.

THE MAKING OF A PILOT

By Albert White Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

"NOW, Jack," said Mr. Van Tassell, "what was the matter?"

Jack turned red and fixed dismal eyes upon the compass. His reply came in a low tone:

"Well, sir, my mother was taken ill. I'm the only man she's got, and she was crying out for me, sir, and it didn't seem as if I could go to sea and leave her, sir."

Mr. Van Tassell rose from his seat upon the starboard rail and took a few turns up and down the deck, observing the horizon the while with pale blue eyes, serene from half a century of gazing over the ocean.

"Jack," he said, "you're a good lad, and it's right to look out for your mother. But if you mean to be a pilot—and I hope you do, for we need such stuff as you to keep up the craft as we old fellows die out—you have got to remember one thing. Your first duty is to the public, not to yourself, nor even to your mother. We waited for you five hours, my lad. We had no one else for boatkeeper. At last we put to sea without a boatkeeper and I had to bring the boat in myself. The weather had come in thick. Now suppose while we were waiting, expecting you to turn up any minute, some vessel had needed a pilot on our station. We shouldn't have been there to board her and she might have lost her bearings and gone ashore on Fire Island, and all hands might have been lost. Do you see? A pilot's first duty is to be where he is needed."

Mr. Van Tassell stepped down into the standing-room and laid his hand upon Jack's shoulder.

"My boy," he continued, "I'm sorry. The commissioners heard of your absence and were all stirred up. You know there is only one vacancy in the Pilots' Association. The commissioners were thinking of giving you your eighteen-foot license. Now I'm afraid they'll give it to Madden of No. 11, and you'll have to wait for the next vacancy. Goodness knows how long that'll be—we're all pretty hearty men. Look out, you're letting her fall off."

Jack blushed again and whirled the wheel over. The smart little pilot-boat swung up toward the wind. Slap, came a wave against her bows. A dash of spray sleeted over the bulwarks and spread a dark stain upon the yellow deck.

The wind was freshening. The lower-

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ing sun had disappeared behind piles of clouds that rose from the horizon. From the rim of these clouds floated long streamers, whose gilded edges darkened the gloomy blue of the mass below. The sea had turned dull lead color, touched up here and there with fresh white crests.

"Going to be a breeze o' wind," commented Mr. Van Tassell. "Glass has dropped to 29. Keep her by the wind, Jack."

He went below, leaving Jack to meditations which were melancholy enough. A mother ill at home, a doctor's bill to pay out of his wages of $35 a month, and the prospect of waiting perhaps years for his license as pilot, just at the time, too, when he had been confident of winning it —these were not cheerful thoughts. After Jack had pondered them over for two hours they were as black as the sky.

The sky was very black. Long before the boom of the gun at the distant fort announced that the sun had officially set, Jack had to order the white light, the night signal of a pilot, to be run up to the masthead. The twin lights of the first class on the Highlands already glared fierce; two rubies appeared on the Sandy Hook Light-ship ahead, and, as the little schooner dashed past the Scotland Light-ship, suddenly the electric rays of the lamp flashed out like diamonds.

Against the eastern horizon shone the blue gleam of a steamer's pilot summons, and presently the huge shadow of her hull loomed out of the blackness. Her green starboard side-light swung high and low in great sweeps; as she rolled in the fast increasing sea. One of the pilots sprang into the yawl to board her. Jack watched the steamer until the little white boat appeared alongside her high hull. By the light of her lanterns the dark figure of the pilot labored up her ladder. Jack sighed. The pilot had barely given him a word since they had put to sea, early in the afternoon.

Before the yawl had returned, the lookout sighted the lights of other steamers. During the next three hours Jack had but little time to brood over his grief. One ship after another hastened into the harbor, and a pilot boarded each. In addition to keeping his course to the eastward the boatkeeper had to see that the yawl was safely launched and hauled aboard, and that the sails were reefed.

"Better get the trysail on her," shouted Mr. Van Tassell when all the other pilots had left the schooner. "It's going to be a hurricane. Now, Jack, everything's putting into harbor for safety. I'll get a steamer before long. I want to say this. Don't you be discouraged. The pilots are down on you just now, but you do your work and they'll come 'round. I'll speak to the commissioners when I get in. You've done well to-night. I'd trust you to take a vessel in as soon as I would half the pilots in the association."

"Blue light on the starbo'rd bow, sir!" called the lookout.

"That's my steamer," said Mr. Van Tassell. "Good-by, Jack. Keep your head up."

After he had vanished among the wave-crests, Jack ordered the signal light down from the masthead, and the side-lights uncovered, and made ready to run for the Staten Island anchorage. His heart was lightened by the pilot's last words.

"After all," he thought, "it isn't so bad. If some fellows had skipped a cruise they'd have been fired. Gee, that was a corker!"

A tremendous blast of wind laid the schooner over so that the water seethed along her lee rail.

"Snow, too! It'll be thick in a minute. Get out the fog-horn!" he commanded.

As the sleet began to fall, the force of the wind doubled, and redoubled. The blasts caught the rapid seas as they rose, bent them double, tumbled their crests over in torrents. It sheeted the spray into the faces of the lookouts and steersmen. It made of the falling sleet-drops missiles that stung the cheeks like flying sparks. The air turned to smother. Everything outside the boat—even the lighthouses—vanished.

But the schooner made little of heavy weather, nor were those aboard her more alarmed than everyone, seaman or landsman, must be in the presence of nature angry. Jack laid his course confidently through the dark for Gedney's Channel. The two men on lookout, forward, peered eagerly into the spindrift and kept the fog-horn mooing out into the night. The

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rest of the crew went calmly below to supper, belated by the heavy afternoon's work.

One of the men on lookout staggered aft over the sleet-covered deck. As soon as he had come within hailing distance in the wind, "I heered a gun, sir," he shouted, "on the port bow."

"Steamer signalling for a pilot," returned Jack. "He'll catch No. 5 inside of us."

"It's no pilot signal, sir. I've heered it twice in a minute. It's a ship in distress."

Jack bent his ear. Thud came the hollow report of a ship's cannon, unmistakable amid the singing of wind and crashing of seas. Then followed another detonation; then another.

"You're right, Tom," shouted Jack. "He needs help. Call all hands."

The reports came louder and louder. Suddenly, in one spot, on the port bow the blackness solidified. A small steamer was laboring across the course of the pilot-boat.

"Light tramp," commented Tom, standing ready, at Jack's order, to bear a hand with the wheel. "She do roll, sure enough."

She was steaming slowly in the trough of the sea directly to the northward, a course that in two hours would bring her up on Long Beach.

"They's a man on the rail," said Tom, "wid wan o' thim big trumpets six feet long. He' going to hail."

"Schooner aho-oy!" came through the storm a great voice. "Are you a pilot-boat?"

"Ye-e-e-h," returned Jack, at the top of his pitch, "but the pilots are out of her."

Apparently his words were lost, for the voice went on:

"Send a pilot aboard. We're afire!"

"Afire, is it?" said Tom. "Indeed, and we'll not send a pilot aboard. We'll just give ye the coorse or tak' ye off'n her."

For reply Jack jammed the wheel up. The schooner fell off with a rush. A couple of billows carried her under the stern of the steamer, and, in the smooth water under her lee, Jack rounded his craft up.

"Man the yawl," shouted Jack. "Tom," he continued, hardly conscious of his words, "I'm going aboard of her. Even if we gave her the course, she might miss No. 5 and the station-boat and get on the Romer. I'm the nearest to a pilot there is here. But you can take the boat into Staten Island as well as myself. There isn't too much sea to launch the yawl, is there?"

"The saints presarve ye, sorr! No, sorr," said Tom. "It's a bowld thing ye're doin', sorr, but I'm thinkin' ye know yer business bist."

It was a hard pull across the hundred yards that separated the two vessels. In the lee of the steamer, the waves did not break, to be sure, but they heaved even higher than those in the open. The wind, too, though partly diverted by the vessel's hull, yet checked the row-boat fiercely. Moreover, although the steamer lay hove to, she seemed about to forge ahead and leave the tiny craft to the mercy of the breaking crests, any one of which would have swamped her in an instant. But after ten minutes of back-breaking work, the rowers found themselves poised upon the top of a billow that had just slipped from under the steamer's bottom. For an instant the decks of the distressed vessel lay below them. In spite of the storm, the fore hatch was open. The sleet, descending into it, lighted by a fierce glow from inside, shone with unearthly radiance. Above the hatch, revealed in the glow, clustered the black figures of the crew.

"Hold hard," shouted Jack, as the steamer rose high upon another wave. A rope flung from her deck fell across the row-boat. One of the men took a hitch with it through a ring in the bottom, and the others laid the boat close alongside where a Jacob's ladder was already swinging.

"Show a light at the masthead when you get aboard. Good-by," he shouted and sprang overboard.

The ladder jerked within his reach. He seized it, planted his feet upon a step and waited for the windward roll. It came sharply and hauled Jack out of the boat, so that for a moment he hung in mid-air. When the steamer turned over the crest of the wave his knees came bang against her iron sides. Before she had completed her

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roll, however, he had scrambled to the bulwarks, and in a moment he stood upon her decks.

His first glance was for his boat. She was safe, a white speck already well down to leeward. The gray schooner, was however, near to pick her up. Jack turned toward a little man, evidently in command, who stood by his side.

"Hello, cap'n," said Jack. "What ship's this?"

"St. Mary of Egypt, ten days out o' Philadelphia, bound to Boston 'th coal. We got into a storm first day out. This is nothin' to it. A sea came aboard an' knocked the cap'n and the two mates endways, an' they're lyin' in the cabin with some bones broken. I'm the chief engineer. I can't take the sun, and we haven't had no reckonin' in nine days. Whereabouts be we? I reckoned to run in at Provincetown."

"Provincetown!" exclaimed Jack. "You're in New York Harbor."

"Pilot boat shows a light, sir!" called one of the hands.

"All right," said Jack. "Now, chief, head her nor'west by west, 'cause you're running onto Long Island. Are your engines all right?"

"Yes," answered the little man, as they clambered toward the bridge, "but they're about all as is right. The coal got afire for'd, an' we couldn't put it out. I sent all I could overboard so 's it shouldn't spread. When we got near the fire the crew, which is Italians an' no good, wouldn't work, an' me an' the stokers had to clear her out. The pump got choked so's we couldn't throw any more water on the fire. She's by the head on account o' havin' her laden' all took out aft, an' the propeller 's out o' water half th' time, in a seaway. I don't dares to run her full speed for fear o' racin' it off 'er."

"Better go below and fix your pump," said Jack. "I'll take her in if you'll keep her going, and the fire doesn't melt her out. It may be a close squeak, though. How much water does she draw?"

"'Bout fifteen foot for'd; a little less aft, I guess, now she's been lightened."

The engineer disappeared down his iron ladder and Jack took a hasty survey of the new charge.

"Old-fashioned, wooden house," he commented. "If the fire ever reaches it, she'll go like tinder."

When he had mounted upon the bridge, he turned a shade paler. The glow of the fire below the hatch was perceptibly stronger than it had been a few moments before. The crew had withdrawn from the opening, and stood staring and irresolute. Jack seized the megaphone that rolled to and fro at his feet.

"Bear a hand with that hatch," he roared. "Put it on and batten it down!"

The man hesitated.

"Bear a hand there, quick."

A man ran forward to the hatch; another followed. The rest of the crew, with a shout, hastened to join the leaders. In a moment iron plates were fastened over the opening, and all outward signs of fire ceased.

"Come, they're not so bad!" said Jack to himself. "Two of you go on lookout forward," he ordered; "the rest get below. Who's steering there?" he asked, through an odd little tube that ran to the wheel-house below the bridge. "Keep her head nor'west by west."

As the steamer swung off before the wind her motion eased. The trembling of her funnel-guys, and the smoke that poured from the funnel itself, told Jack that the propeller was once more spinning at full speed.

The vessel rushed headlong with the waves, at a rate that Jack could not estimate. It was a perilous pace in the darkness, through a bay thick with sailing-craft. At any moment there might appear ahead a black, helpless mass, and there would be no avoiding her. With her lightened stern and her rudder for seconds at a time but half submerged, the steamer was under slight control. She would certainly cut down whatever came in her way.

Nevertheless it was a race with fire. If they should not reach the harbor before the house caught——

Jack put the thought away from him. "Two hours to Staten Island," he muttered. "Less in this wind. We ought to do it."

The storm still waxed. The wind caught the lifted stern of the vessel at the crest of every wave and slued it down the slope. The ship's heavily laden bow

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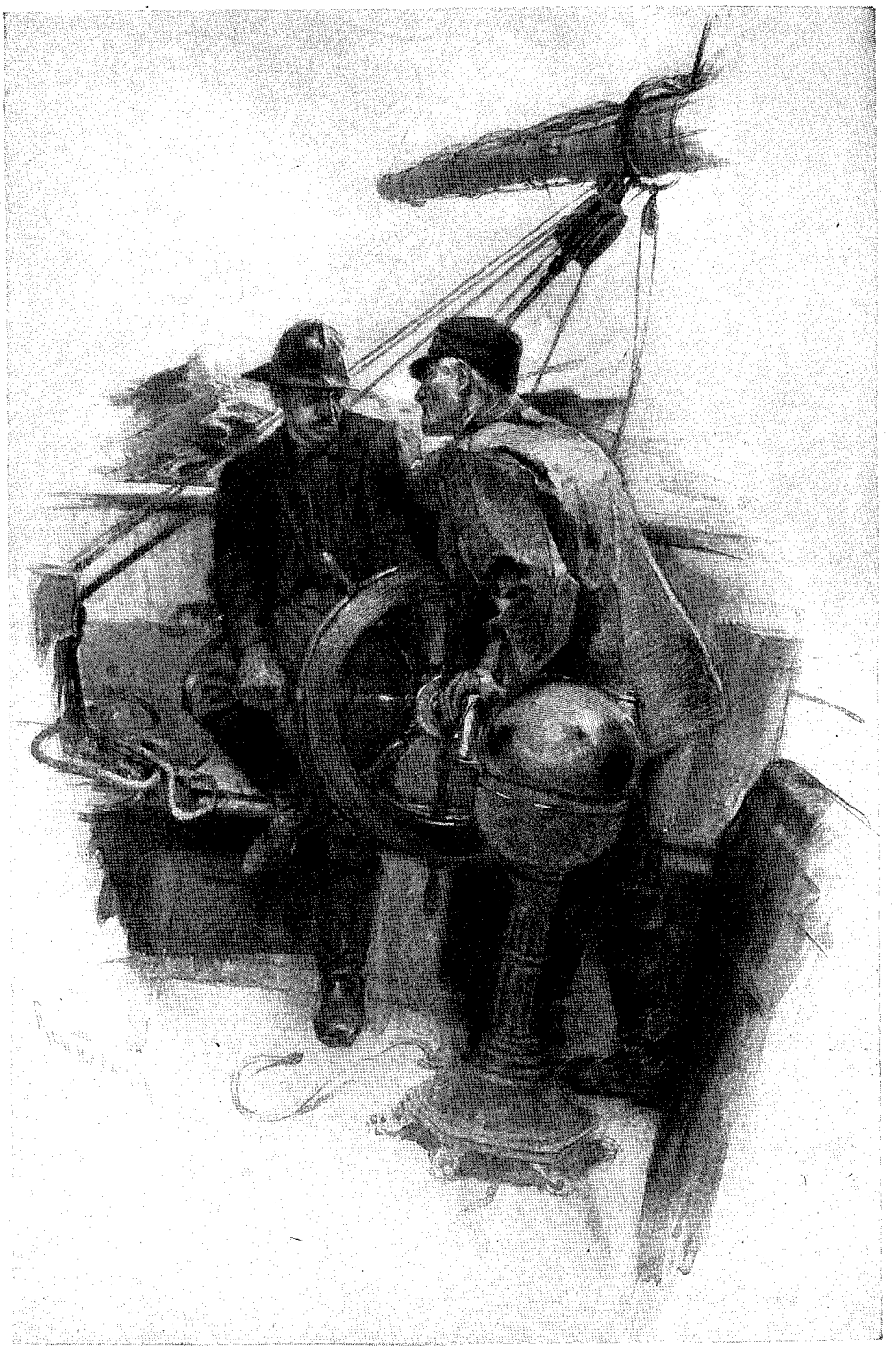

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

"You'll have to wait for the next vacancy."—Page 661.

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threatened to dive under every sea, but somehow she always staggered up the crest. Upon the whole she proved herself able.

"Guess we'd better take a sounding," mused Jack. "Get out the lead!"

"Get out of the way, then!" shouted Jack.

He ran down the ladder. The smoke puffs came denser as he descended into the hold. Below decks the air was almost opaque, but through the haze glowed a

A dash of spray sleeted over the bulwarks.—Page 661.

"By the deep 16," came a faint hail through the storm.

"All right," exclaimed Jack. "No danger yet. Hello, what's that?"

Hitherto the wind had carried forward the little spires of smoke that forced themselves through the battening of the hatch. Jack had not caught a whiff of the peril. But now puff after puff passed him, coming from somewhere aft. A man stumbled up the ladder.

"Da door of da bulkhead ees ope. Et ees red wit da heat," he exclaimed.

"Well, close it!" shouted Jack. "Go and close it!"

The man shrugged his shoulders and turned out the palms of his hands.

"Et ees 'otta!" he protested.

red square where the open door showed the mass of incandescent coal. The heat scorched Jack's face. To close the door was out of the question. There was no shutting off the air that nourished the flames. No hose aboard the ship could cope with that raging heat. The race was going badly.

As he hurried toward his post upon the bridge, Jack growled at the careless seamen who had left the door half bolted.

At the ladder he met the two lookouts slinking aft.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "Get forward."

The men crouched toward him.

"Eet ees impossible," said one. "Da decks is 'otta. Our feet burn!"

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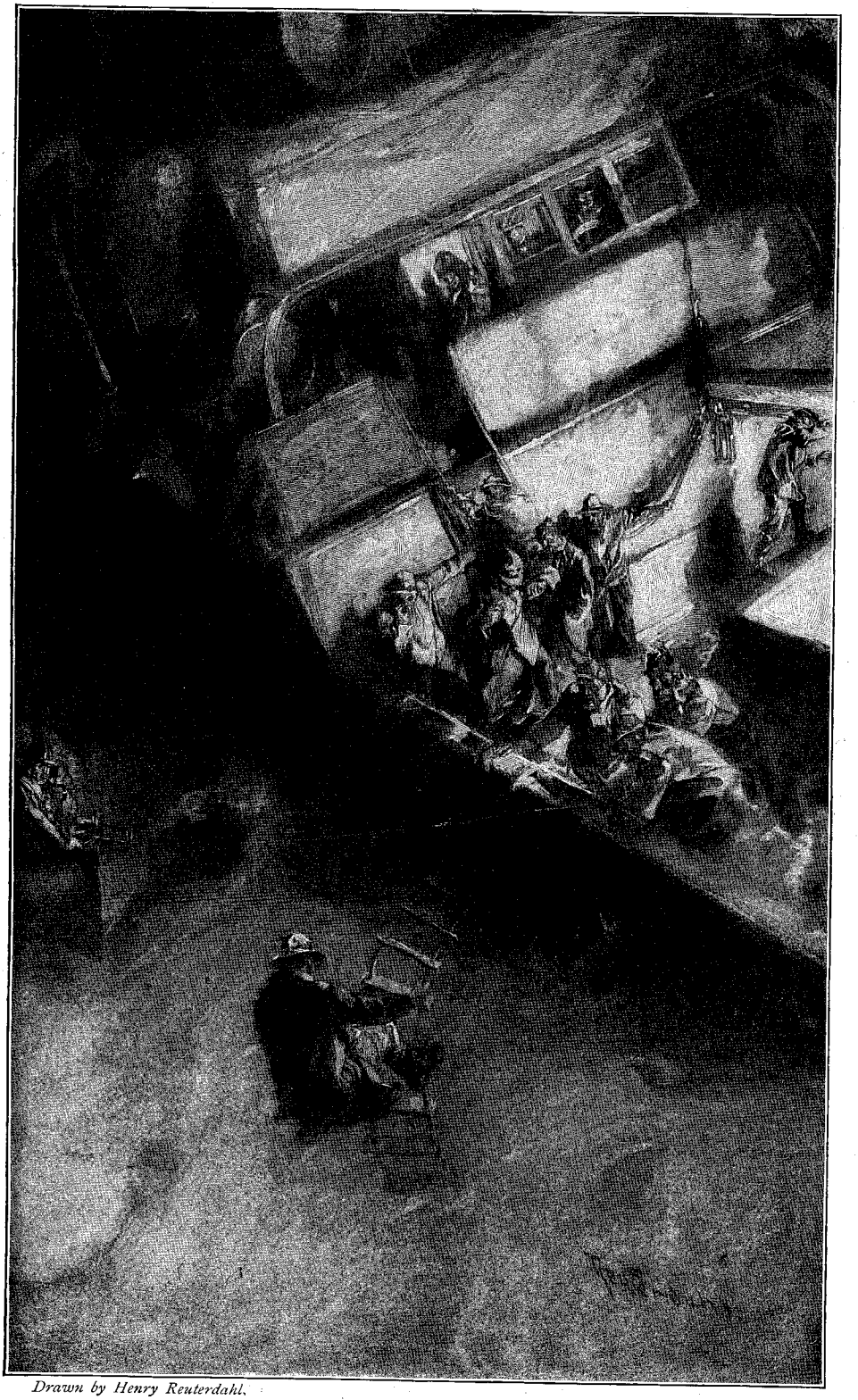

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

For a moment he hung in mid-air.—Page 663.

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"You cowards!" raged Jack.

He sprang upon the bridge, seized the megaphone, and dashed forward to the bows. As he passed over the hatch he shuddered. He could not have stood there a moment, for the heat.

In the eyes of the vessel, however, he could still hold his post. He even had some comfort in the warm blasts of wind and the warm deck beneath his feet. The bridge had been deep in sleet, but the deck forward was dry as it was upon a summer noonday.

The smoke came thicker. It choked Jack, and as he leaned forward to peer into the blackness it blinded him. Even in the midst of the sleet he could see the white wreaths whirling past him. As he turned to ask through the megaphone whether the steersmen were keeping the course, he thought he noticed a red glow in the deck beside the hatch.

The steersmen still held their posts. Jack's hail brought a reply down the wind. The course was still nor'west by west.

"Must be almost time we sighted the light-buoys," thought the boatkeeper. "It'll be a close call getting into the channel. And we can't slow down for soundings. There is just about one chance in a hundred for us."

Even as he mused, his ear caught, amid the tumult of wind and sea, a dull, thunderous rumbling. It came from dead ahead. With the next surge it was louder.

Jack lifted the megaphone.

"Hard a-starboard," he shouted. "Hard a-starboard! Damn you, hurry!"

It was a breathless instant before the steamer began to swing across the sea. As she rose upon the next crest Jack thought he could see a gleaming of foam in the darkness. The thunder of the breakers filled the air.

The wind helped the vessel around with a grip on the stern. Down she sank, and in the trough won a few yards across the shoal. From the next crest the white chaos to starboard was dimly visible.

"Tell chief to crowd it on to her," shouted Jack. "Tell him to weight down the safety-valve. We'll get through yet."

He paused and dropped the megaphone. The hatch-cover and the deck beside it were red hot. The battening was burned away. Columns of smoke poured from under the cover.

But he had little time to note these things. Out of the darkness loomed a wave whose crest overtopped the funnel of the steamer. It advanced to the rail, hung for an instant, then curved over. Jack clung to the anchor chain with arms and legs. A thundering noise stunned Jack; a flood of water rushed over him; his feet lost their grip of the anchor shaft and his body swung dizzily to and fro. Then came a sudden shock, and Jack lost consciousness.

By and by, after ages had passed, he was aware of a hand shaking his shoulder violently, and a voice.

"Git up! Git up! Quick!" it said. "Yonder's a light on the stabbord bow!"

Mechanically Jack struggled to his feet. He was not drowned. The steamer was not swamped. Indeed, on consideration, she seemed to ride as high as ever. There was a great jagged hole in her deck, and out of it at intervals, as she slid down the troughs of the seas, spouted volumes of steam. But the deck was no longer red but black. The edges of the hole, Jack noticed, turned upward. But he had little time to think about this. The engineer was standing by his side, shaking his arm and pointing over the starboard rail. A faint red gleam, low upon the water, twinkled through the mist.

"By Jove, the light-buoy!" shouted Jack. "Hard a-starboard! Bear a hand with that wheel now! Get a move on!"

"What happened?" he asked ten minutes afterward, as he stood upon the bridge, conning a steamer once more easy before the wind in a lessening sea, and picking up the light-buoys as precisely as if the weather had been sunshine.

"Our enemies settled each other," chuckled the engineer. "The fire 'd ha' burned us up; th' water 'd 'a' got down in th' bow an' swamped us er made us tak'n er summerset er somethin'. What happened? The water put out th' fire, an' th' fire tarned th' water inter steam, so's it cudn't weight down the bow. It bu'st up th' decks, but that ain't no gre't matter. 'Twas Providence, I guess, t' sent 'em both ten once!"

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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The rest of the crew, with a shout, hastened to join the leaders.—Page 664.

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Out of the darkness loomed a wave.—Page 668.

The fire was not quite out, but it was under control, and when the vessel was safely anchored under the lee of Sandy Hook, the pumps, repaired, finished it. Next morning the St. Mary steamed quietly to a dock. Jack was delayed with reporters, and it was some hours before he could betake himself, as was his duty, to report at the office of the pilots.

Mr. Van Tassell met him.

"We've heard all about it, my boy," he said. "The commissioners are holding a meeting. You'll get your license to-day."

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THE TVRQVOISE CVP

By Arthur Cosslett Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

I

THE Cardinal Archbishop sat on his shaded balcony, his well-kept hands clasped upon his breast, his feet stretched out so straight before him that the pigeon, perched on the rail of the balcony, might have seen fully six inches of scarlet silk stocking.

The cardinal was a small man, but very neatly made. His hair was as white as spun glass. Perhaps he was sixty; perhaps he was seventy; perhaps he was fifty. His red biretta lay upon a nearby chair. His head bore no tonsure. The razor of the barber and the scythe of Time had passed him by. There was that faint tinge upon his cheeks that comes to those who, having once had black beards, shave twice daily. His features were clearly cut. His skin would have been pallid had it not been olive. A rebellious lock of hair curved upon his forehead. He resembled the first Napoleon, before the latter became famous and fat.

The pigeon's mate came floating through the blue sky that silhouetted the trees in the garden. She made a pretence of alighting upon the balcony railing, sheered off, coquetted among the tree-tops, came back again, retreated so far that she was merely a white speck against the blue vault, and then, true to her sex, having proved her liberty only to tire of it, with a flight so swift that the eye could scarcely follow her, she came back again and rested upon the farther end of the balcony, where she immediately began to preen herself and to affect an air of nonchalance and virtue.

Her mate lazily opened one eye, which regarded her for a moment, and then closed it with a wink.

"Ah, my friends," said the cardinal, "there are days when you make me regret that I am not of the world, but this is not one of them. You have quarrelled, I perceive. When you build your nest down yonder in the cote, I envy you. When you are giving up your lives to feeding your children, I envy you. I watch your flights for food for them. I say to myself, 'I, too, would struggle to keep a child, if I had one. Commerce, invention, speculation—why could I not succeed in one of these? I have arrived in the most intricate profession of all. I am a cardinal archbishop. Could I not have been a railroad president?' Ah, signor and signora," and he bowed to the pigeons, "you get nearer heaven than we poor mortals. Have you learned nothing—have you heard no whisper—have you no message for me?"

"Your eminence," said a servant who came upon the balcony, a silver tray in his hand, "a visitor."

The cardinal took the card and read it aloud—"The Earl of Vauxhall."

He sat silent a moment, thinking. "I do not know him," he said at length; "but show him up."

He put on his biretta, assumed a more erect attitude, and then turned to the pigeons.

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"Adieu," he said, "commercialism approaches in the person of an Englishman. He comes either to buy or to sell. You have nothing in common with him. Fly away to the Piazza, but come back to-morrow. If you do not, I shall miss you sorely."

The curtains parted, and the servant announced, "The Earl of Vauxhall."

The cardinal rose from his chair.

A young man stepped upon the balcony. He was tall and lithe and blonde, and six-and-twenty.

"Your grace," he said, "I have come because I am in deep trouble."

"In that event," said the cardinal, "you do me much honor. My vocation is to seek out those who are in trouble. When *they* seek *me* it argues that I am not unknown. You are an Englishman. You may speak your own language. It is not the most flexible, but it is an excellent vehicle for the truth."

"Thank you," said the young man; "that gives me a better chance, since my Italian is of the gondolier type. I speak it mostly with my arms," and he began to gesticulate.

"I understand," said the cardinal, smiling, "and I fear that my English is open to some criticism. I picked it up in the University of Oxford. My friends in the Vatican tell me that it is a *patois*."

"I dare say," said the young man. "I was at Cambridge."

"Ah," said the cardinal, "how unfortunate. Still, we may be able to understand one another. Will you have some tea? It is a habit I contracted in England, and I find it to be a good one. I sit here at five o'clock, drink my cup of tea, feed the pigeons that light upon the railing, and have a half-hour in which to remember how great is England, and" —with a bow—"how much the rest of the world owes to her."

"A decent sort of chap, for an Italian," thought the earl. The cardinal busied himself with the tea-pot.

"Your grace," said the earl, finally, "I came here in trouble."

"It cannot be of long standing," said the cardinal. "You do not look like one who has passed through the fire."

"No," said the earl, "but I scarcely know what to say to you. I am embarrassed."

"My son," said the cardinal, "when an Englishman is embarrassed he is truly penitent. You may begin as abruptly as you choose. Are you a Catholic?"

"No," replied the earl, "I am of the Church of England."

The cardinal shrugged his shoulders the least bit. "I never cease to admire your countrymen," he said. "On Sundays they say—'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,' and, on work-days, they say—'I believe in the Holy Anglican Church.' You are admirably trained. You adapt yourselves to circumstances."

"Yes," said the earl, a trifle nettled, "I believe we do, but at present I find myself as maladroit as though I had been born on the continent—in Italy, for example."

"Good," laughed the cardinal; "I am getting to be a garrulous old man. I love to air my English speech and, in my effort to speak it freely, I sometimes speak it beyond license. Can you forgive me, my lord, and will you tell me how I can serve you?"

"I came," said the Earl of Vauxhall, "to ask you if there is any way in which I can buy the turquoise cup."

"I do not understand," said the cardinal.

"The turquoise cup," repeated the earl. "The one in the treasury of St. Mark's."

The cardinal began to laugh—then he suddenly ceased, looked hard at the earl and asked, "Are you serious, my lord?"

"Very," replied the earl.

"Are you quite well?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," said the earl, "but I am very uncomfortable."

The cardinal began to pace up and down the balcony.

"My lord," he asked, finally, "have you ever negotiated for the Holy Coat at Trêves; for the breastplate of Charlemagne in the Louvre; for the Crown Jewels in the Tower?"

"No," said the earl, "I have no use for them, but I very much need the turquoise cup."

"Are you a professional or an amateur?" asked the cardinal, his eyes flashing, his lips twitching.

"As I understand it," said the earl,

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slowly, a faint blush stealing into his cheeks, "an 'amateur' is a lover. If that is right, perhaps you had better put me down as an 'amateur.'"

The cardinal saw the blush and his anger vanished.

"Ah," he said, softly, "there is a woman, is there?"

"Yes," replied the earl, "there is a woman."

"Well," said the cardinal, "I am listening."

"It won't bore you?" asked the earl. "If I begin about her I sha'n't know when to stop."

"My lord," said the cardinal, "if there were no women there would be no priests. Our occupation would be gone. There was a time when *men* built churches, beautified them, and went to them. How is it now; even here in Venice, where art still exists, and where there is no bourse? I was speaking with a man only to-day—a man of affairs, one who buys and sells, who has agents in foreign lands and ships on the seas; a man who, in the old religious days, would have given a tenth of all his goods to the Church and would have found honor and contentment in the remainder; but he is bitten with this new-fangled belief of disbelief. He has a sneaking fear that Christianity has been supplanted by electricity, and he worships Huxley rather than Christ crucified—Huxley!" and the cardinal threw up his hands. "Did ever a man die the easier because he had grovelled at the knees of Huxley? What did Huxley preach? The doctrine of despair. He was the Pope of protoplasm. He beat his wings against the bars of the unknowable. He set his finite mind the task of solving the infinite. A mere creature, he sought to fathom the mind of his creator. Read the lines upon his tomb, written by his wife—what do they teach? Nothing but 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' If a man follows Huxley, then is he a fool if he does not give to this poor, squeezed-lemon of a world another twist. If I believed there was nothing after this life do you think I should be sitting here, feeding the pigeons? Do you think—but there, I have aired my English speech and have had my fling at Huxley. Let me fill your cup and then tell me of this woman whom I have kept waiting all this time by my vanity and my ill manners. Is she English, French, Spanish, or American? There are many Americans nowadays."

"No," said the earl, "she is Irish."

"The most dangerous of all," remarked the cardinal.

"It is plain that you know women," said the earl.

"I?" exclaimed the cardinal. "No; nor any living man."

"Her father," resumed the earl, "was a great brewer in Dublin. He made ripping stout. Perhaps you use it. It has a green label, with a bull's head. He kept straight all through the home-rule troubles, and he chipped in a lot for the Jubilee fund, and they made him Lord Vatsmore. He died two years ago and left one child. She is Lady Nora Daly. She is waiting for me now in the Piazza."

"Perhaps I am detaining you?" said the cardinal.

"By no means," replied the earl. "I don't dare to go back just yet. I met her first at home, last season. I've followed her about like a spaniel ever since. I started in for a lark, and now I'm in for keeps. She has a peculiar way with her," continued the earl, smoothing his hat; "one minute you think you are great chums and, the next, you wonder if you have ever been presented."

"I recognize the Irish variety," said the cardinal.

"She is here with her yacht," continued the earl. "Her aunt is with her. The aunt is a good sort. I am sure you would like her."

"Doubtless," said the cardinal, with a shrug, "but have you nothing more to say about the niece?"

"I followed her here," continued the earl, his hands still busy with his hat, "and I've done my best. Just now, in the Piazza, I asked her to marry me, and she laughed. We went into St. Mark's, and the lights and the music and the pictures and the perfume seemed to soften her. 'Did you mean it?' she said to me. I told her I did. 'Don't speak to me for a little while,' she said, 'I want to think.' That was strange, wasn't it?"

"No," said the cardinal, "I don't think that was strange. I think it was merely feminine."

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"We came out of the church," continued the earl, "and I felt sure of her; but when we came into the Piazza and she saw the life of the place, the fountain playing, the banners flying, the pigeons wheeling, and heard the band playing, she began to laugh and chaff. 'Bobby,' she said, suddenly, 'did you mean it?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I meant it.' She looked at me for a moment so fixedly that I began to think of the things I had done and which she had not done, of the gulf there was between us—you understand?"

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I understand—that is, I can imagine."

"And then," continued the earl, "I ventured to look into her eyes, and she was laughing at me.

"'Bobby,' she said, 'I believe I've landed you. I know you're a fortune-hunter, but what blame? I dare say I should be one, but for the beer. I'm throwing myself away. With my fortune and my figure I think I could get a duke, an elderly duke, perhaps, and a little over on his knees, but still a duke. A well-brought-up young woman would take the duke, but I am nothing but a wild Irish girl. Bobby, you are jolly and wholesome, and auntie likes you, and I'll take you—hold hard,' she said, as I moved up—'I'll take you, if you'll give me the turquoise cup.' 'What's that?' I asked. 'The turquoise cup,' she said; 'the one in the treasury of St. Mark's. Give me that and Nora Daly is yours.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll trot off and buy it.'

"Here I am, your grace, an impecunious but determined man. I have £4,000 at Couttses, all I have in the world; will it lift the cup?"

The cardinal rubbed his white hands together, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, struck the arm of his chair, and burst into a laugh so merry and so prolonged that the earl, perforce, joined him.

"It's funny," said the latter, finally, "but, all the same, it's serious."

"Oh, Love!" exclaimed the cardinal; "you little naked boy with wings and a bow! You give us more trouble than all the rest of the heathen deities combined—you fly about so—you appear in such strange places—you compel mortals to do such remarkable things—you debauch my pigeons, and, when the ill is done, you send your victims to me, or another priest, and ask for absolution, so that they may begin all over again."

"Do I get the cup?" asked the earl, with some impatience.

"My lord," said the cardinal, "if the cup were mine, I have a fancy that I would give it to you, with my blessing and my best wishes; but when you ask me to sell it to you it is as though you asked your queen to sell you the Kohinoor. She dare not, if she could. She could not, if she dare. Both the diamond and the cup were, doubtless, stolen. The diamond was taken in this century; the cup was looted so long ago that no one knows. A sad attribute of crime is that time softens it. There is a mental statute of limitations that converts possession into ownership. 'We stole the Kohinoor so long ago,' says the Englishman, 'that we own it now.' So it is with the cup. Where did it come from? It is doubtless Byzantine, but where did its maker live; in Byzantium or here, in Venice? We used to kidnap Oriental artists in the good old days when art was a religion. This cup was made by one whom God befriended; by a brain steeped in the love of the beautiful; by a hand so cunning that when it died art languished; by a power so compelling that the treasuries of the world were opened to it. Its bowl is a turquoise, the size and shape of an ostrich's egg, sawn through its longer diameter, and resting on its side. Four gold arms clasp the bowl and meet under it. These arms are set with rubies *en cabochon*, except one, which is cut in facets. The arms are welded beneath the bowl and form the stem. Midway of the stem, and pierced by it, is a diamond, as large"—the cardinal picked up his teaspoon and looked at it—"yes," he said, "as large as the bowl of this spoon. The foot of the cup is an emerald, flat on the bottom and joined to the stem by a ferrule of transparent enamel. If this treasure were offered for sale the wealth of the world would fight for it. No, no, my lord, you cannot have the cup. Take your £4,000 to Testolini, the jeweler, and buy a string of pearls. Very few good women can resist pearls."

"Your grace," said the earl, rising, "I appreciate fully the absurdity of my errand and the kindness of your forbearance. I

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fear, however, that you scarcely grasp the situation. I am going to marry Lady Nora. I cannot marry her without the cup. You perceive the conclusion—I shall have the cup. Good-by, your grace; I thank you for your patience."

"Good-by," said the cardinal, ringing for a servant. "I wish that I might serve you; but, when children cry for the moon, what is to be done? Come and see me again; I am nearly always at home about this hour."

"I repeat, your grace," said the earl, "that I shall have the cup. All is fair in love and war, is it not?"

There was a certain quality in the earl's voice—that quiet, even note of sincerity which quells riots, which quiets horses, which leads forlorn hopes, and the well-trained ear of the cardinal recognized it.

"Piatro," he said to the servant who answered the bell, "I am going out. My hat and stick. I will go a little way with you, my lord."

"They went down the broad stairs together, and the earl noticed, for the first time, that his companion limped.

"Gout?" he asked.

"No," said the cardinal; "the indiscretion of youth. I was with Garibaldi and caught a bullet."

"Take my arm," said the earl.

"Willingly," said the cardinal, "since I know that you will bring me into the presence of a woman worth seeing; a woman who can compel a peer of England to meditate a theft."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed the earl; and he stopped so abruptly that the cardinal put his free hand against his companion's breast to right himself.

"Because," said the cardinal, "I saw your face when you said good-by to me. It was not a pleasant face."

II

They went on silently and soon they came to the Piazza.

"I don't see her," said the earl; "perhaps she has gone back to the church."

They crossed the Piazza and entered St. Mark's.

"Not here," said the earl.

They walked up the south aisle and came to the anteroom of the treasury. Its door was open. They entered what had once been a tower of the old palace. The door of the treasury was also open. They went in and found the sacristan and a woman. She held the turquoise cup in her hands.

"Did you buy it, Bobby?" she exclaimed.

She turned and saw that the earl was not alone.

"Your grace," he said, "I present you to Lady Nora Daly."

She bent with a motion half genuflexion, half courtesy, and then straightened herself, smiling.

The cardinal did not notice the obeisance, but he did notice the smile. It seemed to him, as he looked at her, that the treasures of St. Mark's, the jewelled chalices and patens, the agate and crystal vessels, the reliquaries of gold and precious stones, the candlesticks, the two textus covers of golden cloisonné, and even the turquoise cup itself, turned dull and wan and common by comparison with her beauty.

"Your eminence," she said, "you must pardon Bobby's *gaucherie*. He presented you to me and called you 'your grace.' He forgot, or did not know, that you are a cardinal—a prince—and that I should have been presented to you. Bobby means well, but he is an English peer and a guardsman, so we don't expect much else of Bobby."

"He has done a very gracious thing to-day," said the Cardinal. "He has brought me to you."

Lady Nora looked up quickly, scenting a compliment, and ready to meet it, but the cardinal's face was so grave and so sincere that her readiness forsook her and she stood silent.

The earl seemed to be interested in a crucifix of the eleventh century.

"While my lord is occupied with the crucifix," said the cardinal, "will you not walk with me?"

"Willingly," said Lady Nora, and they went out into the church.

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, after an interval of silence, "you are entering upon life. You have a position, you have wealth, you have youth, you

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have health, and," with a bow, "you have beauty such as God gives to His creatures only for good purposes. Some women, like Helen of Troy and Cleopatra, have used their beauty for evil. Others, like my Queen, Margarita, and like Mary, Queen of the Scots, have held their beauty as a trust to be exploited for good, as a power to be exercised on the side of the powerless."

"Your eminence," said Lady Nora, "we are now taught in England that Queen Mary was not altogether proper."

"She had beauty, had she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," replied Lady Nora.

"She was beheaded, was she not?" asked the cardinal.

"Yes," said Lady Nora, "and by a very plain woman."

"There you have it!" exclaimed the cardinal. "If Elizabeth had been beautiful and Mary plain, Mary would have kept her head. It is sad to see beautiful women lose their heads. It is sad to see you lose yours."

"Mine?" exclaimed Lady Nora, and she put her hands up to her hat-pins, to reassure herself.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "I fear that it is quite gone."

Lady Nora looked at him with questioning eyes. "Yes," she said, "I must have lost it, for I do not understand you, and I have not always been dull."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "the Earl of Vauxhall was good enough to pay me a visit this afternoon."

"Oh," exclaimed Lady Nora, clapping her hands, "if I only could have been behind the curtains. What did he say?"

"He said," replied the cardinal, "that he had asked you to be his wife."

"Indeed he has," said Lady Nora, "and so have others."

"He also said," continued the cardinal, "that you had promised to marry him when he brought you the turquoise cup."

"And so I will," said Lady Nora.

"He proposed to buy the cup," continued the cardinal. "He offered £4,000, which, he said, was all he had in the world."

"Good old Bobby!" exclaimed Lady Nora. "That was nice of him, wasn't it?" and her eyes glistened.

"Yes," said the cardinal, "that was nice of him; but when I had explained how impossible it was to sell the cup he bade me good-by, and, as he was going, said, 'I shall have it. All is fair in love and war.' I feared then that he meant to take the cup. Since I have seen you I am certain of it."

"What larks!" cried Lady Nora. "Fancy Bobby with a dark lantern, a bristly beard, and a red handkerchief about his neck. All burglars are like that, you know; and then fancy him creeping up the aisle with his johnnie—no, his jimmy—and his felt slippers—fancy Bobby in felt slippers—and he reaches the treasury door, and just then the moon comes up and shines through that window and illuminates the key in St. Peter's hand, and Bobby says, 'An omen,' and he takes out his own key-ring and the first one he tries fits the lock and the door flies open, and Bobby lifts the cup, locks the door, goes down to the steps by the Doge's palace—no gondola—too late, you know, so he puts the cup in his teeth, takes a header, and swims to the yacht. When he comes alongside they hail him, and he comes up the ladder. 'Where's your mistress?' he asks, and they call me, and I come on deck in my pink *saut de lit*, and there stands Bobby, the water running off him and the cup in his teeth. 'There's your bauble,' he says. (Of course he takes the cup out of his mouth when he speaks.) 'And here's your Nora,' I say, and the boatswain pipes all hands aft to witness the marriage ceremony. No, no, your eminence," she laughed, "it's too good to be true. Bobby will never steal the cup. He has never done anything in all his life but walk down Bond Street. He's a love, but he is not energetic."

"You are doubtless right," said the cardinal, "and my fears are but the timidity of age; still——"

The earl joined them. He had just given the sacristan ten pounds, and had endeavored to treat the gift as a disinterested *pourboire*. He felt that he had failed; that he had overdone it, and had made himself a marked man. The sacristan followed him—voluble, eulogistic.

"Tomasso," said the cardinal, "this is the Earl of Vauxhall. He is to have

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every privilege, every liberty. He is to be left alone if he desires it. He is not to be bothered with attendance or suggestions. He may use a kodak; he may handle anything in the treasury. You will regard him as though he were myself."

Tomasso bowed low. The earl blushed.

Lady Nora looked at her watch.

"Five o'clock!" she exclaimed, "and Aunt Mollie will be wanting her tea. The launch is at the stairs. Will you come, Bobby? And you, your eminence, will you honor me?"

"Not to-day, my lady," replied the cardinal, "but perhaps some other."

"To-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes," said the cardinal.

"Thank you," said Lady Nora; "the launch will be at the landing at half-past four."

"Is it an electrical contrivance?" asked the cardinal, with a smile.

"Yes," replied Lady Nora.

"Then," said the cardinal, "you need not send it. I will come in my barca. Electricity and the Church are not friendly. We have only just become reconciled to steam."

Lady Nora laughed. "Good-by," she said, "until to-morrow," and again she made her courtesy.

"Until to-morrow," said the cardinal; and he watched them down the aisle.

"Tomasso," he said to the sacristan, "give me the turquoise cup."

Tomasso handed it to him, silent but wondering.

"Now lock the door," said the cardinal, "and give me the key."

Tomasso complied. The cardinal put the cup under his robe and started down the aisle.

"Tomasso," he said, "you are now closed for the annual cleaning. You understand, do you not?"

"Perfectly, your eminence," replied Tomasso, and then he added—"when a stranger gives me two hundred and fifty lire it is time to lock my door."

The cardinal went out of the church, the turquoise cup under his cassock. He crossed the Piazza slowly, for he was both limping and thinking. He came to the shop of Testolini, the jeweler, under the North arcade, paused a moment, and entered. The clerks behind the counters sprang to their feet and bowed low.

"Signor Testolini?" asked the cardinal; "is he within?"

"Yes, your eminence," said the head clerk. "He is in his bureau. I will summon him."

"No," said the cardinal, "if he is alone I will go in;" and he opened the door at the back of the shop and closed it behind him. In ten minutes he came out again. Signor Testolini followed, rubbing his hands and bowing at each step.

"Perfectly, your eminence," he said. "I quite understand."

"It must be in my hands in ten days," said the cardinal.

"Ten days?" exclaimed Testolini, "impossible."

"What is that strange word?" said the cardinal, "it must be a vulgarism of New Italy, that 'impossible.' I do not like it and I will thank you not to use it again when speaking to me. In ten days, Signor."

"Yes, your eminence," said Testolini, "but it will be in the afternoon."

"In ten days," said the cardinal, very quietly.

"Yes, your eminence," said Testolini.

"He looks like Napoleon," whispered the head clerk to his neighbor.

The cardinal went limping down the shop. He had almost reached the door when he stopped and spoke to a little man who stood behind the showcase in which are the enamels.

"Ah, Signor!" he exclaimed, "how come on the wife and baby? I meant to see them this afternoon, but I was diverted. I wish you to continue the same diet for them—take this"—and he fumbled in his pocket, but drew a blank.

"Signor Testolini," he said to the master at his heels, "I find I have no money. Kindly loan me fifty lire. Here," he said to the little man, and he slipped the money into his hand, "plenty of milk for the child;" and he went out of the shop.

"That was not like Napoleon," said the head clerk; and then he added, "occasionally one meets with a priest who rises superior to his profession."

The little man behind the enamel counter said nothing, but he drew his hand across his eyes.

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III

THE following day was a busy one for the cardinal. While Piatro was shaving him he parcelled out the hours.

"What time is it, Piatro?" he asked.

"Three minutes past seven, your eminence."

"Good," said the cardinal; "at half-past I make my mass; at eight, I take my coffee; from eight to ten, my poor—by the way, Piatro, is there any money in the house?"

"Yes, your eminence," said Piatro; "there are eight hundred lire in your desk."

"Take fifty of them to Signor Testolini, in the Piazza, with my thanks," said the cardinal, "and put the rest in my purse. Where was I, Piatro?"

"Your eminence had reached ten o'clock," replied Piatro.

"From ten to eleven," continued the cardinal, "audience for the laity; from eleven to half-past, audience for the clergy; half-past eleven, my egg and a salad. Keep all who look hungry, Piatro, and ask them to take *déjeuner* with me; at twelve, see the architect who is restoring the altar-rail at St. Margaret's; take time to write to the Superior at St. Lazaro in reference to the proof-sheets of the 'Life of Eusebius'; from one to three, my poor—we must get some more money, Piatro; from three to four——"

"There, your eminence!" exclaimed Piatro, "I have cut you."

"Yes," said the cardinal; "I was about to mention it. Where was I?"

"Your eminence was at four o'clock," replied Piatro.

"Four o'clock already!" exclaimed the cardinal, "and nothing done; from four to half-past four, interview with the treasurer of the diocese. That's a bad half-hour, Piatro. At half-past four I wish the barca to be at the landing. Have the men wear their least shabby liveries. I am to visit the English yacht that lies over by St. Giorgio. You must dress me in my best to-day."

"Alas, your eminence," said Piatro, "your best cassock is two years old."

"How old is the one I wore yesterday?" asked the cardinal.

"Four years at least," said Piatro. "You have your ceremonial dress, but nothing better for the street."

"I caught a glimpse of myself in one of Testolini's mirrors yesterday," said the cardinal, "and I thought I looked rather well."

"Your eminence," said Piatro, "you saw your face and not your coat."

"Piatro," said the cardinal, rising, "you should have turned your hand to diplomacy; you would have gone far."

At half-past four o'clock the cardinal's barca drew up to the mola. The oarsmen were dressed in black, save that their sashes and stockings were scarlet. The bowman landed. It was as though a footman came off the box of a brougham and waited on the curb. While the figures on the clock-tower were still striking the half-hour, the cardinal came limping across the Piazza. The gondoliers at the mola took off their hats and drew up in two lines. The cardinal passed between them, looking each man in the face. He beckoned to one, who left the ranks and came up to him, awkward and sheepish.

"Emilio," said the cardinal, "I have arranged your matter. You are to pay four lire a week, and are to keep out of the wine-shops. Mind, now, no drinking." To another he said, "I have looked into your case, Marco. You are perfectly right. I have employed counsel for you. Attend to your business and forget your trouble. It is my trouble, now." To a man to whom he beckoned next he spoke differently. "How dare you send me such a petition?" he exclaimed. "It was false from beginning to end. You never served in the legion. The woman you complain of is your lawful wife. You married her in Padua ten years ago. You have been imprisoned for petit theft. You got your gondolier's license by false pretences. Mark you, friends," he said, turning, "here is one of your mates who will bear watching. When he slips, come to me," and he stepped into his barca.

"To the English yacht," he said.

When they arrived they found the Tara dressed in flags, from truck to deck; Lady Nora stood on the platform of the boarding stairs, and the crew were mustered amidships.

"Your eminence," cried Lady Nora,

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"you should have a salute if I knew the proper number of guns."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, taking off his hat, "the church militant does not burn gunpowder, it fights hand to hand. Come for me at six," he said to his poppe.

"Surely," said Lady Nora, "you will dine with us. We have ices with the Papal colors, and we have a little box for Peter's pence, to be passed with the coffee. I shall be much disappointed if you do not dine with us."

"Wait!" called the cardinal to his barca. The oarsmen put about. "Tell Piatro," he said, "to feed the pigeons as usual. Tell him to lay crumbs on the balcony railing, and if the cock bird is too greedy, to drive him away and give the hen an opportunity. Come for me at nine."

"Thank you," said Lady Nora; "your poor are now provided for."

"Alas, no," said the cardinal; "my pigeons are my aristocratic acquaintance. They would leave me if I did not feed them. My real poor have two legs, like the pigeons, but God gave them no feathers. They are the misbegotten, the maladroit, the unlucky—I stand by that word—the halt, the blind, those with consciences too tender to make their way, reduced gentlefolk, those who have given their lives for the public good and are now forgotten, all these are my poor, and they honor me by their acquaintance. My pigeons fly to my balcony. My poor never come near me. I am obliged, humbly, to go to them."

"Will money help?" exclaimed Lady Nora; "I have a balance at my banker's."

"No, no, my lady," said the cardinal; "money can no more buy off poverty than it can buy off the bubonic plague. Both are diseases. God sent them and He alone can abate them. At His next coming there will be strange sights. Some princes and some poor men will be astonished."

Just then, a woman, short, plump, red-cheeked and smiling, came toward them. She was no longer young, but she did not know it.

"Your eminence," said Lady Nora, "I present my aunt, Miss O'Kelly."

Miss O'Kelly sank so low that her skirts made what children call "a cheese" on the white deck.

"Your imminence," she said, slowly rising, "sure this is the proud day for Nora, the Tara, and meself."

"And for me, also," said the cardinal. "From now until nine o'clock I shall air my English speech, and I shall have two amiable and friendly critics to correct my mistakes."

"Ah, your imminence," laughed Miss O'Kelly, "I don't speak English. I speak County Clare."

"County Clare!" exclaimed the cardinal; "then you know Ennis? Fifty odd years ago there was a house, just out of the town of Ennis, with iron gates and a porter's lodge. The Blakes lived there."

"I was born in that house," said Miss O'Kelly. "It was draughty, but it always held a warm welcome."

"I do not remember the draught," said the cardinal, "but I do remember the welcome. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I made a little tour of Ireland, during a long vacation. I had letters from Rome. One of them was to the chapter at Ennis. A young priest took me to that house. I went back many times. There was a daughter and there were several strapping sons. The boys did nothing, that I could discover, but hunt and shoot. They were amiable, however. The daughter hunted, also, but she did many other things. She kept the house, she visited the poor, she sang Irish songs to perfection, and she flirted beyond compare. She had hair so black that I can give you no notion of its sheen; and eyes as blue as our Venetian skies. Her name was Nora—Nora Blake. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—until yesterday."

"My mother!" exclaimed Miss O'Kelly.

"My grandmother," said Lady Nora.

The cardinal drew a breath so sharp that it was almost a sob, then he took Lady Nora's hand.

"My child," he said, "I am an old man. I am threescore years and ten, and six more, and you bring back to me the happiest days of my youth. You are the image of Nora Blake, yes, her very image. I kiss the images of saints every day," he added, "why not this one?" and he bent and kissed Lady Nora's hand.

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There was so much solemnity in the act that an awkward pause might have followed it had not Miss O'Kelly been Irish.

"Your imminence," she said, "since you've told us your age, I'll tell you mine. I'm two-and-twenty and I'm mighty tired of standin'. Let's go aft and have our tay."

They had taken but a few steps when Lady Nora, noticing the cardinal's limp, drew his arm through her own and supported him.

"I know the whole story," she whispered. "You loved my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but I was unworthy."

IV

THEY had their tea, two white-clad stewards serving them. The cardinal took a second cup and then rose and went to the side. He crumbled a biscuit along the rail.

"I have often wondered," he said, "if my pigeons come for me or my crumbs. Nora Blake used to say that her poor were as glad to see her without a basket as with one. But she was a saint. She saw things more clearly than it is given to us to see them."

The women looked at each other, in silence.

"No," said the cardinal, after an interval, "they do not come; they are as satisfied with Piatro's crumbs as with mine. Love is not a matter of the stomach;" and he brushed the crumbs overboard. "Perhaps the fishes will get them," he added, "and they will not know whence they came. Anonymous charity," he continued, coming back to his chair, "is the best. It curbs the pride of the giver and preserves the pride of the recipient. Open giving is becoming a trade. It is an American invention. Very rich men in that country offer so much for an object—a college—a hospital—a library—if someone else will give so much. The offer is printed in the newspapers of the land and its originator reaps much—what is the word I wish? — acclaim? no; kudos? no;—ah, yes, advertisement; that is the word. Thank God that charity does not thus masquerade in Italy. There are men here, in poor old Venice, who give half their goods to feed the poor. Are their names published? No. The newspapers reason thus—'here is a gentleman; let us treat him as one.' We have no professional philanthropists in Italy. After all," he added, "mere giving is the lowest form of charity. If all the wealth of the world were divided the world would be debauched. Binding up wounds, pouring in oil and wine, bringing the wronged man to an inn, giving him your companionship, your sympathy, so that he shows his heart to you and lets you heal its bruises—that is your true charity."

"That's what I'm telling Nora," exclaimed Miss O'Kelly; "she's forever drawing checks. There was my nephew, Nora's cousin, Phelim. He gave away all he had. He gave it to the piquet players in the Kildare Club. 'Aunt Molly,' he said to me, 'piquet has cost me £15,000, and I am just beginning to learn the game. Now that I know it a bit, no one will play with me. Your bread cast on the waters may come back, but it's ten to one it comes back mouldy, from the voyage.' Phelim is the flower of the family, your imminence. He is six foot three. He was out twice before he was two-and-twenty. The first time was with Liftennant Doyle of the Enniskellins. 'Twas about a slip of a girl that they both fancied. The Liftennant fired at the word and missed. 'Try your second barrel,' called Phelim, 'I'm still within bonds'—(that's pigeon shootin' talk, your imminence). The Liftennant laughed and the two went off to the club, arm in arm, and they stayed there two days. There's waiters in the club yet, that remembers it. The next time Phelim was out, 'twas with a little attorney man from Cork, named Crawford. There was no girl this time; 'twas more serious; 'twas about a horse Phelim had sold, and the little attorney-man had served a writ, and Phelim went down to Cork and pulled the little man's nose. Whin the word was given the attorney-man fired and nicked Phelim's ear. Phelim raised his pistol, slow as married life, and covered the little man. 'Take off your hat!' called Phelim. The little man obeyed, white as paper, and shakin' like a leaf. 'Was the horse sound?' called Phelim. 'He was,' said the little man. 'Was he six years old?' called

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Phelim, 'At least,' said the little man. 'None of your quibbles,' called Phelim. 'He was six, to a minute,' said the little man, looking into the pistol. 'Was he chape at the price?' asked Phelim. 'He was a gift,' said the attorney. 'Gentlemen,' says Phelim, 'you have heard this dyin' confession—we will now seal it,' and he sent a bullet through the attorney-man's hat. I had it all from Dr. Clancey, who was out with them. They sent Phelim to Parliament after that, but he took the Chiltern Hundreds and came home. He said his duties interfered with the snipe-shootin'. You'd like Phelim, your imminence."

"I am sure I should," said the cardinal.

"He's in love with Nora," said Miss O'Kelly.

"Ah," said the cardinal, "I spoke too quickly."

Meanwhile the shadows began to creep across the deck. The cardinal rose from his chair.

"At what hour do you dine?" he asked.

"I made the hour early when I heard you order your barca for nine," said Lady Nora; "I said half-past seven."

"Then," said the cardinal, "I should excuse you, but I do it reluctantly. I am keeping you from your toilette."

Miss O'Kelly laughed. "Your imminence," she said, "when a woman reaches my age it takes her some time to dress. I told you I was two-and-twenty. It will take my maid nearly an hour to make me look it," and, with a courtesy, she went below.

Lady Nora stayed behind. "Your eminence," she said, "the evening will be fine; shall we dine on deck?"

"That will be charming," said the cardinal.

"Whenever you wish to go to your room," said Lady Nora, "you have but to press this button, and the head steward will come." She still loitered. "I think it very likely," she said, hesitating, "that the Earl of Vauxhall will drop in; he often does. I should have mentioned it before, but I was so delighted at your staying that I forgot all about him."

"My dear lady," said the cardinal, "to supplant the Earl of Vauxhall in your thoughts is great honor."

She looked at him quickly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and began, nervously, to play with a gold boat-whistle that hung at her belt. When she had exhausted the possibilities of the whistle she looked up again, and the cardinal saw that there were tears upon her cheeks. When she knew that he had seen them she disregarded them, and threw up her head, proudly.

"Yes," she said, "I think of him far too often; so often that it makes me angry, it makes me ashamed. He is an earl; he is tall and straight and beautiful and clean, and—he loves me—I know it," she exclaimed, her face illumined; "but why," she went on, "should I give myself to him on these accounts? Why should he not earn me? Why does he compel me to so one-sided a bargain? I, too, am tall and straight and clean, and not ill-favored, and, in addition, I have that curse of unmarried women—I have money. Why does he not *do* something to even up the transaction? Why does he not write a page that someone will read? Why does he not write a song that someone will sing? Why does he not do something that will make the world call me his wife, instead of calling him my husband? The other day, when he and love were tugging at me, I told him I would marry him if he brought me the turquoise cup. It was an idle thing to say, but what I say I stand by. I shall never marry him unless he brings it to me. You know us Irish women. We have our hearts to contend with, but we keep our word. I set my lord a trivial task. If he really wants me he will accomplish it. I am not dear at the price."

"With true love," said the cardinal, "I do not think there is any question of price. It is an absolute surrender, without terms. I say this guardedly, for I am no expert as to this thing called human love. I recognize that it is the power that moves the world but, for more than fifty years, I have tried to forget the world."

"Yes," cried Lady Nora, "and, but for a cruel mistake, you would have married my grandmother."

"Yes," said the cardinal, "but for a cruel mistake."

"The mistake was hers?" exclaimed Lady Nora.

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The cardinal threw up his hands. "It was a mistake," he said, "and it was buried fifty years ago. Why dig it up?"

"Forgive me," said Lady Nora, and she started toward the hatch.

"My child," said the cardinal, "you say that you will not marry his lordship unless he brings you the cup. Do you hope that he will bring it?"

She looked at him a moment, the red and white roses warring in her cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I hope it, for I love him," and she put her hands to her face and ran below.

"If the earl is the man I take him to be," said the cardinal to himself, "I fear that I am about to shut my eyes to a felony," and he pressed the electric button at his side. The head steward appeared so quickly that he overheard the cardinal say—"I certainly should have done it, at his age."

V

At six bells there was a tap on the cardinal's door.

"Come in," he said.

The head steward entered. He had exchanged the white duck of the afternoon for the black of evening. He was now the major-domo. He wore silk stockings and about his neck was a silver chain, and at the end of the chain hung a key.

"Your eminence's servant has come on board," he said.

"Piatro?" asked the cardinal.

"I do not know his name," said the steward, "but he is most anxious to see your eminence."

"Let him come in at once," said the cardinal. The steward backed out, bowing.

"There was a loud knock upon the door. Enter," said the cardinal. Piatro came in. He carried a portmanteau.

"What is it?" exclaimed the cardinal. "Is anyone dying? Am I needed?"

"No, your eminence," said Piatro, "the public health is unusually good. I have come to dress you for dinner with the English."

"They are not English," said the cardinal, "they are Irish."

"In that event," said Piatro, "you will do as you are."

"No," laughed the cardinal, "since you have brought my finery I will put it on."

Piatro opened the portmanteau with a sigh. "I thought they were English," he said. "The Irish are as poor as the Italians. If I dress your eminence as I had intended they will not appreciate it."

"Do not fear," said the cardinal. "Do your best."

At seven bells there was another knock at the cardinal's door. Piatro opened it.

"Shall dinner be served, your eminence?" asked the head steward.

"Whenever the ladies are ready," replied the cardinal.

"They are already on deck, your eminence."

"At once, then," said the cardinal, and he went up the companion-way, leaning on Piatro's arm. The after-deck was lighted by scores of incandescent lamps, each shaded by a scarlet silken flower. The table stood, white and cool, glittering with silver and crystal. In its centre was a golden vase, and in the vase were four scarlet roses. The deck was covered with a scarlet carpet, a strip of which ran forward to the galley-hatch, so that the service might be noiseless.

Lady Nora was dressed in white and wore no jewels. Miss O'Kelly was partially clad in a brocaded gown, cut as low as even the indiscretion of age permits. A necklace of huge yellow topazes emphasized the space they failed to cover.

The cardinal came into the glow of the lights. His cassock was black, but its hem, its buttons, and the pipings of its seams were scarlet; so were his stockings; so was the broad, silk sash that circled his waist; so were the silk gloves, thrust under the sash; so was the birettina, the little skull-cap that barely covered his crown and left to view a fringe of white hair and the rebellious lock upon his forehead. The lace at his wrists was Venice point. His pectoral cross was an antique that would grace the Louvre. Piatro had done his work well.

The cardinal came into the zone of light, smiling. "Lady Nora," he said. "Ireland is the home of the fairies. When I was there I heard much of them. Early in the morning I saw rings in the dew-laden grass and was told that they had been made by the 'little people,'

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dancing. You, evidently, have caught a fairy prince and he does your bidding. Within an hour you have converted the after-deck into fairy-land ; you have——"

Just then, out of the blue darkness that lay between the yacht and Venice, burst the lights of a gondola. They darted alongside and, a moment after, the Earl of Vauxhall came down the deck.

"Serve at once," whispered Lady Nora to the major-domo.

"Pardon me, your eminence," she said, "you were saying——"

"I was merely remarking," said the cardinal, "that you seem to have a fairy prince ready to do your bidding. It seems that I was right. Here he is."

Lady Nora smiled. "What kept you, Bobby," she said, "a business engagement, or did you fall asleep ?"

"Neither," said the earl ; "I lost a shirt-stud."

"Your eminence is served," said the major-domo.

They stood while the cardinal said grace, at the conclusion of which, all, except the earl, crossed themselves.

"Was it a valuable jewel, my lord ?" asked Miss O'Kelly, in an interval of her soup.

"No," said the earl, "a poor thing, but mine own."

"How did it happen ?" asked Miss O'Kelly ; "did your man stale it ?"

"Dear, no," said the earl, "it happened while I was putting on my shirt."

Miss O'Kelly blushed, mentally, and raised her napkin to her face.

"It twisted out of my fingers," continued the earl, "and rolled away, somewhere. I moved every piece of furniture in the room ; I got down on all fours and squinted along the floor ; I went to the dressing table to look for another ; my man, after putting out my things, had locked up everything and gone to his dinner. I couldn't dine with you, like freedom, 'with my bosom bare'——"

"No," said Miss O'Kelly, glancing down at her topazes, "you couldn't do that."

"Certainly not," said the earl, "and so I put on my topcoat and went out to Testolini's in the Piazza, and bought a stud. I was lucky to find them open, for it was past closing time. They told me they were working late on a hurry order. I put the stud in my shirt, raced across to the mola, jumped into a gondola, and here I am. Am I forgiven ?"

"Yes," said Lady Nora, "you were only five minutes late and your excuse is, at least, ingenious. You could not have come unadorned."

"Unadorned!" exclaimed the earl ; "it was a question of coming unfastened."

Piatro began to refill the cardinal's glass, but his master stopped him. Piatro bent and whispered. The cardinal laughed. "Piatro tells me," he said, "that this is better wine than that which I get at home and that I should make the most of it. The only difference I remark in wines is that some are red and some are white."

"That minds me of one night when Father Flynn dropped in to dine," said Miss O'Kelly—"'twas he had the wooden leg, you remember, Nora, dear—and he and Phelim sat so late that I wint in with fresh candles. 'I call that good whiskey,' says the father, as I came in. '*Good* whiskey?' exclaimed Phelim, 'did ever you see any whiskey that was *bad*.' 'Now that you mintion it,' says his riverince, 'I never did ; but I've seen some that was scarce.' 'Another bottle, Aunt Molly,' says Phelim, 'his riverince has a hollow leg.' When I came back with the bottle they were talking to a little, wild gossoon from the hills. He was barefooted, bareheaded, and only one suspinder was between him and the police. 'Is your mother bad ?' asked his riverince. 'Dochtor says she'll die afore mornin',' says the gossoon. 'Will you lind me a horse, Phelim ?' asked his riverince. 'You ride a horse, with that leg !' says Phelim. 'No, I'll drive you, in the cart ;' and he went off to the stables. In five minutes he came back with the dog-cart and the gray mare. His riverince got up, with the aid of a chair, the little gossoon climbed up behind, and the gravel flew as the gray mare started. They wint a matter of ten rods and then I saw the lamps again. They had turned, and they stopped before the porch—the gray mare on her haunches. 'Phelim,' I says, 'what ails you, you've a light hand whin your sober.' His riverince leaned over and whispered —'the oil cruet, Miss Molly, and don't let the gossoon see it.' I wint in, came

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out with the cruet in a paper, and handed it to him. 'All right, Phelim,' he says, and the gray mare started. At six in the mornin' I heard the gravel crunch, and I wint to the door. There stood the gray mare, her head down, and her tail bobbin'. 'You've over-driven her, Phelim,' says I. 'Perhaps,' says he, 'but I knew you were sittin' up for me. The curse of Ireland,' says he, 'is that her women sit up for her men.' 'How is the poor woman?' I says. 'She's dead,' says Phelim; 'Father Flynn is waiting for the neighbors to come.' 'And the little gossoon?' says I. Phelim leaned down from the dog-cart; 'Aunt Molly,' says he, 'we can't afford to keep what we have already, can we?' 'No,' says I. 'Thin,' says Phelim, 'we can just as well afford to keep one more; so I told him to come to us, after the funeral.'"

"I don't quite follow that reasoning," said the earl.

"I am more sure than ever, that I should like Phelim," said the cardinal. "Why do you not have him on?"

"He's six foot three," explained Miss O'Kelly; "the yacht wouldn't fit him. He couldn't stand up, below. There is six foot seven between decks, but the electric lights project four inches. Then the beds—there isn't one more than six foot six. We had Phelim on board and tried him. He stayed one night. 'Aunt Molly,' he said, in the mornin', 'Nora has a beautiful boat, plenty of towels, and a good cook. I should like to go with you, but I'm scared. I kept awake last night, with my knees drawn up, and all went well, but if ever I fall asleep and straighten out, I'll kick the rudder out of her.' We couldn't have Phelim aboard, your imminence; he'd cancel the marine insurance."

While Miss O'Kelly had been running on, the cardinal had been politely listening. He had also been discreetly observing. He had the attribute of politicians and ecclesiastics—he could exercise all his senses together. While he was smiling at Miss O'Kelly he had seen Lady Nora take from the gold vase one of the scarlet roses, press it, for an instant, to her lips and then, under cover of the table, pass it to the earl. He had seen the earl slowly lift the rose to his face, feigning to scent it while he kissed it. He had seen quick glances, quivering lips that half whispered, half kissed; he had seen the wireless telegraphy of love flashing messages which youth thinks are in cipher, known only to the sender and the recipient; and he, while laughing, had tapped the wire and read the correspondence.

"It is all over," he said to himself. "They are in love. The little naked boy with the bow has hit them both."

Promptly at nine, Piatro announced the barca. The cardinal made his adieus. "My lord," he said, to the earl, "if you are for the shore, I should be honored by your company."

"Thank you," said the earl, "but I ordered my gondola at ten."

Lady Nora and the earl stood watching the cardinal's barca as it sped toward Venice. It was soon lost in the night. Lady Nora's hand rested upon the rail. The earl covered it with his own. She did not move.

"Have you bought the cup, Bobby," she asked.

"Not yet," he answered, "but I shall have it. The treasury is closed for the annual cleaning."

"When you bring it," she said, "you will find me here. I should like you to give it me on the Tara. There is your gondola light. Aunt Molly seems to be asleep in her chair. You need not wake her to say good-night."

"I sha'n't," said the earl.

Her hand still rested upon the rail—his hand still covered hers. She was gazing across the harbor at the countless lights of Venice. The warm night breeze from the lagoon dimpled the waters of the harbor until the reflected lights began to tremble. There was no sound, save the tinkle of the water against the side and the faint cry of a gondolier, in the distance.

"Bobby," said Lady Nora, finally, "it is nice to be here, just you and I."

He made a quick motion to take her in his arms, but she started back. "No, no," she said, "not yet; not till you earn me. There may be many a slip 'twixt the cup and"—she put her fingers to her lips.

Miss O'Kelly's chin fell upon her topazes so sharply that she wakened with a start.

"Nora, darlin'," she cried, looking about her.

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"Here I am," said Lady Nora, coming into the light.

"Ah," said her aunt, "and Lord Robert, too. I thought he had gone. I must have had forty winks."

"I was only waiting," said the earl, "to bid you good-night."

"An Irishman," said Miss O'Kelly, "would have taken advantage of me slumbers, and would have kissed me hand."

"An Englishman will do it when you are awake," said the earl.

"That's nice," said Miss O'Kelly; "run away home now, and get your beauty-sleep."

VI

DURING the following week the cardinal was so occupied with his poor that he nearly forgot his rich. He saw the yacht whenever he took his barca at the mola, and once, when he was crossing the Rialto, he caught a glimpse of Lady Nora and her aunt, coming up the canal in their gondola.

As for the earl, he haunted St. Mark's. Many times each day he went to the treasury only to find it locked. The sacristan could give him no comfort. "Perhaps tomorrow, my lord," he would say when the earl put his customary question; "it is the annual cleaning, and sometimes a jewel needs resetting, an embroidery to be repaired—all this takes time—perhaps tomorrow. Shall I uncover the Palo d'Oro, my lord, or light up the alabaster column; they are both very fine?" And the earl would turn on his heel and leave the church, only to come back in an hour to repeat his question and receive his answer.

One day the earl spoke out—"Tomasso," he said, "you are not a rich man, I take it?"

"My lord," replied Tomasso, "I am inordinately poor. Are you about to tempt me?"

The earl hesitated, blushed, and fumbled in his pocket. He drew out a handful of notes.

"Take these," he said, "and open the treasury."

"Alas, my lord," said Tomasso, "my virtue is but a battered thing, but I must keep it. I have no key."

The earl went out and wandered through the arcades. He came upon Lady Nora and Miss O'Kelly. They were looking at Testolini's shop-windows. Lady Nora greeted him with a nod—Miss O'Kelly with animation.

"I'm havin' a struggle with me conscience," she said.

So was the earl.

"Do ye see that buttherfly?" continued Miss O'Kelly, putting her finger against the glass; "it's marked 200 lire, and that's £8. I priced one in Dublin, just like it, and it was £300. They don't know the value of diamonds in Italy. I've £10 that I got from Phelim yesterday, in a letther. He says there's been an Englishman at the Kildare Club for three weeks, who thought he could play piquet. Phelim is travellin' on the Continent. Now, the question in me mind is, shall I pay Father Flynn the £10 I promised him, a year ago Easter, or shall I buy the buttherfly? It would look illigant, Nora, dear, with my blue bengaline."

Lady Nora laughed. "I am sure, Aunt Molly," she said, "that Phelim would rather you bought the butterfly. I'll take care of your subscription to Father Flynn."

With an exclamation of joy, Miss O'Kelly ran into the shop.

"Nora," said the earl, "the treasury is still closed."

"Oh," said Lady Nora, "why do you remind me of such tiresome things as the treasury? Didn't you hear Aunt Molly say that Phelim is on the continent? I had a wire from him this morning. Read it; it's quite Irish."

She handed the earl a telegram.

"Shall I read it?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered.

He read—"I'm richer, but no shorter. Is there a hotel in Venice big enough to take me in? Wire answer.—Phelim."

"Will you send this reply for me?" she asked, when the earl had read Phelim's telegram.

"To be sure I will," he said.

"How many words are there?" she asked. "I'll pay for it."

Thus compelled, the earl read her answer—"Come, rich or poor, long or short, come; Nora."

The earl went off with the telegram, thinking.

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The next afternoon the earl came out of the church—his fifth visit since ten o'clock—and there, near the fountain, were Lady Nora and her aunt. The earl marked them from the church steps. There was no mistaking Miss O'Kelly's green parasol.

This time Lady Nora met him with animation. She even came toward him, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Phelim has come!" she exclaimed.

"Quite happy—I'm sure," said the earl. "He's prompt, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Lady Nora, "he's always prompt. He doesn't lose shirt-studs, and he never dawdles."

"Ah!" said the earl.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Lady Nora, and she began to wave her handkerchief.

The earl turned and saw, coming from the corner by the clock-tower, a man. He had the shoulders of Hercules, the waist of Apollo, the legs of Mercury. When he came closer, hat in hand, the earl saw that he had curling chestnut locks, a beard that caressed his chin, brown eyes, and white teeth, for he was smiling.

"Nora," he cried, as he came within distance, "your friend the cardinal is a good one. He puts on no side. He had me up on the balcony, opened your letter, took out the check, and read the letter before even he looked at the stamped paper. When a man gets a check in a letter and reads the letter before he looks at the check, he shows breedin'."

"The Earl of Vauxhall," said Lady Nora, "I present Mr. Phelim Blake."

The two men nodded; the earl, guardedly; Phelim, with a smile.

"I think, my lord," said Phelim, "that you are not in Venice for her antiquities. No more am I. I arrived this mornin' and I've been all over the place already. I was just thinkin' that time might hang. Twice a day I've to go out to the yacht to propose to Nora. Durin' the intervals we might have a crack at piquet."

The earl was embarrassed. He was not accustomed to such frankness. He was embarrassed also by the six feet three of Phelim. He, himself, was only six feet.

"I do not know piquet," he said.

"Ah," said Phelim, "it cost me much to learn what I know of it, and I will gladly impart that little for the pleasure of your companionship. I will play you for love."

The earl took counsel with himself—"So long as he is playing piquet with me," he said to himself, "so long he cannot be making love to Nora."

"How long will it take me to learn the game?" he asked.

"As long," answered Phelim, "as you have ready money. When you begin to give due bills you have begun to grasp the rudiments of the game."

"Then," said the earl, "I shall be an apt pupil, for I shall give an I. O. U. the first time I lose."

"In piquet," said Phelim, squaring himself, and placing the index finger of his right hand in his left hand, after the manner of the didactic, "the great thing is the discard, and your discard should be governed by two considerations—first, to better your own hand, and second, to cripple your opponent's. Your moderate player never thinks of this latter consideration. His only thought is to better his own hand. He never discards an ace. The mere size of it dazzles him, and he will keep aces and discard tens, forgetting that you cannot have a sequence of more than four without a ten, and that you can have one of seven without the ace, and that a king is as good as an ace, if the latter is in the discard. I am speakin' now," continued Phelim, "of the beginner. Let us suppose one who has spent £1,000 on the game, and is presumed to have learned somethin' for his money. His fault is apt to be that he sacrifices too much that he may count cards. I grant you that you cannot count sixty or ninety if your opponent has cards, but you may, if cards are tied. When I was a beginner I used to see Colonel Mellish make discards, on the mere chance of tyin' the cards, that seemed to me simply reckless. I soon discovered, however, that they were merely scientific. One more thing—always remember that there is no average card in a piquet pack. The average is half-way between the ten-spot and the knave. Now, what are the chances of the junior hand discardin' a ten and drawin' a higher card? In the Kildare Club they are understood to be 2⅜ to 1 against, although Colonel Mellish claims they are 2⅝ to 1. The colonel is

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an authority, but I think he is a trifle pessimistic. He——"

"There, Phelim," said Lady Nora, "I think that is enough for the first lesson. We dine at eight. If Lord Vauxhall has nothing better to do perhaps he will come with you."

"We'll dine on deck, Phelim, dear," said Miss O'Kelly. "You won't have to go below."

VII

THE next morning the earl went to the church, as usual. He had not slept well. The advent of Phelim had set him to thinking. Here was a rival; and a dangerous one. He admitted this grudgingly, for an Englishman is slow to see a rival in a foreigner, and who so foreign as an Irishman?

At dinner, on the yacht, the night before, Phelim had been much in evidence. His six feet three had impressed the earl's six feet. Phelim had been well dressed. "Confound him," thought the earl, "he goes to Poole, or Johns & Pegg. Why doesn't he get his clothes at home?" Then Phelim had talked much, and he had talked well. He had told stories at which the earl had been compelled to laugh. He had related experiences of his home-life, of the peasants, the priests, the clubs, hunting and shooting; his brief stay in Parliament; what he had seen in Venice during the last few days, and, when dinner was over, Lady Nora, who had been all attention, said: "Sing for us, Phelim," and they had gone below, Phelim stooping to save his head; and he had struck those mysterious chords upon the piano, by way of prelude, that silence talk, that put the world far away, that set the men to glancing at the women, and the women to glancing at the floor and making sure of their handkerchiefs, and then—he had sung.

How can one describe a song? As well attempt to paint a perfume.

When Phelim finished singing Miss O'Kelly went over and kissed him, and Lady Nora went away, her eyes glistening.

The earl remembered all these things as he went up the aisle. He had passed that way five times each day for nine days. He came to the door of the treasury, thinking, not of Nora, but of Phelim—and the door was open.

He went in. The gorgeous color of the place stopped him, just inside the door. He saw the broidered vestments upon which gold was the mere background; jacinths were the stamens of the flowers, and pierced diamonds were the dewdrops on their leaves; he saw the chalices and patens of amethyst and jade, the crucifixes of beaten gold, in which rubies were set solid, as if they had been floated on the molten metal; he saw the seven-light candelabrum, the bobèches of which were sliced emeralds, and then his eyes, groping in this wilderness of beauty, lighted on the turquoise cup.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "she is right. She is selling herself for the most beautiful thing in the world. To steal it is a crime like Cromwell's—too great to be punished," and he put out his hand.

Then, with the cup and Nora within his reach, he heard a still, small voice, and his hand fell.

He began to argue with his conscience. "Who owns this cup?" he asked. "No one. The cardinal said it had been stolen. He said no one could sell it because no one could give title. Why, then, is it not mine as well as anyone's? If I take it, whom do I wrong? Great men have never let trifles of right and wrong disturb their conduct. Who would ever have won a battle if he had taken thought of the widows? Who would ever have attained any great thing if he had not despised small things?" and he put out his hand again; and then came surging into his mind the provisions of that code which birth, associations, his school life, and, most of all, his mother, had taught him. What would they say and do at his clubs? Where, in all the world, could he hide himself, if he did this thing? He turned and fled, and, running down the church steps, he came face to face with Lady Nora and Phelim. They were laughing gayly; but, when they saw the earl's face, their laughter ceased.

"Have you seen a ghost, my lord?" asked Phelim.

The earl did not answer; he did not even hear. He stood gazing at Lady Nora. For one brief moment, when he

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stood before the cup, he had questioned whether a woman who would impose such a condition could be worth winning; and now, before her, her beauty overwhelmed him. He forgot Phelim; he forgot the passers-by; he forgot everything, except the woman he loved—the woman he had lost.

"Nora," he said, "I give you back your promise. I cannot give you the cup."

The color left her cheeks and her hands flew up to her heart—she gazed at him with love and pity in her eyes, and then, suddenly, her cheeks flamed, her white teeth pressed her lower lip, her little foot stamped upon the pavement.

"Very well," she said, "I regret having given you so much trouble;" and she went toward the landing. She took three steps and then turned. The two men stood as she had left them.

"Phelim," she said, smiling, "*you* would do something for me, if I were to ask you, would you not?"

"Try me," said Phelim. "Would you like the campanile for a paper-weight?"

"No," she said, "not that, but something else. Come here."

He went to her, and she whispered in his ear.

"I'll bring it you in half an hour, aboard the yacht," said Phelim, and he started across the Piazza.

Lady Nora went on toward the landing. The earl stood watching her. She did not look back. The earl looked up at the clock-tower. "In half an hour," he said to himself, "he will bring it to her, aboard the yacht;" and he turned and re-entered the church. He went up the aisle, nodded to the sacristan, entered the treasury, took the turquoise cup, came out with it in his hand, nodded again to the sacristan, went down the steps, crossed the Piazza, ran down the landing-stairs, and jumped into a gondola.

"To the English yacht!" he cried.

He looked at his watch. "It seems," he said to himself, "that one can join the criminal classes in about six minutes. I've twenty-four the start of Phelim.

They came alongside the Tara, and the earl sprang up the ladder.

"Lady Nora?" he asked of the quartermaster.

"She is below, my lord. She has just come aboard, and she left orders to show you down, my lord."

"Me?" exclaimed the earl.

"She didn't name you, my lord;" said the quartermaster, "what she said was—'a gentleman will come on board soon; show him below.'"

The earl speculated a moment as to whether he were still a gentleman, and then went down the companion-way. He came to the saloon. The door was open. He looked in. Lady Nora was seated at the piano, but her hands were clasped in her lap. Her head was bent and the earl noticed, for the thousandth time, how the hair clustered in her neck and framed the little, close-set ear. He saw the pure outlines of her shoulders; beneath the bench, he saw her foot in its white shoe; he saw, or felt, he could not have told you which, that here was the one woman in all this great world. To love her was a distinction. To sin for her was a dispensation. To achieve her was a coronation.

He tapped on the door. The girl did not turn, but she put her hands on the keys quickly, as if ashamed to have them found idle.

"Ah, Phelim," she said, "you are more than prompt; you never keep one waiting," and she began to play very softly.

The earl was embarrassed. Despite his crime, he still had breeding left him, and he felt compelled to make his presence known. He knocked again.

"Don't interrupt me, Phelim," she said; "this is my swan-song; listen;" and she began to sing. She sang bravely, at first, with her head held high, and then, suddenly, her voice began to falter.

"Ah, Phelim, dear," she said, "I've lost my love; I've lost my love;" and she put her hands to her face and fell to sobbing.

"Nora!" said the earl. It was the first word he had spoken, and she raised her head, startled.

"Here is the cup, Nora," he said.

She sprang to her feet and turned to him, tears on her cheeks, but a light in her eyes such as he had never seen.

"Oh, my love," she cried, "I should have known you'd bring it."

"Yes," he said, "you should have known."

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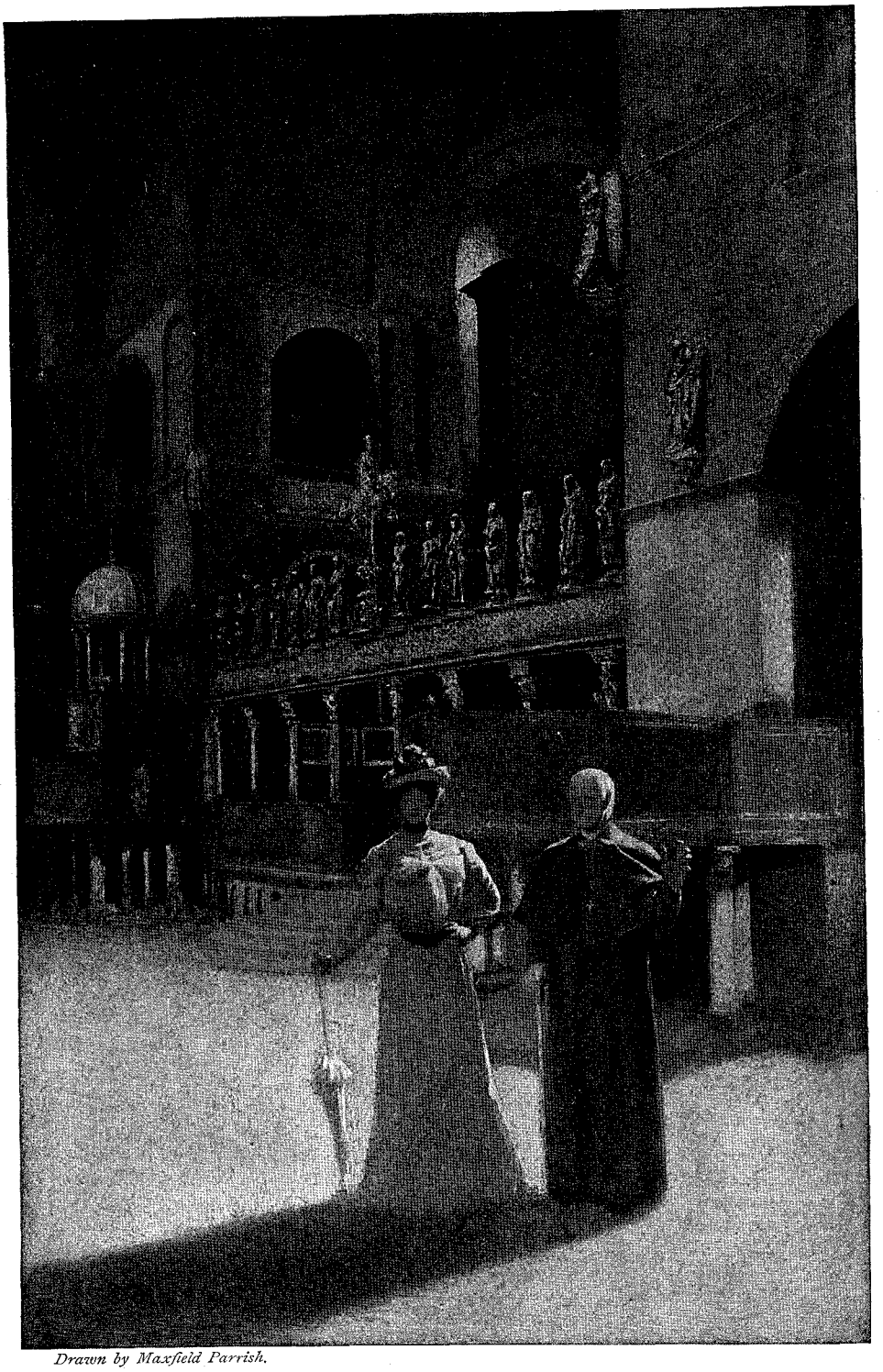

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Lady Nora and the Cardinal in St. Marks.

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She stood, blushing, radiant, eager, waiting.

He stood in the doorway, pale, quiet, his arms at his side, the cup in his hand.

"Nora," he said, "I've brought you the cup, but I do not dare to give it to you. I stole it."

"What?" she cried, running toward him. She stopped suddenly and began to laugh—a pitiful little laugh, pitched in an unnatural key. "You shouldn't frighten me like that, Bobby," she said; "it isn't fair."

"It is true," said the earl; "I am a thief."

She looked at him and saw that he was speaking the truth.

"No," she cried, "'tis I am the thief, not you. The cardinal warned me that I was compelling you to this, and I laughed at him. I thought that you would achieve the cup, if you cared for me; that you would render some service to the State and claim it as your reward—that you would make a fortune, and buy it—that you would make friends at the Vatican—that you would build churches, found hospitals, that even the Holy Father might ask you to name something within his gift—I thought of a thousand schemes, such as one reads of—but I never thought you would take it. No, no; I never thought that."

"Nora," said the earl, "I didn't know how to do any of those things, and I didn't have time to learn."

"I would have waited for you, always," she said.

"I didn't know that," said the earl.

"I hoped you didn't," said Lady Nora. "Come!" and she sprang through the door. The earl followed her. They ran up the companion-way, across the deck, down the boarding-stairs. The earl's gondola was waiting.

"To the mola in five minutes," cried Lady Nora to the poppe, "and you shall be rich."

They went into the little cabin. The earl still held the cup in his hand. They sat far apart—each longing to comfort the other—each afraid to speak. Between them was a great gulf fixed—the gulf of sin and shame.

Half-way to the landing, they passed Phelim's gondola, making for the yacht. The cabin hid them and he passed in silence.

"I sent him for some bon-bons," said Lady Nora. "I did it to make you jealous."

They reached the mola in less than five minutes and Lady Nora tossed her purse to the oarsmen, and sprang out.

"Put the cup under your coat," she said. The earl obeyed. He had stolen it openly. He brought it back hidden. They crossed the Piazza as rapidly as they dared, and entered the church. The sacristan greeted them with a smile and led the way to the treasury.

"They haven't missed it yet," whispered Lady Nora.

The sacristan unlocked the outer and the inner door, bowed, and left them.

Lady Nora seized the cup and ran to its accustomed shelf. She had her hand outstretched to replace it, when she uttered a cry.

"What is it?" exclaimed the earl.

She did not answer, but she pointed, and the earl, looking where she pointed, saw, on the shelf—the turquoise cup.

They stared at the cup on the shelf—at the cup in Lady Nora's hand—and at each other—dumfounded.

They heard a limping step on the pavement and the cardinal came in. His face was very grave, but his voice was very gentle.

"My children," he said, "I prayed God that you would bring back the cup, but, *mea culpa*, I lacked faith, and dared not risk the original. Would God let Nora Blake's granddaughter make shipwreck? The cup you have, my child, is but silver-gilt and glass, but it may serve, some other day, to remind you of this day. Look at it when your pride struggles with your heart. Perhaps the sight of it may strengthen you. Take it, not as the present of a cardinal, or an archbishop, but as the wedding-gift of an old man who once was young, and once knew Nora Blake."

"A wedding-gift?" exclaimed Lady Nora. "What man would ever marry such a wretch as I?"

"Nora!" cried the earl; and he held out his arms.

"My pigeons are waiting for me," said the cardinal; and he went away, limping.

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A FORGOTTEN PILGRIMAGE

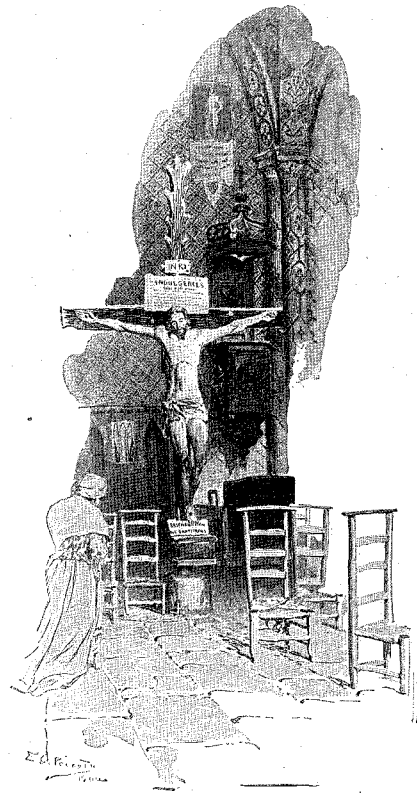
By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS

IN the southwest of France, between the broad valley where the Dordogne rolls its smiling waters and that in which the Lot describes its long meanders, stretches a great arid plateau—a plain of rocky débris, riddled with holes and crevices—monotonous, sad, devoid of vegetation except for here and there a stunted oak, a pale birch-tree or bunches of wild thyme and heather. A strange plateau whose sole water-courses are underground rivers, only to be seen at the risk of one's life by descending into deep caverns, some nearly three hundred feet deep.

This rocky waste is called the Causse de Gramat. It is quite devoid of human habitation—here a little farm-house and there a primitive village, and if you asked how much the land was worth, you would be answered, "Oh, about two francs a dog's run!" Its silence is that of the desert, save toward evening, when the stillness is broken by a long far-away rumbling. This sound, strange as the country itself, is produced by the moving about of countless flocks of tawny-colored sheep, with manes like lions, who graze among the little patches of stubbly grass, carrying at their necks the *eskillo*—a heavy, cracked bell with a wild and uncouth note.

The horizon of the Causse is boundless. Now and then a dolmen is encountered and makes us think, as the evening shadows thicken, that white-bearded Druids will still meet here, and in the pale light of the moon offer their sacrifices and sing their psalms.



Crucifix in the Church of St. Sauveur.

Suddenly, without a warning, in the midst of this wilderness, a chasm yawns at our feet—a huge cañon opens in the granite rock, and a picture without a parallel is presented to our astonished eyes. Far below us is a shaded valley, verdant with soft grasses and wooded with sycamores and beeches—the quiet valley of Rocamadour, so deep and so narrow that only the sun of midday penetrates to its green fields, while its trees grow tall and slender in their effort to reach the life-giving rays.

It is impossible to describe the suddenness of the transition, the surprise of this unforeseen oasis after the barren stretches and the rocky reaches of the upper Causse. A river, the rippling Alzon, winds its long curves through this smiling valley, disappearing a moment under the briar-bushes, only to appear again farther on near the tall poplars and the dainty birches. But great cliffs hem in this charming Eden, and one precipitous rock, larger than all the rest, turns its scarred and battered face toward the rising sun.

Midway up its rugged sides clings a

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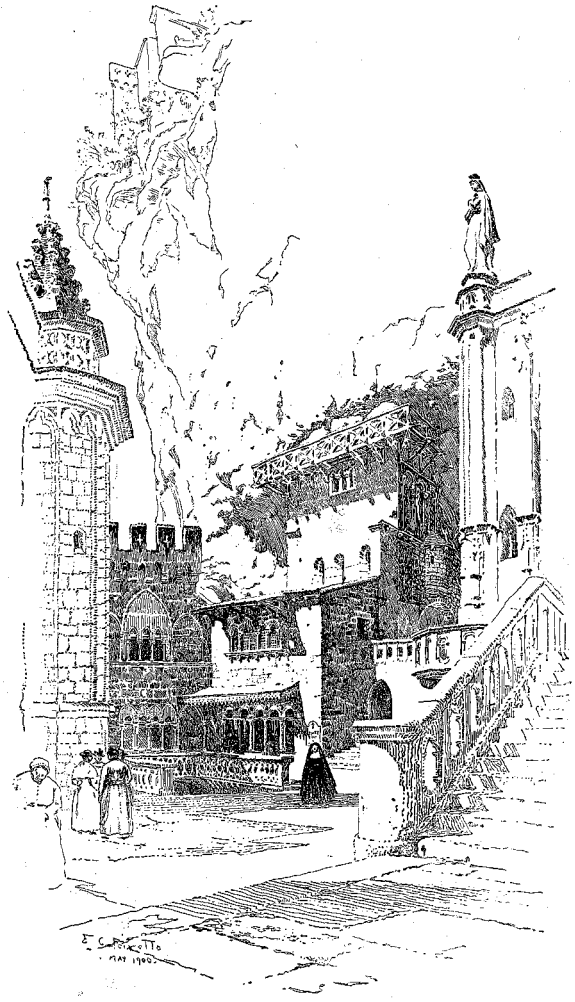
mass of masonry, square, buttressed, with steep slate roofs—more a fortress than a church—the shrine of St. Amadour. No railroad's shriek, no tourist's caravan, even now, in our own generation, much has been done to restore its ancient grandeur.



The Chapels.

A long, winding road gradually descends and brings us down from the level of the upper plateau to the village, which hugs the great rocks under the very foundation-stones of the sanctuaries. This road ends under a huge sycamore, whose base is encircled by a broad stone seat and whose spreading branches shelter a mossy stone crucifix. Here, in this little *place*, overlooking the valley, the peasants gather in the cool of the afternoon, when the frowning mountains cast their long shadow far down over the valley. Here, too, is the blacksmith, and here we may see the patient oxen shod. We enter the town through a fortified gate—one of the four which still span the road—nay and once were its means of defence—and then find ourselves in the single village street, so narrow that two wagons could not pass, though such a necessity never arises in Rocamadour! A few little shops, a so-called café, a couple of comfortable hostelries contribute all the life there is in the little town.

Midway between the two outer gates rises a broad stone staircase, which leads to the sanctuaries above. Many penitents climb all these two hundred steps on their knees repeating an "Ave" at each genuflexion. We saw a party of six, five women and a man, doing this pious duty; the women kneeling, but the man, too old and stiff to bend the knee, could but stand and join in the responses.

A turn at the top of the stairs, and we pass between rows of shops in which holy mementoes and souvenirs are sold. Now we find ourselves before a great Gothic doorway, with before it a group of beggars. A massive oaken double door, studded with huge nails and strengthened with bands of wrought iron, opens and

come to break the stillness of this far-away sanctuary, and its secret is to-day known only to the humble peasants who come to climb its holy stairs and bend the knee before the black virgin.

This is Rocamadour, the oldest and once the most venerated pilgrimage in all of France, visited by St. Louis himself and many of his royal successors. By them its altars were enriched and its chapels built, and pilgrims came in thousands to participate in its miracles. But succeeding ages saw its glory fade, though

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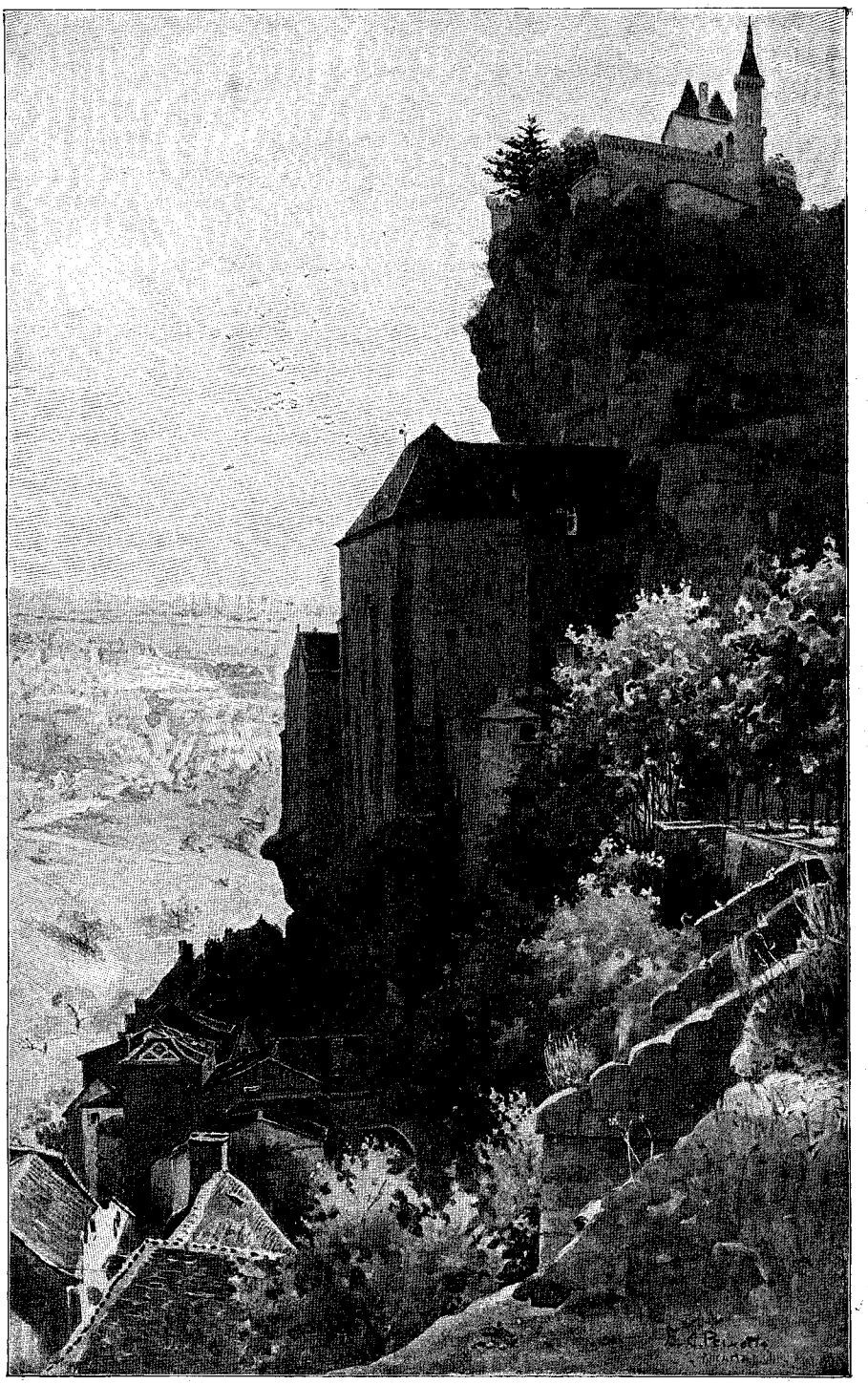

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Rocamadour.

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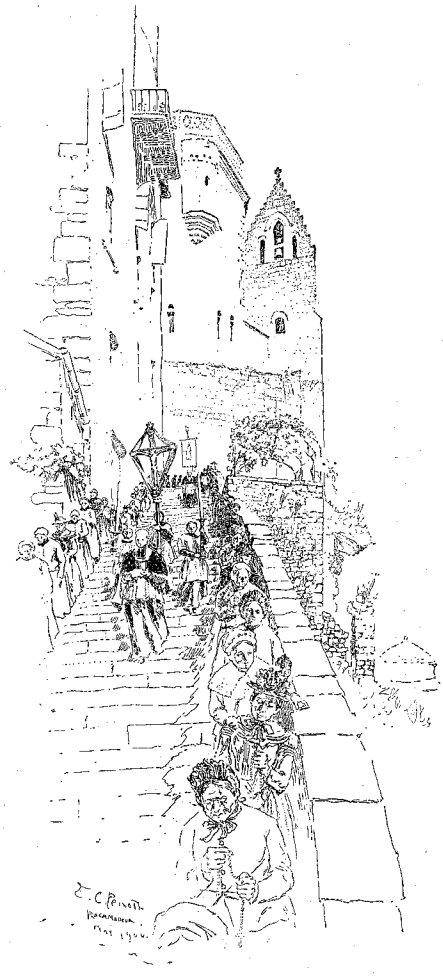
gives access to a second staircase, which tunnels its way under the dark foundation arches of one of the largest buildings. Venders of rosaries and crucifixes sit upon the steps, knitting or talking to the pilgrims as they toil upward. A burst of light, a peep of blue sky above our heads, and we find ourselves in the *parvis*, surrounded on all sides by chapels.

Before ten, a chorus of ringing bells fills the air, echoed by the bare cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon and the echo is thrown back, only to be caught up again by a lustier ringing. The deep bells of the sanctuaries are chorded by the higher, clearer notes of the chiming from the nunnery. The sisters in long black gowns descend the narrow path, the women in the village stop their work and begin climbing the long steps, muttering an "ave maria," and fingering their rosaries. The beggars take their accustomed places, arrange the placards about their necks, and jingle a *sou* in their tin cup as we pass. The bells swell in chorus and the rocks of the overhanging cliffs grumble back the tones. White-capped peasants, bent double with age, old men in short blue blouses, young women in ribboned bonnets, brothers in long black gowns, and sisters in their flowing veils, enter the open door of the sanctuary, and disappear in the darkness.

The bells cease their chiming. The great doors are closed, and there falls a hushed silence as the last vibrating murmur of the ringing ceases.



Procession Descending the Great Staircase on Ascension Day.

The beadle in his gorgeous costume of scarlet and gold paces back and forth on the upper balustrade—a guardian of peace, and the poor dog with his tail between his legs, who would follow his master to the very altar's foot, is hunted away by a gesture and a half-suppressed "*va-t-en*."

I glanced about me at the chapels of the *parvis*, which form an irregular rectangle, their entrances on different levels. In front and up a short flight of steps is the chapel of the Virgin—a square Gothic edifice, whose corner is adorned with a delicate tourelle, surmounted by a large figure of the Virgin. Near the entrance, painted on the exterior wall, is a strange old Dance of Death, and near it, and before entering the sanctuary, the peasants remove their hats and sing a quaint old *cantique*. The rough granite rocks form the entire west wall of the Virgin Chapel, and lighted candles of all sizes (the votive offerings of the pilgrims) are placed flaring against the uncut stone. The interior is full of mystery—dimly lighted and strangely disfigured by the irregularities of the jagged rock. The decorations add to the mystic effect—rich and deep in color, with much ornament and gilding. High above the altar, enshrined in a canopy of gilt bronze, is the miracle-working statue of the Virgin and Child, magnificently clothed, and said to have been carved in the first century by St. Amadour or Zaccheus who founded the sanctuary.

From this chapel a small door gives ac-

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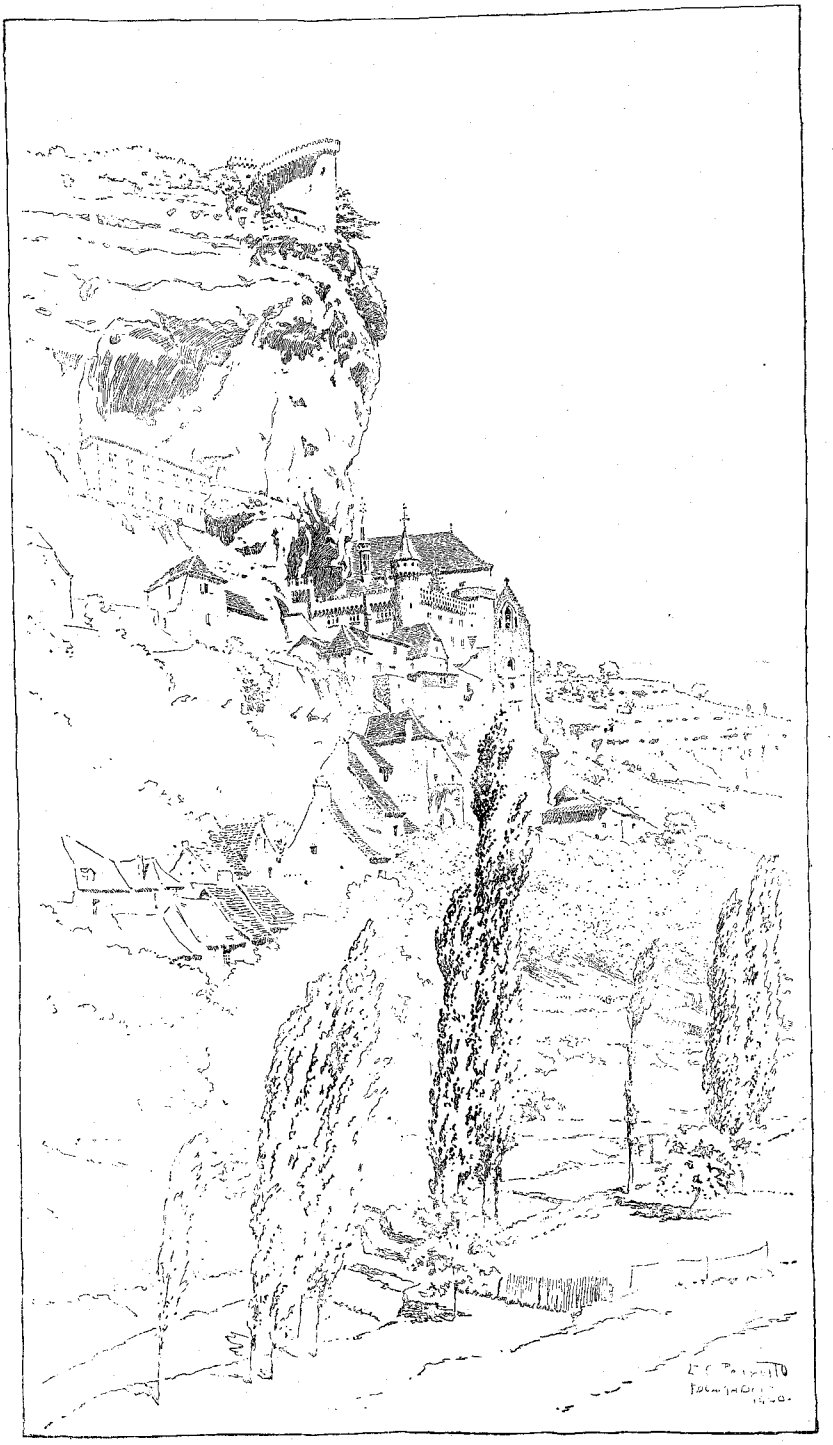

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Rocamadour from the River Alzon.

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cess to the church of St. Sauveur, the great square pile which is so conspicuous when seen at a distance. Its interior is grandly spacious and decorated with mementoes of the visits of many royal personages—St. Louis, Charles IV., Louis XI., and others. Below this church, cut in the rock, is another church of equal dimensions, the Chapel of St. Amadour.

And now the voices in the church join in an anthem, the doors are thrown wide open and a contented God-fearing people form in groups as they come out. The gossips of the village vend their bit of news, the sisters speak a word of encouragement to the mothers, the brothers talk to their flock in merry groups or pause to bless a newly bought rosary or religious memento. I noticed among these chaplains, one, conspicuous by his round, good-humored face and merry, dancing eyes, who seemed always surrounded by an eager group of devoted listeners. With his arm about one boy and his hand upon another's head, Monsieur Bonhomme (for so was he aptly named) was quite the ideal picture of a spiritual father. And soon little by little the place resumed its wonted peaceful quietude.

A long dark passage leads us from the *parvis* to a strongly fortified gate, strengthened with all of feudal military art—crenelations, *machicoulis*, portcullis, and drawbridge. The soldiers in the château above could reach the defences of this gate by means of a stairway of more than two hundred steps cut in the living rock without being seen by the enemy. They could thus bear aid in the defence of the sanctuaries and of the treasures which they contained during the long wars of the Middle Ages, when the whole country was infested with roving bands of lawless soldiers. To-day the stairs are only used by the brothers, descending from the clergy-house above by the aid of flickering candles, to repeat their matins and vespers.

In front of the great gateway ascends the *Chemin de la Croix*, a long zigzag road with, at each turning, one of the fourteen stations, in the form of a little chapel, while at the end, on top of the great cliff, is a mighty wooden cross.

We are now on a level with the old château, the present residence of the chaplains, and recently remodelled. It still retains, however, an ancient square tower and the old battlements. We may climb these latter to the *Chemin de Ronde*, and enjoy the magnificent panorama that spreads out at our feet. In three directions stretch the undulations of the interminable Causse, wilderness upon wilderness, cut here and there with long lines of stone fences. But as I looked over the fourth side, I caught my breath at the fearful drop into the valley below, and a cold, nervous shiver ran up my spine. I recall but one similar sensation, and that was when I peeped over the overhanging side of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The eye becomes dizzy as it plunges down to the roofs of Spanish tile and chimney-pots far below—down, down into the fertile valley winding like a soft green river between its rocky walls, disappearing at the east as at the west in an abrupt turning of its course. Here on the battlements one may dream of times gone by when the Sword went hand in hand with the Book and Belief was Strife. Now peace of conscience only reigns, and the low voices of the brothers come to us chanting the vespers, as the sun creeps behind the plateau throwing over the valley his long forth-reaching shadows in a last embrace.

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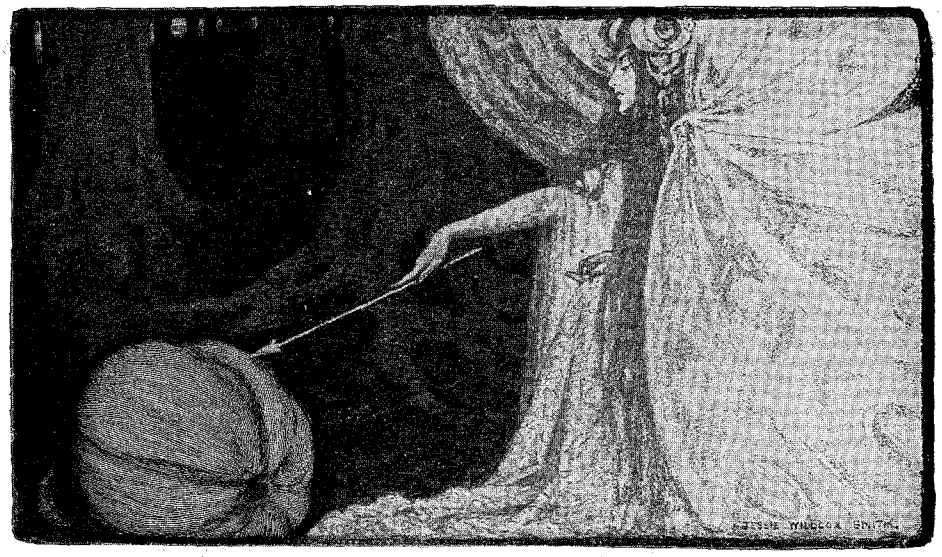

THE LAST OF THE FAIRY WANDS

By William Henry Bishop

Illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith

The good old fairy stories, which you and I have got over believing in, but which I trust we still like to hear the pleasant rhythmic movement of—those traditional fairy stories all agree in one certain thing: the wonderful changes described in them are produced by the aid of a magic wand. Thus, for example, in "Cinderella," the good fairy touches with her wand the shabby dress of the little kitchen-maid, and it is changed into a lovely ball-costume; she touches the pumpkin and it becomes a splendid carriage. In the "Sleeping Beauty" the fairy touches all the moving things in the palace and they go to sleep, not to wake up till the end of the hundred years, and she touches the shrubbery and it becomes a thicket, so close that nothing can get through it to interrupt the sleep of the Princess.

Mrs. Tilbury had been reading to her elder son the two above-named stories. Have I said that she was a young mother, attractive in her looks and lively and genial in her ways? No? Then it is a good place to say it here and now. This elder son, too, although he had a long name, Jefferson Tilbury, was a nice little chap, only five his last birthday, not long past, whereas the younger son, "Russy," or Russell, was but two and a half.

Mrs. Tilbury, then, had been reading those stories to her boy, probably for the twentieth time, when all at once, that morning, the "wand" idea seemed to take hold of him in an uncommonly practical way. If wands were a good thing for fairies to have why would they not be a good thing for him to have? And he said:

"Oh, mamma dear, I wish *we* had a wand."

"So do I," responded his mother genially; "what lots of nice things we would do with it."

Then they commenced to plan some of the things they would do with it. It was to bring in to "Jeffy" an indefinite number of new toys and some extraordinary changes in his old ones. His mother said

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she would touch the large rug in the dining-room, which was pretty well worn, and have that renewed, and the same thing for the curtains in her bed-room. And she would have the antique Willard clock down at Swanzig's store. All this would be for her birthday, which was quite close at hand.

"And then—what *are* we thinking of, Jeffy?"—she continued, "we would get some nice new clothes the very first thing for those poor little McSwale boys that come to see Rose, the nurse-girl, and some coal for their mother. Things take such a lot of money, you know, and we don't always have enough for everything. And we must not forget Papa. We would touch that battered old dictionary that he doesn't care about, and get him the set of Macaulay's Works he is so anxious for."

After reflecting awhile, "Will you buy *me* a wand?" asked Jeffy, shyly.

"I'll see about it," said his mother, smiling at the quaint little idea, and attaching no great importance to it.

"Do they have them at Whoopley's?" he pursued, earnestly.

"I don't know; perhaps they do. It's a very large store, and I suppose they would be as likely to have them there as anywhere," she replied, in that putting-off way that parents sometimes have with their children. She was one of those who said she did not believe in dispelling the pleasant illusions of childhood any earlier than was necessary, and this serious little notion still made her smile with its comicality.

Now, as all children know, there is a great deal of hope in that vague answer, "I'll see about it." Sometimes something comes of it, and again there does not, but, at any rate, it is a thousand times better than a square refusal. Yet, at the best, it is apt to mean a long delay, and Jefferson Tilbury was a youthful person very much averse to waiting.

That afternoon, therefore, when his mother had gone out to make some visits, he managed to slip away from Rose, the young nurse-girl, who had him and "Russy" in charge, and he shortly appeared within the portal of the great department store of Whoopleys, proudly clutching a savings-bank in his hand. A great bustle of the usual shopping people were passing in and out of the entrance and the swinging doors clapped together behind them. In spite of this, the charming blonde head of Jeffy, and his sturdy small figure drew considerable attention. He was rather embarrassed at all the bustle, yet wore upon his face a frank smile, full of anticipation. The majestic floor-walker bent down to learn his errand.

"I want a wan'," said Jeffy.

The floor-keeper had the request repeated several times over, but in vain.

"I want to change some things for mamma's birthday day. I want a wan'," said Jeffy.

The grand floor-walker could make nothing of it, but by no means on that account gave himself up for beaten. Waving him on, after the manner of floor-walkers, he called down the aisle, "Show the gentleman the o-on-g department," and then turned away to pilot gallantly a stout lady who was inquiring for furniture and looked prosperous enough to buy out half the stock.

They took Jeffy into the music department, close by, under the impression, from the chief's order, that he might want something like a popular ballad. They had them all there, marked down to the lowest prices. He came out of there dissatisfied, and repeated his demand for a "wand" to several employees in the main aisle, and to some passing customers.

"Candy?" suggested a young girl, coming out from behind the bargain counter devoted that day to remnants of silk.

Jeffy's face beamed upon this: candy was, apparently, always in order, and he could pursue his more serious mission afterward. He was led to the soda-water counter, where he sipped down a large glass of strawberry; then he ranged up alongside the confectionery counter, and selected, with much deliberation, enough of its contents to make a good-sized packet. It is most probable that, in the innocence of his heart, he thought these were being given to him in pure hospitality, as he was used to being very kindly treated on all sides, but the attendant took his savings-bank in a business-like way and rattled out of it the amount of his purchases. The entire capital of the bank, thus disclosed to view, was seen to consist of a silver

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Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

"Oh, mamma dear, I wish *we* had a wand."—Page 697.

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quarter, given for not waking up Papa too early in the morning by unseemly hubbub, two ten-cent pieces, earned at the rate of two cents per day for neatness in dressing, several nickels, and lastly a couple of flat buttons, slipped in by Russy, who had most incorrect notions on the subject of finance and banking.

This being over, his uncertainties and wanderings began anew. "Go up in the alligator," he said, pointing to the elevator, as he saw it slip by mysteriously in its metal cage. A cash-girl was going up that way, and she took him along, but she brought him back again apparently without matters being cleared up at all. She was dressed in a dark pinafore, and seemed to be chewing gum.

"What's yer name? Where d'yer live?" she asked, but he would not answer these commonplace questions.

"Who's yer father? and what does he do?" she went on in the same blunt line of inquiries.

Though these inquiries seemed no more relevant than the former ones to the matter of finding a fairy-wand on sale, Jeffy chose to reply to the second of them. He said his father was a perseffer, in the Sign-Ticket School, and went to factory-meetin's every Monday night.

"Aw, a professor in the Scientific School, is he? and he goes to—what?" The faculty meetings, as

"I want a wan'," said Jeffy.
—Page 698.

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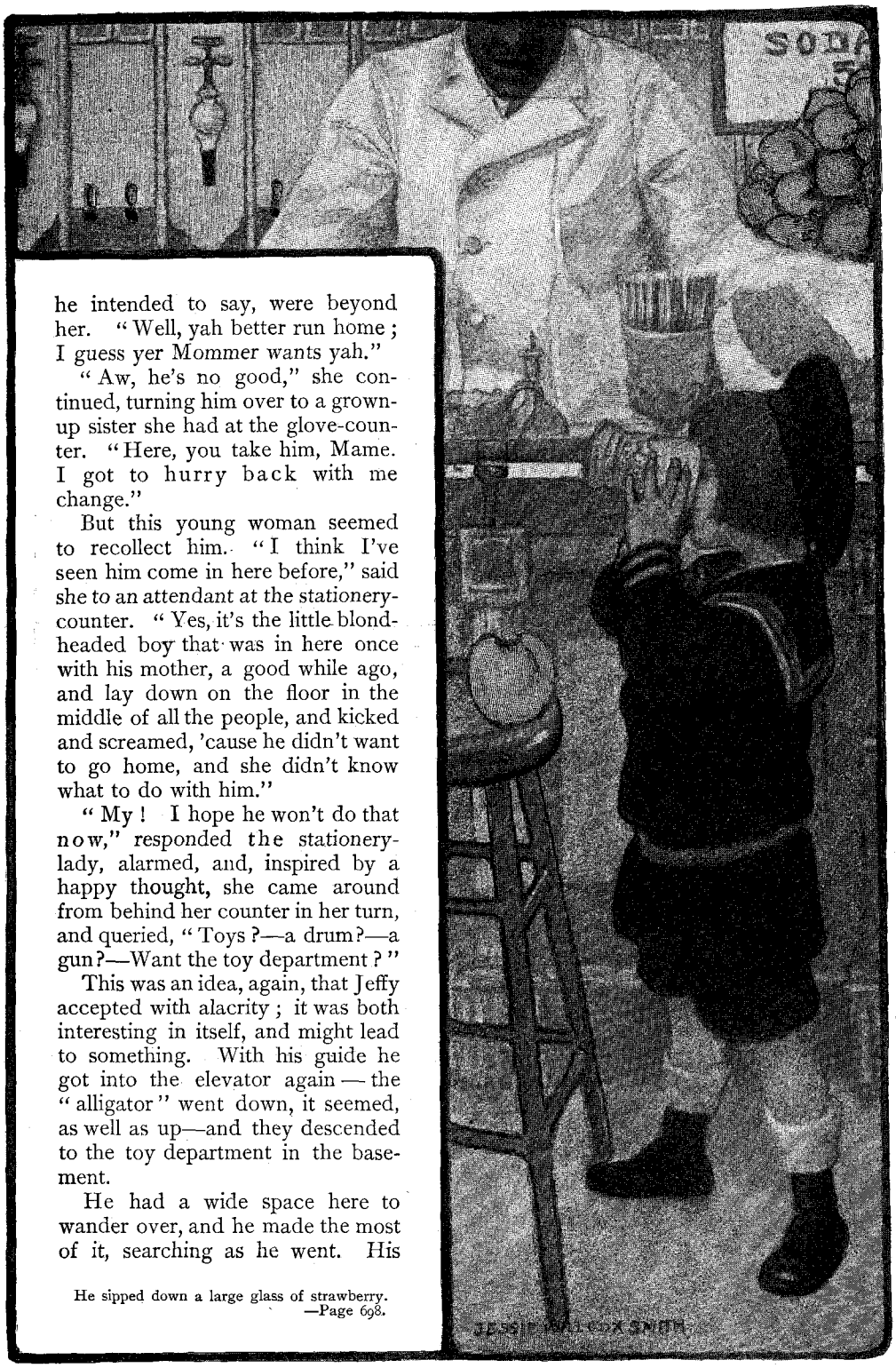

he intended to say, were beyond her. "Well, yah better run home; I guess yer Mommer wants yah."

"Aw, he's no good," she continued, turning him over to a grown-up sister she had at the glove-counter. "Here, you take him, Mame. I got to hurry back with me change."

But this young woman seemed to recollect him. "I think I've seen him come in here before," said she to an attendant at the stationery-counter. "Yes, it's the little blond-headed boy that was in here once with his mother, a good while ago, and lay down on the floor in the middle of all the people, and kicked and screamed, 'cause he didn't want to go home, and she didn't know what to do with him."

"My! I hope he won't do that now," responded the stationery-lady, alarmed, and, inspired by a happy thought, she came around from behind her counter in her turn, and queried, "Toys?—a drum?—a gun?—Want the toy department?"

This was an idea, again, that Jeffy accepted with alacrity; it was both interesting in itself, and might lead to something. With his guide he got into the elevator again — the "alligator" went down, it seemed, as well as up—and they descended to the toy department in the basement.

He had a wide space here to wander over, and he made the most of it, searching as he went. His

He sipped down a large glass of strawberry.
—Page 698.

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eyes rested lingeringly on the whips, on the base-ball bats, on the golf-sticks, and hockey-sticks, but the resemblance was really very slight in all these to what he wanted.

By some chance his glance caught upon a patent gas-lighter, at the edge of the house-furnishing department, and this seemed, at last, to exactly meet his wishes and fill the bill. It was a long, metallic holder, with a taper, or a jet of spirit-flame at one end, kept burning for the proper display of the device to customers. The fairies' wands generally had a star at the end, but there were some, too, that, according to the pictures, seemed to end in a little flame; hence, Jeffy argued, if any wand were kept for sale at Whoopley's this must be it.

He seized it, said he would buy it, and produced his savings-bank for payment. The salesman, examining the ticket, found that the price of it was $1.29, whereas the bank now contained less than forty cents. He also had misgivings about entering into business dealings to any extent with so small a child; and he refused the article. But Jeffy was set upon it, clung to it with both hands, and burst into tears when an attempt was made to take it away from him. A very lively scene was in prospect when a deliverer appeared.

This was an acquaintance under the form of Miss Alicia Page, a bright, impulsive young woman, a

He made the most of it, searching as he went.
—Page 701.

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great admirer and well-wisher of his family, and particularly of his mother, of whom she had been a schoolmate at Smith College. Fresh and blooming from a rapid walk in the sharp air, she had dashed in to make a few purchases, and found herself in that part of the store by the merest chance.

"Why, Jeffy," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Why, you poor little thing, what are you doing here?"

She drew him along with her, the sales-people letting them take the gas-lighter away, upon a significant nod from her, and she found them a quiet place in the shoe department, where they sat down on a comfortable bench.

"Why do you want the gas-lighter, little sweetheart?" she asked. "Such things are only for grown-up people; you couldn't have any fun out of it. And it is dangerous and might burn you."

Her persistent treatment of it as a gas-lighter, and not a wand, weakened his confidence in it, and he was already half willing to abandon it. She had as much difficulty in understanding him and his plan as had the floor-walker and the others, but presently it broke on her. He had come to buy a magic wand, such as they used in "Cinjerella" and the "Sleepy Beauty," so as he "could touch lots of things with it and turn them into other things."

Walked home beside her . . . with the greatest pride.—Page 704.

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"And what would you like to touch, and change into other things?"

"My broked lead soldiers, and make 'bout a hundred more French and Crushems [Alicia knew that he meant Russians], and my wooden horse and fix his lost-off head. And some preserved squinches [quinces], and some clome [cologne] on my handkerchief, and cure Russy if he gets the hoofin'-cough, and some new clothes for Jimmie McSwale."

"Yes, those poor McSwale children; something ought to be done for them," murmured Alicia.

"And that awful nice clock what Mamma wants for her birthday day, at—with"—he seemed very uncertain on that point—"swansin."

"Oh, your mother would like that Willard clock down at Swanzig's, would she?" She made shrewd mental note of that; she particularly wanted to give Mrs. Tilbury a present that would be pleasing to her this year, and there was *one* point settled.

She entered into Jeffy's design with a zest. "I will help, I will see what I can do," said she. "You wait for me here; don't stir from the bench, and I'll be back in a minute."

Hurrying here and there in the great store she succeeded in getting a slim stick, colored blue, from which she had a banner removed for her purpose. Then she found a bright tinsel star of the kind used in the decoration of Christmas-trees. She had the star fastened to the end of the stick with a long tack, and with this quickly improvised wand, returned to her young friend.

Jeffy's eyes fairly sparkled with delight when he saw it, and an adorable smile overspread his countenance. Yes, that seemed to be the real thing; it was exactly the way the fairies had them, in the books. He took the star-tipped wand and walked home beside her, looking up in her face with the greatest pride and content.

It so happened that just as he entered the gate the little McSwale's were coming out, from a visit to Rose, who was not at home—being just then engaged in an alarmed chase all over the neighborhood for himself, her missing charge.

Jeffy slipped up behind Jimmy McSwale, to see at once how the wand was going to work. He picked out the most ragged places in his clothing, and touched them very stealthily as he supposed. But Jimmy McSwale wheeled around, and thinking himself attacked and that a fencing match was wanted—since it was a favorite part of Jeffy's fun to make such attacks on people—caught up a small stick at random, and affected to cross swords in true military fashion. They cut and thrust at each other with great vigor, and then the McSwale boy—he was about twice Jeffy's age—made believe to be too hard pressed, and ran and vaulted over the low fence. He reached back and lifted his brother, Johnny McSwale, over after him, and the two were off so quick that in their rapid flight you could not see whether the magic touch had changed the appearance of their clothing or not.

As soon as he was within the house Jeffy made straight for the dining-room, and tapped the wand upon the well-worn rug, then upon the large, old dictionary; then he gave a light touch with it to his small dog "Peter," whom he wanted to turn into a fine mastiff, like the Scatterbury's. But quite before the effect could be observed in these cases either, his mother imperatively summoned him up-stairs to her sitting-room, and Alicia, too: she wanted to know what they had been doing and where they were arriving from together in this way.

Alicia, with much smiling between the two, told her the story, and they had to express themselves in French and German and other mysterious ways, the best they could, so the little fellow would not know they were talking about him. Meanwhile he made repeated dives at the curtains his mother had said she wanted to replace, and dusted them vigorously with his wand. Not being hurried now, he had plenty of time to observe the effect; his exclamations of discontent and grief were so loud as to interrupt the conversation.

"Mamma, I've hit 'em, and then I've hit 'em another again," said he, "and they don't do nuffin; they only change to stay just the same way."

His mother called him to her, and covered him with kisses, of which he did not know the reason.

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Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

Tapped the wand upon the well-worn rug.—Page 704.

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"I should say it was a perfectly good wand, Jeffy."

"O dear! so they don't," said she, and as if in dreamy reflection: "Well, I don't know, let me take it, perhaps it needs a longer time; they may not work exactly on the instant. The story does not say, does it? that Cinderella's kitchen-dress was turned into a ball-gown the minute it was touched. It was probably ready in time for the ball, or it may have been all arranged two or three days before."

"It's a shame," began Alicia. "*Il faut absolument lui dire.*" That's the way they used their French to say, "We really must tell him."

But she kept on smiling, and did not do it; she would not do anything yet to undeceive the boy, who had such entire confidence in his story-books. On the contrary, indeed, she said:

"They may not make them as well now as they used to in old times, and they may be a good deal slower to act. Most things now are made by machines, you know, and the hand-made things were better."

"Oh," said the new fairy boy, beginning to see a ray of consolation.

"I should say it was a perfectly good wand, Jeffy," she went on, taking it in her hand, "and a great deal may come of it yet."

Thus comforted and reconciled to delay, Jeffy gave his wand plenty to do. In the next week or ten days, and especially as the novelty wore off, it got such active employment that the star had to be replaced twice, and then had a very lop-sided look, and the stick was broken and had to be tied together with twine. It had

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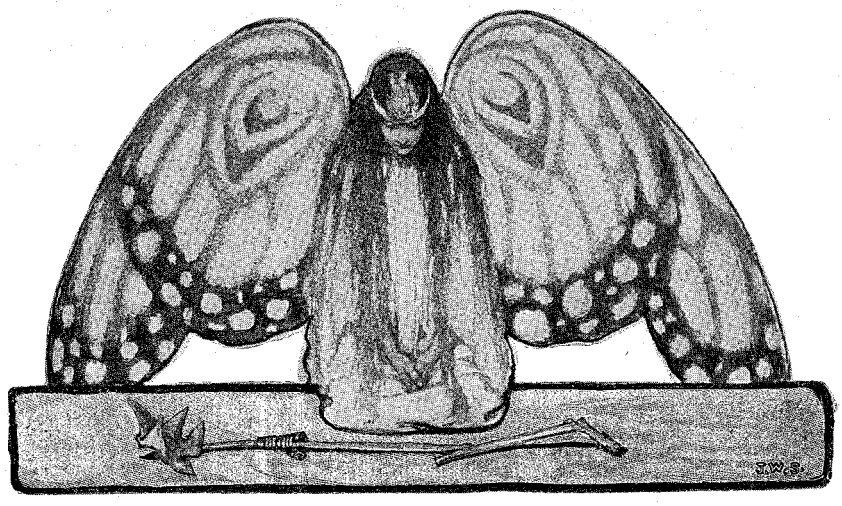
the look of a wand that some wicked fairies had got hold of and vented their spite on.

Now you may think it all ended here, and there was nothing to this than what has been told. But, if so, you are greatly mistaken; in reality the wand proved a potent one. Such a strange and magical one was it, that we ought to send an account of it to the Society for Psychical Research. It did the most remarkable things. For, not later than Mamma's birthday, besides Jeffy's toy-closet being filled up in an overflowing way—and although there was no new range in the kitchen, but only a set of new fire-bricks, which made it go ever so much better, and although Papa had to wait for his set of Macaulay till his own birthday, several months off—still there appeared in the dining-room, on that very day, mind you! a new rug, a beauty! And the new bed-room curtains were equally good; and Mamma got the Willard clock she had sighed for, from Swanzig's; and the McSwale boys appeared—Johnny in such shiny shoes that they made your eyes twinkle, and Jimmy in the best suit of clothes he had ever had in his life. The effect of this latter was so good that it got the before-named Jimmy a place as an errand boy in a large business house. And who shall say it is not likely that they are all going to live happy ever after?



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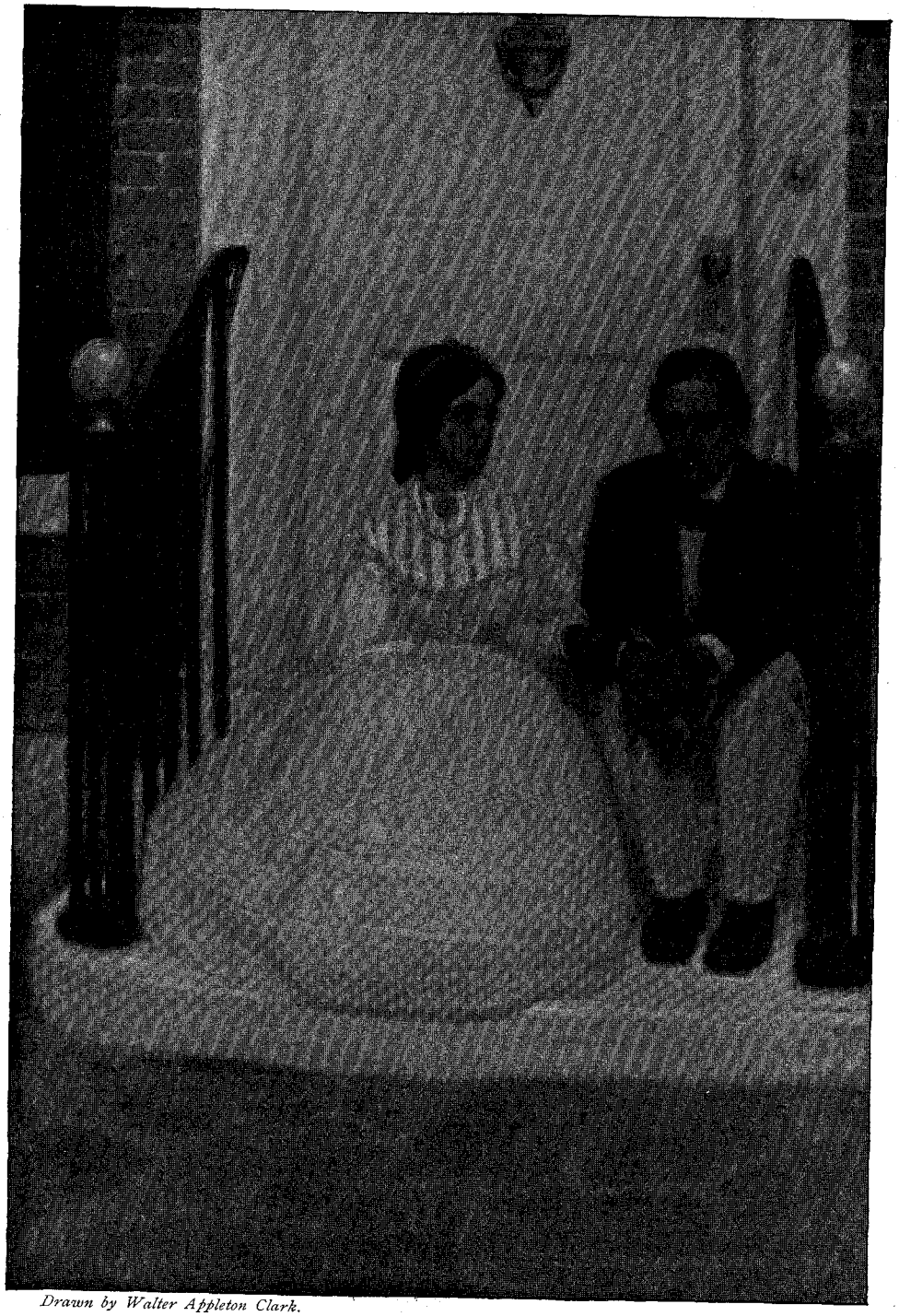

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Sue saw the change in his manner.—Page 712.

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THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

CHAPTER III

THE OPEN-AIR DRAWING-ROOMS OF KENNEDY SQUARE

IF in the long summer days Kennedy Square was haunted by the idle and the weary, in the cool summer nights it was filled with the joyous and the young. Then were its dimly lighted paths alive with the tread of flying feet, and its shadowy benches gay with the music of happy voices.

With the going down of the sun, the doors and windows of all the houses fronting the Square were thrown wide to welcome the fresh night-air, laden with the perfume of magnolia, jasmine, and sweet-smelling box. The sidewalks were sprinkled, and the whole street watered from curb to curb, to cool its sun-baked cobbles. Easy-chairs and cushions were brought out and placed on the clean steps of the porches, and the wide piazzas covered with squares of china matting to make ready for the guests of the evening.

These guests would begin to gather as soon as the twilight settled; the young girls in their pretty muslin frocks and ribbons, the young men in white duck suits and straw hats. They thronged the cool, well-swept paths, chattered in bunches under the big trees, or settled like birds on the stone seats and benches. Every few minutes some new group, fresh from their tea-tables, would emerge from one of the houses, poise like a flock of pigeons on the top step, listen to the guiding sound of the distant laughter, and then swoop down in mad frolic, alighting in the midst of the main covey, under the big sycamores. Then roused at the signal of some male bird in a straw hat, or in answer to the call of some bare-headed songstress from across the Square, the whole covey would swoop low under the trees and out one of the rickety gates, settling, in their flight, on the stone steps of a neighbor's porch, where their chatter and pipings would last far into the night.

It was extraordinary how, from year to year, these young birds and even the old ones remembered the best perches about the Square. On Colonel Clayton's ample portico, big enough to shelter half a dozen covies behind its honeysuckles—both young and old would settle side by side; the younger bevy hovering about the Judge's blue-eyed daughter—a bird so blithe and of so free a wing, that the flock always followed wherever she alighted. While on Judge Bowman's wide veranda only a few old cocks from the club could be found, and not infrequently, some rare birds from out of town perched about a table alive with the clink of glass and rattle of crushed ice.

Next the church, on old Mrs. Pancoast's portico, with its tall Corinthian columns—Mr. Pancoast was the archdeacon of the Noah's ark church—one or two old grandmothers and a grave old owl of a family doctor were sure to fill the rocking-chairs. As for Richard Horn's marble steps they were never free from stray young couples who flew in to rest on Malachi's chairs and cushions. Sometimes only one bird and her mate would be tucked away in the shadow of the doorway; sometimes only an old pair, like Mrs. Horn and Richard, would occupy its corners.

These porticos and stone door-steps were really the open-air drawing-rooms of Kennedy Square in the soft summer nights. Here ices were served and cool drinks—sherbets for the young and juleps and sherry cobblers for the old. At the Horn house, on great occasions, as when some big melon that had lain for days on the cool cellar floor was cut (it was worth a day's journey to see Malachi cut a melon), the guests would not only crowd the steps, but all the hall and half up the slender staircase, where they would sit with plates

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in their laps, the young men serving their respective sweethearts.

This open-air night life had gone on since Kennedy Square began; each door-step had its *habitués* and each veranda its traditions. There was, in fact, but one single porch facing its stately trees whereon no flocks of birds, old or young, ever alighted, and that belonged to Peter Skimmerton—the meanest man in town—who in a fit of parsimony over candles, so the girls said, had bared his porch of every protecting vine and had placed opposite his door-step a glaring street gas-lamp—a monstrous and never-to-be-forgotten affront.

And yet, free and easy as the life was, no strange male bird from any other neighborhood ever settled down on any one of these roosts until his pedigree had been thoroughly investigated, no matter how fine might be his plumage or how ambitious his soarings. No premeditated discourtesy ever initialed this exclusiveness and none was ever intended. Kennedy Square did not know the blood of the strange male bird—that was all—and not knowing it they could not trust him. And it would have been useless for him to try to disguise his antecedents—especially if he came from their own State—or any State south of it. His record could be as easily reached and could be as clearly read as a title deed. Even the servants knew. Often they acted as Clerk of the Rolls.

"Dat Mister Jawlins, did you ask 'bout?" Malachi would say. "Why you know whar he comes f'om. He's one o' dem Anne Rundle Jawlinses. He do look mighty peart an' dey do say he's mighty rich, but he can't fool Malachi. I knowed his gran'pa," and that wise and politic darky, with the honor of the house before his eyes, would shake his head knowingly and with such an ominous look, that had you not known the only crime of the poor grandfather to have been marriage with his overseer's daughter—a very worthy woman, by the way—instead of with some lady of quality, you would have supposed he had added the sin of murder to the crime of low birth. On the other hand, had you asked Malachi about some young aristocrat who had forgotten to count his toddies the night before, that Defender of the Faith would have replied:

"Lawd bress ye! Co'se dese young gemmens like to frolic—an' dey do git dat way sometimes—tain't nuthin'. Dem Dorseys was allers like dat—" the very tones of his voice carrying such convictions of the young man's respectability that you would have felt safe in keeping a place at your table for the delinquent, despite your knowledge of his habits.

This general intimacy between the young people, and this absolute faith of their elders in the quality of family blood, was one of the reasons why every man about Kennedy Square was to be trusted with every other man's sister, and why every mother gave the latch-key to every other mother's son, and why it made no difference whether the young people came home early or late, so that they all came home when the others did. If there were love-making—and of course there was love-making—it was of the old-fashioned, boy-and-girl kind, with keep-sakes and pledges and long walks in the afternoons and whispered secrets at the merry-makings. Never anything else. Woe betide the swain who forgot himself ever so slightly—there was no night-key for him after that, nor would any bevy of girls on any front steps in town ever look his way again when he passed—and to their credit be it said, few of the young men either. From that day on the offender become a pariah. He had committed the unpardonable sin.

As for these young men, this life with the girls was all the life they knew. There were fishing parties, of course, at the "Falls" when the gudgeons were biting; and picnics in the woods, and there were oyster roasts in winter, and watermelon parties in summer—but the girls must be present, too. For in those simple days there were no special clubs with easy-chairs and convenient little tables loaded with drinkables and smokables—none for the young Olivers, and certainly none for the women. There was, to be sure, in every Southern city an old mausoleum of a club—sometimes two—each more desolate than the other—haunted by gouty old parties and *bon-vivants;* but the young men never passed through their doors except on some call of ur-

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gency. When a man was old enough to be admitted to the club there was no young damosel on Malachi's steps, or any other steps, who would care a rap about him. *His* day was done.

For these were the days in which the woman ruled in court and council—championed by loyal retainers who strove hourly to do her bidding. Even the gray-haired men would tell you over their wine of some rare woman whom they had known in their youth, and who was still their standard of all that was gentle and gracious, and for whom they would claim a charm of manner and stately comeliness that—"my dear sir, not only illumined her drawing-room but conferred distinction on the commonwealth."

"Mrs. Tilghman's mother, were you talking about?" Colonel Clayton or Richard Horn, or some other old resident would ask. "I remember her perfectly. We have rarely had a more adorable woman, sir. She was a vision of beauty, and the pride of our State for years."

Should some shadow have settled upon any one of these homes—shadows of drunkenness, or love of play, or shattered brain, or worse—the men and women bore the sorrow in gentleness and patience and still loved on and suffered and loved and suffered again, hoping against hope. But no dry briefs were ever permitted to play a part, dividing heart and hearth. Kennedy Square would have looked askance had such things been suggested or even mentioned in its presence, and the dames would have lowered their voices in discussing them. Even the men would have passed with unlifted hats either party to such shame.

Because of this loyalty to womankind and this reverence for the home—a reverence which began with the mother-love and radiated to every sister they knew—no woman of quality ever earned her own bread while there was an able-bodied man of her blood above ground to earn it for her. Nor could there be any disgrace so lasting, even to the third and fourth generation, as the stigma an outraged community would place upon the renegade who refused her aid and comfort. An unprogressive, quixotic life if you will—this life of the woman sitting with folded hands—a life without growth and higher education and lofty responsibilities and God-given rights—but oh! the sweet mothers that it gave us, and the lovely, tender, soft-voiced girls, and the sweetness, the wholesomeness, the cleanliness, the loyalty of it all.

With the coming of summer, then, each white marble step of the Horn mansion, under Malachi's care, shone like a china plate.

"Can't hab dese yere young ladies spile dere clean frocks on Malachi's steps—no, sah," he would say. "Marse Oliver'd rar' an' pitch tur'ble."

There were especial reasons this year for these extra touches of rag and brush. Malachi knew "de signs" too well to be deceived. Pretty Sue Clayton, with her soft eyes and the mass of ringlets that framed her face, had now completely taken possession of Oliver's heart, and the old servant already had been appointed chief of the postal service—two letters a day sometimes with all the visits in between.

This love-affair, which had begun in the winter, was not yet of so serious a nature as to cause distress or unhappiness to either one of their respective houses, nor had it reached a point where suicide or an elopement were all that was left. It was, in truth, but a few months old, and so far the banns had not been published. Within the last few weeks Miss Sue had been persuaded "to wait for him—" that was all. She had not, it is true, burdened her gay young heart with the number of years of her patience. She and Oliver were sweethearts—that was enough for them both. As proof of it, was she not wearing about her neck at the very moment a chain which he had fashioned for her out of cherry-stones; and had she not given him in return one of those same ringlets, and had she not tied it with a blue ribbon herself? And above all—and what could be more conclusive—had she not taken her hair down to do it, and let him select the very tress that pleased him best?—and was not this curl, at that very moment, concealed in a pill-box and safely hidden in his unlocked bureau-drawer, where his mother saw it with a smile the last time she put away his linen? This love-affair was com-

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mon gossip around Kennedy Square, as were the love-affairs of all the other birds that had paired that summer. Had you had any doubts about it, you would only have had to ask any old Malachi, or Hannah, or Juno. They could have given you every detail of any affair, descanting upon all its joys and its sorrows.

Dear girls of the long ago, what crimes some of you have to answer for! At least one of you must remember how my own thumb was cut into slits over these same cherry-stones, and why the ends of your ringlets were tucked away in a miniature box in my drawer, with the pressed flowers and signet-ring, and the rest of it. And you could if you would recall a waiting promise made to me years and years ago. And the wedding! Surely you have not forgotten that. I was there, you remember—but not as the groom.

On this particular evening then, the old servant's front porch was in spotless condition—steps, knocker, and round silver knobs.

Sue and Oliver sat on the top step, having stolen across from the Clayton porch on some pretended errand. Sue's chin was in her hand, and Oliver sat beside her pouring out his heart as he had never done before. He had realized long ago that she could never understand his wanting to be a painter as Miss Clendenning had done and so he had never referred to it since the night of the musical, when he had raced across the Square to tell her of his talk with the little lady. Sue, as he remembered afterward, had listened abstractedly. She would have preferred at the time his running in to talk about herself rather than about his queer ambitions. She was no more interested now.

"Ollie, what does your father say about all this?" she finally asked in a perfunctory way. "Will he be willing for you to be a painter?" It bored her to listen to Oliver's enthusiastic talk about light and shade, and color and perspective, and what Mr. Crocker had said and what Mr. Crocker was doing, and what Mr. Crocker's last portrait was like. She was sure that nobody else around Kennedy Square talked of such things or had such curious ambitions. They shocked her as much as Oliver's wearing some outlandish clothes would have done—making him conspicuous and, perhaps, an object of ridicule.

"Father's all right, Sue. He's always right," Oliver answered. "He believes in Mr. Crocker, just as he believes in a lot of things that a good many people around here don't understand. He believes the time will come when they will value his pictures, and be proud to own them. But I don't care who owns mine. I just want the fun of painting them. Just think of what a man can do with a few tubes of color, a brush and a bit of canvas. So I don't care if they never buy what I paint. I can get along somehow, just as Mr. Crocker does. He's poor, but just see how happy he is. Why, when he does a good thing he's nothing but a boy, he's so glad about it. I always know how his work has gone when I see his face."

"But, Ollie, he's so shabby, and his daughter gives music lessons. Nobody *thinks* of inviting her anywhere." Sue's eyes were shut tight, with an expression of assumed contempt, and her little nose was straight up.

"Yes—but that doesn't hurt his pictures, Sue." There was a slight trace of impatience in Oliver's tone.

"Well, perhaps it doesn't—but you don't want to be like him. I wouldn't like to see you, Ollie, going about with a picture under your arm that everybody knew you had painted yourself. And suppose that they would want to buy your pictures? How would you feel now to be taking other people's *money* for things you had painted?"

The boy caught his breath. It seemed useless to pursue the talk with Sue. She evidently had no sympathy with his aspirations.

"No—but I wish I could paint as he does," he answered, mechanically.

Sue saw the change in his manner. She realized, too, that she had hurt him in some way. She drew nearer and put her hand on his arm.

"Why, you can, Ollie. You can do anything you want to; Miss Lavinia told me so." The little witch was mistress of one art—that of holding her lover—but that was an art of which all the girls about Kennedy Square approved.

"No, I can't," he answered, forgetting in the caressing touch of her hand the

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tribute to his ability, and delighted that she was once more in sympathy with him. "Mother wouldn't think of my being an artist. She doesn't understand how I feel about it, and Miss Lavinia, somehow, doesn't seem to be favorable to it either. I've talked to her lots of times—she was more encouraging at first, but she doesn't seem to like the idea now. I've been hoping she'd fix it so I could speak to mother about it. Now she tells me I had better wait. I can't see why. Miss Lavinia knows what an artist's life can be, for she knew plenty of painters when she was in London with her father, and she loves pictures, too, and is a good judge—nobody here any better. She told me only a week ago how much one of these Englishmen was paid for a little thing as big as your hand, but I've forgotten the amount. I don't see why I can't paint as well as those fellows. Do you know, Sue, I'm beginning to think that about half the people in Kennedy Square are asleep? They really don't seem to think there is anything respectable but the law. If they are right, how about all the men who painted the great pictures and built all the cathedrals, or the men who wrote all the poems and histories? Mother, of course, wants me to be a lawyer. Because I'm fitted for it?—not a bit of it! Simply because father was one before me and his father before him, and Uncle John Tilghman another, and so on back to the deluge."

Sue drew away a little and turned her head toward the Square as if in search of someone. Oliver noticed the movement and his heart sank again. He saw but too clearly how little impression the story of his ambitions had made upon her. Then the thought flashed into his mind that he might have offended her in some way clashing against her traditions and her prejudices as he had done. He drew closer and laid his hand on hers.

"Little girl," he said in a softened tone, "I can't make you unhappy, too. Mother is enough for me to worry about—I haven't talked it all out to you before, but don't you get a wrong idea of what I'm going to do—" and he looked up into her face and tightened his hold upon her fingers.

The girl allowed his hand to remain an instant, then quickly withdrew her own and started up. Coyness is sometimes fear in the timid heart that is stepping into the charmed circle for the first time.

"There goes Ella Dorsey and Jack—" she cried, springing down the steps. "Ella! El—la!" and an answering halloo came back, and the two started from Malachi's steps and raced up the street to join their young friends.

CHAPTER IV

"AN OLD-FASHIONED MORTGAGE"

PRETTY Sue Clayton with her ringlets and rosy cheeks had not been Oliver's only listener.

His mother had been sitting inside the drawing-room, just beside the open window. She had spoken to Sue and Oliver when they first mounted the steps, and had begged them both to come in, but they must have forgotten her presence. Unintentionally, therefore, she had heard every word of the conversation. Her old fears rushed over her again with renewed force. She had never for a moment supposed that Oliver wanted to be a painter—a man like Mr. Crocker! Now at last she understood his real object in talking to Lavinia the night of the musical.

"Richard," she called softly to her husband sitting in the adjoining room, in the chair that Malachi, in accordance with the old custom, had with his sweeping bow made ready for him. The inventor had been there since tea was over, lying back in his chair, his head resting on his hand. He had had one of his thoughtful days, worrying over some detail of his machine, still incomplete. The new device he had told her of with such glee had failed, as had the others. The motor was still incomplete.

"Richard," she repeated.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, in his gentle voice. He had not heard her at first.

"Bring your chair over here."

The inventor rose instantly and crossing the room took a seat beside her, his hand finding hers in the dark.

"What is this you have been saying to Oliver about artists being great men?" she asked. "He's got a new idea in his

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head now—he wants to be a painter. I've thought for some time that Mr. Crocker was not a proper person for him to be so much with. He has evidently worked on the boy's imagination until he has determined to give up the law and study art."

"How do you know?"

"I've just heard him tell Sue Clayton so. All he wants now is my consent—he says he has yours."

The inventor paused, and gently smoothed his wife's fingers with his own.

"And you would not give it?" he inquired.

"How could I? It would ruin him—don't you know it?" There was a slight tinge of annoyance in her voice—not one of fault-finding, but rather of anxiety.

"That depends, my dear, on how well he could succeed," he answered, gently.

"Why, Richard!" She withdrew her hand quickly from his caressing touch, and looked at him in undisguised astonishment. "What has his *succeeding* to do with it? Surely you cannot be in earnest? I am willing he should do anything to make his living, but not that. No one we know has ever been a painter. It is neither respectable nor profitable. You see what a dreadful existence Mr. Crocker leads—hardly an associate in town, and no acquaintances for his daughter, and he's been painting ever since he was a boy. Oliver could not earn a penny at such work."

"Money is not everything, my dear, nor social recognition. There are many things I would value more."

"What are they?" She was facing him now, her brows knit, a marked antagonism in her voice.

"Good manners and good taste, Sallie, and kindly consideration for another's feelings," he answered. He spoke calmly and kindly, as was his custom. He had lived almost all his life with this high-strung Sallie Horn, whose eyes flashed now and then as they had done in the old days when he won her hand. He knew every side of her temperament. "Good manners, and good taste"—he repeated, as if wishing to emphasize his thoughts—"Oliver has all of these, and he has, besides, loyalty to his friends. He never speaks of Mr. Crocker but with affection, and I love to hear him. That man is an artist of great talent, and yet it seems to be the fashion in this town to ridicule him. If Ollie has any gifts which would fit him to be a painter, I should be delighted to see him one. It is a profession despised now, as are many others, but it is the profession of a gentleman, for all they say, and a noble one!" Then he stopped and said, thoughtfully, as if communing with himself—"I wish he could be a painter. Since Gilbert Stuart's time we have had so few men of whom we can boast. This country will one day be be proud to honor her artists."

Mrs. Horn sank back in her chair. She felt the hopelessness of all further discussion with her husband. "He would not have talked this way ten years ago," she said to herself. "Everything has gone wrong since he left the law." But to her husband she said:

"You always measure everything by your hopes, Richard, and you never look at the practical side of anything. Ollie is old enough to begin to think how he will earn his bread. I see all at once how hopeless it is for us to try and make a lawyer of him—his heart is not in it. I have come little by little to the conclusion that what he wants most is hard work, and he wants it right away just as soon as we can find something for him to do—*something with his hands*, if necessary, not something full of dreams and imaginings," and her voice rose in its earnestness. "I am getting more and more anxious about him every day," she added, suddenly controlling herself, "and when you encourage him in foolish vagaries you only make it harder for me, dear," and her voice softened and broke with emotion.

"He ought to have gone into the laboratory, Sallie," Richard added quickly, on a reflective tone—laying his hand on her shoulder as he noticed the change of voice—"just as I wanted him to do when he left school. There is a future for scientific men in this country which you do not see—a future which few around me seem to see. Great changes are coming, not only in science, but in the arts and in all useful knowledge. If Ollie can add to the brilliancy of this future by becoming a brilliant painter, able to help educate those about him, there could be no higher calling for him. Three things are coming, my dear—perhaps four." The inventor had risen from his

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seat and stood beside her, his eyes turned away into the dark as if he were addressing some unseen person. "The superseding of steam, aërial locomotion, and the education of the common people, black and white. One other may come—the freeing of the slaves—but the others are sure. Science, not money, nor family traditions, nor questions of birth, will shape the destinies of the country. We may not live to see it, but Oliver will, and I want him to be where he can help on the movement. You were opposed to his becoming a scientist, and I feel assured made a mistake. Don't stand in his way again, dear."

"Yes, Richard, I was opposed to it, because I did not want him to waste his time over all sorts of foolish experiments, which would certainly—" She did not finish the sentence. Her anxiety had not yet gone as far as that. With a quick gesture she rose from her chair, and drawing her white gossamer shawl about her shoulders—left the room and walked out onto the front steps, followed by Richard.

If the inventor heard the thrust he did not reply. He would not argue with with his wife over it. She had never seen the value of what he was striving for, but she would in time he knew.

"Yes, I think it is cooler out here," was all he said, as he placed a cushion to soften her seat on the threshold. When he had arranged another pillow behind her back and hunted round the dark parlor for a stool for her feet, he found a chair for himself and sat down beside her. She thanked him, but her thoughts were evidently far away. She was weighing in her mind what must be her next move if Oliver persisted in this new departure. Richard broke the silence.

"I haven't told you of the good offer I've had for the farm, Sallie."

"No, but we're not going to sell it, of course." She was leaning back against the jamb of the door as she spoke, the shawl hanging loose, her delicate white hands in her lap. It was an idle answer to an idle question, for her mind was still with Oliver.

"Well, I hadn't thought of doing so until to-day," he answered slowly, "but I had a notice from the bank that they must call in the mortgage, and so I thought I might as well sell the whole place, pay off the debt and use the balance for——"

"Sell the farm, Richard?" It was her hand now that sought his, and with a firm grasp as if she would restrain him then and there in his purpose.

"Yes, I can get several thousand dollars over and above the mortgage and I need the money, Sallie. It will only be a temporary matter—" and he smoothed her arm tenderly, speaking as a lover of long standing might do who is less absorbed with the caress than with the subject under discussion. "The motor will be ready in a few weeks—as soon as the new batteries are finished. Then, my dear, you won't have to curtail your expenses as you have done." His voice was full of hope now, a smile lighting his face as he thought of all the pleasure and comfort his success would bring her.

"But you said that same thing when you were working on the steam-valve, for which you put that very mortgage on the farm, and now that's all gone and——"

"The failure of the steam-valve, as I have always told you, was due to my carelessness, Sallie. I should have patented it sooner. They are making enormous sums on it, I hear, and are using my cut-off, and I think dishonestly. But the motor has been protected at every new step that I have taken. My first patent of August 13, 1856, supersedes all others, and cannot be shaken. Now, my dear, don't worry about it—you have never known me to fail, and I won't now. Besides, you forget my successes, Sallie—the turbine water-wheel and the others. It will all come right."

"*It will never come right.*" She had risen from her seat and was standing over him, both hands on his shoulders, her eyes looking down into his, her voice trembling. "Oh, Richard, Richard! Give up this life of dreams you are living, and go back to your law-office. You always succeeded in the law. This new career of yours is ruining us. I can economize, dear, just as I have always done," she added, with another sudden change of tone, bending over him and slipping her hand caressingly into his. "I will do everything to help you. I did not mean to be cross a

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moment ago. I was worried about Oliver's talk. I have been silent so long—I must speak. Don't be angry, dear, but you must keep the farm. I will go myself and see about the mortgage at the bank—we cannot—we *must not*, go on this way—we will have nothing left."

He patted her arm again in his gentle way—not to calm her fears, he knew so well she was all wrong, but to quiet the nerves that he thought unstrung.

"But I need this extra money for some improvements which I——"

"Yes, I know you *think* so, but you don't, Richard, you don't. For Heaven's sake, throw the motor out into the street, and be done with it. It will ruin us all if things goes on as they have done."

The inventor raised his eyes quickly. He had never seen her so disturbed in all their married life. She had never spoken in this way before.

"Don't excite yourself, Sallie," he said gravely, and with a certain air of authority in his manner. "You'll bring on one of your headaches—it will all come right. Come, my dear, let us go into the house. People are passing, and will wonder."

She followed him back into the drawing-room, his hand still held fast in hers.

"Promise me one thing," she said, stopping at the door and looking up into his eyes, "and I won't say another word. Please do nothing more about the farm unless you let me know. Let me think first how I can help. It will all come out right, as you say, but it will be because we will make it come right, dear." She drew his face down toward her with one hand and kissed him tenderly on his cheek. Then she bade him good-night and resumed her seat by the window, to watch for Oliver's return.

Try as she would, she could not banish her fears. The news of Richard's intention to call in the loan had sent a shudder through her heart such as she had never before experienced, for that which she had dreaded had now come to pass. Loyal as she had always been to her husband, and proud as she was of his genius and accomplishments, and sympathetic as they were in all else that their lives touched upon, her keen, penetrating mind had long since divined the principal fault that lay at the bottom of her husband's genius. She saw that the weak point in his make-up was not his inventive quality, but his inability to realize any practical results from his inventions when perfected. She saw, too, with equal certainty how rapidly their already slender means were being daily depleted in costly experiments—many of which were abandoned as soon as tried, and she knew full well that the end was but a question of time. Even when he had abandoned the law, and had exchanged his office near the Court-house for his shop in the back-yard, and had given his library to his young students, she had not despaired; she still had faith in his genius.

She had first become uneasy when one of his most brilliant ventures—the new steam cut-off, over which he had spent thousands of dollars—had failed to reimburse him because he had not patented it in time. When this catastrophe was followed by his losing every dollar of his interest in the improved cotton-gin, because of his generosity to a brother inventor, her uneasiness had become the keenest anxiety. And now here was this new motor, in which he seemed more absorbed than in any other of his inventions. This was to plunge them into still greater difficulties and jeopardize even the farm.

Richard had not been disturbed by it all. Serene and hopeful always, the money question had counted for nothing with him. His compensation lay in the fact that his theories had been proved true. Moreover, there were, he knew, other inventions ahead, and more important discoveries to be made. If money were necessary, these new inventions would supply it. Such indifference to practical questions was an agony to one of her temperament, burdened, too, as she was by the thought of their increasing daily expenses, the magnitude of which Richard never seemed to appreciate.

And yet until to-night, when Richard had made his announcement about the mortgage she had made no protest, uttered no word of censure. Neither had any jar or discord ever disturbed the sweet harmony of their home life. And she had only behaved as any other wife in Kennedy Square would have done in like circumstances. Remonstrances against a husband's business methods were never

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made in the best families. In his own house Richard was master. So she had suffered on and held her peace, while Richard walked on with his head in the clouds unconscious of her doubts. The situation must now be met, and she determined to face it with all her might. "The farm shall not be sacrificed, if I can help it," she kept repeating to herself, "any economy would be better than that disaster."

When at last the shock of the news of the threatened disaster had passed, and she had regained her customary composure, she decided to act at once and at headquarters, outside of Richard's help or knowledge. She would send for Colonel Clayton, one of the directors of the bank, in the morning, and see what could be done to postpone for a time the bank's action. This would give her time to think what next could best be done to save the property. This settled in her mind, she gave herself up to the more important and pressing need of the moment—the dissuading of Oliver from this new act of folly.

At the end of an hour she was still sitting by the drawing-room window, straining her eyes across the Square, noting every figure that passed into the radiance of the moonlight, her mind becoming clearer as her indomitable will, which had never failed her in domestic crises, began to assert itself.

When her eye fell at last upon her son, he was walking with swinging gait up the long path across the Square, whistling as he came, his straw hat tilted on one side, his short coat flying free. He had taken Sue home, and the two had sat on her father's steps in the moonlight long after the other boys and girls had scattered to their homes. The Colonel had come in while they were talking, and had bade them good-night and gone up to bed.

Girl as she was, Sue already possessed that subtle power of unconscious coquetry which has distinguished all the other Sue Claytons of all the other Kennedy Squares the South over since the days of Pocahontas. She had kept Oliver's mind away from the subject that engrossed him, and on herself; and when, at last, standing between the big columns of the portico she had waved her hand, good-night, and had gained his promise to stop in the morning on his way to the office, for just another word, she felt sure that his every thought was of her. Then she had closed the big front door—she was the last person in the house awake—and tripped upstairs, not lighting her candle until she had peeped through her shutters, and had found him standing on the other side of the street looking toward the house. He made a handsome picture of a lover, as he stood in the moonlight, and Sue smiled complacently to herself at the delicate attention paid her, but Oliver's eyes, the scribe is ashamed to say, were not fixed on the particular pair of green blinds that concealed his sweetheart, certainly not with any desire to break through their privacy. One of the unforgivable sins—nay, one of the impossible sins—about Kennedy Square, would have been to have recognized a lady who looked, even during the daytime, out from a bedroom window, much less at night. That was why Sue did not open her blinds.

Nor, indeed, was Oliver occupied with the question of Sue's blinds at all. He had for the moment in fact, completely forgotten the existence of his lady-love, and was occupied studying the wonderful effect of the white light of the moon flooding with its radiance the columns and roof of the Clayton house, the dark magnolias silhouetted against the flight of steps and the indigo-blue of the sky. He had already formulated in his mind the palette with which he would paint it, and had decided that the magnolias were blue-black and not green, and the steps greenish-white. He had, furthermore, determined to make an outline of it in the daylight, and talk to Mr. Crocker about it. Sue's eyes, which but a moment before had so charmed him, no longer lingered in his memory—nor even in any one of the far corners of his head and heart. It was only when her light flashed up that he awoke to the realization of what he was doing, and even this breach of good manners was forgotten by him in his delight over the effect which the red glow of the candle gave to the whole composition.

With the picture clearly stamped upon his brain, he turned and ran across the Square, and in another moment he had thrown his mother a kiss through the win-

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dow, and rushing inside had caught her in his arms.

"Poor motherkins—and you all alone," he cried. "Why, I thought you and father had gone to bed long ago."

"No, son—I was waiting for you." He laid his fresh young face against hers, insisting that she must go to bed at once; helping her upstairs awkwardly, laughing as he went—telling her she was the sweetest girl he ever knew and his best sweetheart—kissing her pale cheeks as they climbed the steps together.

She had determined, as she sat by the window, to talk to him of what she had overheard him say to Sue, and of her anxiety over Richard's revelations, but his joyous kiss had robbed her of the power. She would wait for another time—she said to herself—not to-night, when he was so happy.

"Anybody at Sue's, Ollie?" she asked, lighting his candle.

"Only the boys and girls—Tom Pitts, Charley Bowman, Nellie Talbot, and one or two others. The Colonel came in just before I left."

"But the Colonel will be home to-morrow, will he not?" she asked quickly, as if something forgotten had been suddenly remembered.

"Yes—think so—" answered Oliver, taking off his coat and hanging it over the chair—"because he was just up from Pongateague. He and Major Pitts got thirty-seven woodcock in two days. Tom wants me to go down with him some day next week."

A shade of anxiety crossed the mother's face.

"What did you tell him, son?" She moved a chair nearer the bureau and sat down to watch him undress, as she had always done since the day she first tucked him into his crib.

"Oh, I said I would ask you." He was loosening his cravat as he spoke, his chin thrown up, the light of the candle falling over his well-knit shoulders and chest outlined through his white shirt.

"Better not go, Ollie—you've been away so much lately."

"Oh, dearie," he protested in a tone as a child would have done, "what does a day or two matter? Now, be a darling old mother and let me go. Tom has a gun for me, and Mr. Talbot is going to lend us his red setter. Tom's sister is going and so are her cousins. Just think, now, I haven't had a day in the country for a coon's age." His arms were round her neck now. He seemed happier over the excuse to caress her than anxious about her possible refusal.

She loosened one of his hands and laid it on her cheek.

"No holidays, son? Why you had two last week, when you all went out to Stemmer's Run," she said, looking up into his face, his hand still in hers.

"Yes, but that was fishing!" He was standing over her now laughing, his arms outstretched, teetering an imaginary rod in his hands.

"And the week before, when you spent the day at Uncle Tilghman's?" she inquired, smiling sadly at him, but with the light of an ill-concealed admiration on her face.

"Ah, but mother, I went to see the Lely! That's an education. Oh, that portrait of the lady in pink!" He was serious now, looking straight down into her eyes—talking with his hands, one thumb in air as if it were a bit of charcoal and he was outlining the Lely on an equally real canvas. "Such color, mother—such an exquisite poise of the head and sweep to the shoulder—" and the thumb described a curve in the air as if following every turn of Lely's brush.

Her eyes followed his gestures—she loved his enthusiasm, although she wished now it had been about something else.

"And you don't get any education out of the Judge's law books?"

"No, I wish I did." The joyous look on his face was gone—his hand had fallen to his side. "It gets to be more of a muddle every day—". and then he added, with the illogical reasoning of youth—"all the lawyers that ever lived couldn't paint a picture like the Lely."

Mrs. Horn closed her eyes. It was on her tongue to tell him she knew what was in his heart, but she stopped; no, not to-night, she said firmly to herself, and shut her lips tight—a way she had of bracing her nerves in such emergencies.

Oliver in turn saw the expression of anxiety that crossed his mother's face and the thin drawn line of the lips. One word

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from her and he would have poured out his heart. Then some shadow that crossed her face silenced him. "No, not to-night—" he said to himself. "She has been sitting up for me and is tired—I'll tell her to-morrow."

"Don't go with Tom Pitts, my son. I'd rather you'd stay; I don't want you to go this time. Perhaps a little later—" and a slight shiver went through her as she rose from her chair and moved toward him.

He made no protest. Her final word was always law to him—not because she dominated him, but because his nature was always to be in harmony with the thing he loved. Because, too, underneath it all was that quality of tenderness to all women old and young, which forbade him to cause one of them pain. Almost unconsciously to himself he had gone through a process by which from having yielded her the obedience of a child, he now surrendered his pleasures to her when the old feeling of maternal dominance still controlled her in her attitude to him. She did not recognize the difference, and he had but half perceived it, but the difference had already transformed him from a boy into a man, though with unrecognized powers of stability as yet. In obeying his mother, then at twenty-two, or even in meeting the whims and conceits of his sweethearts, this quality of tenderness to the woman was always uppermost in his heart. The surrender of a moment's pleasure seemed so little to him compared to the expression of pain he could see across their faces. He had so much to make him happy—what mattered it if out of a life so full he should give up any one thing to please his mother or any one of them.

Patting him on the cheek and kissing him on the neck, as she had so often done when some sudden wave of affection overwhelmed her, she bade him good-night at last.

Once outside in the old-fashioned hall, she stopped for a moment, her eyes fixed on the floor, the light from the hall-lamp shining on her silver hair and the shawl about her shoulders, and said slowly to herself, as if counting each word:

"What—can I do—to save this boy—from—himself?"

CHAPTER V

A MESSAGE OF IMPORTANCE

RICHARD, when he waked, made no allusion to the mortgage nor to their talk of the night before, nor could Mrs. Horn see that the inventor had given it further thought. He came in to breakfast with his usual serenity of mien, kissed her gallantly on the cheek—in all their married life this dear old gentleman had never forgotten this breakfast kiss—and taking his seat opposite her, he picked up the new *Scientific Review*, just in by the morning mail, and began cutting the leaves. She tried to draw him into conversation by asking him when the note on the mortgage was due, but his mind was doubtless absorbed by some problem suggested by the *Review* before him, for without answering—he, of course, had not heard her—he left the table, excusing himself for a moment, opened a book on his library table studying it leisurely, only resuming his seat when Malachi gently touched his elbow and said:

"Coffee purty nigh done sp'ilt, Marse Richard."

With his breakfast half eaten, and with that far-away look in his eyes which his wife knew so well, Richard picked up his letters and walking to the closet, took down his long red calico gown, slipped it over his coat and with a loving pat on his wife's shoulder as he passed, and with the request that no one but Nathan should see him that morning, he made his way through the damp brick-paved back yard to the green door of his "li'l" room.

Mrs. Horn watched his retreating figure from the window—his head bent, his soft hair stirred by the morning air, falling about his shoulders. His serenity; his air of abstraction; of being wrapped in the clouds as it were—borne aloft by the power of a thought altogether beyond her, baffled her as it always did. She could not follow his flights when he was in one of these uplifted moods. She could only watch and wait until he returned again to the common ground of their daily love and companionship.

Brushing a quick tear from her eyes with an impatient sigh, she directed Mala-

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chi to go to Oliver's room and tell him he must get up at once, as she wanted him to carry a message of importance. She had herself rapped at her son's door as she passed on her way down-stairs, and Malachi had already paid two visits to the same portal—one with Oliver's shoes and one on his own account. He had seen his mistress's anxiety, and knowing that his young master had come in late the night before, had mistaken the cause, charging Mrs. Horn's perturbation to Oliver's account. The only response Oliver had made to either of his warnings had been a smothered yawn and a protest at being called at daylight. On his third visit Malachi was more insistent, the hall clock by that time having struck nine.

"Ain't you out'en dat bed yit, Marse Oliver? Dis yere's de third time I been yere. Better git up; yo' ma's gittin' onres'less."

"Coming, Mally. Tell mother I'll be down right away," called Oliver, springing out of bed. Malachi stepped softly down stairs again, bowed low to his mistress and with a perfectly straight face said:

"He's mos' ready, mistis. Jes' a-breshin' ob his ha'r when I opened de do'. Spec' Marse Oliver over-slep' hisse'f, or maybe nobody ain't call him——"

He could not bear to hear the boy scolded. He had begun to shield his young master when he carried him on his shoulder, and he would still shade the truth for him whenever he considered necessity required it.

When Oliver at last came down-stairs it was by means of the handrail as a slide, a dash through the hall and a bound into the breakfast-room, followed by a joyous good-morning, meeting his mother's "How could you be so late, my boy," without any defence of his conduct, putting one hand under her chin and the other around her neck, and kissing her where her white hair parted over her forehead.

Malachi waited an instant, breathing freer when he found that his statement regarding Oliver's toilet passed muster, and then shuffled off to the kitchen for hot waffles and certain other comforting viands that Aunt Hannah, the cook, had kept hot for her young master, Malachi's several reports having confirmed her suspicions that Oliver, as usual, would be half an hour late.

"What a morning, motherkins," Oliver cried. "Such a sky, all china-blue and white. Oh, you just ought to see how fine the old church looms up behind the trees. I'm going to paint that some day, from my window. Dad had his breakfast?" and he glanced at the empty seat and plate. "Sausage, eh? Mally, got any for me?" and he dragged up his chair beside her, talking all the time as he spread his napkin and drew the dishes toward him.

He was so full of his own buoyant happiness, that he never once noticed her anxious face. She did not check his enthusiasm. This breakfast hour alone with her boy—he was almost always later than Richard—was the happiest of the day. But her heart was too heavy this morning to enjoy it. Instead of listening with her smile of quiet satisfaction, answering him now and then with a gayety of humor which matched his own, she was conscious only of the waiting for an opportunity to break into his talk without jarring upon his mood. At last, with a hesitating emphasis that would have alarmed anyone less wrapped in his own content than her son, she said:

"Ollie, when you finish your breakfast I want you, on your way to Judge Ellicott's office, to stop at Colonel Clayton's and ask him to be good enough to come and see me as soon as he can on a little matter of business. Tell him I will keep him but a minute. If you hurry, my son, you'll catch him before he leaves the house."

The die was cast now. She had taken her first step without Richard's hand to guide her. It was pain to do it—the more exquisite because she loved to turn to him for guidance or relief, to feel the sense of his protection. Heretofore he had helped her in every domestic emergency, his soft, gentle hand soothing and quieting her, when troubles arose. She had wavered during the night between her duty to her family in saving the farm, and her duty to her husband in preserving unbroken the tie of loyal dependence that had always bound them together. Many emotions had shaken her as she lay awake, her eyes fixed on the flutings in the canopy of the high-post bedstead which the night-lamp faintly illumined, Richard

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asleep beside her, dreaming doubtless of cogs and pulleys and for the hundredth time of his finding the one connecting link needed to complete the circle of his success.

But before the day had broken her keen, penetrating mind had cut through the fog of her doubts. Richard, for all his urgent need of money to perfect his new motor, should not be allowed to sacrifice the only piece of landed property which they possessed, except the roof that sheltered them all. The farm saved, she would give her attention to Oliver's future career. On one point her mind was firmly made up—he should never, in spite of what his father said, become a painter.

Oliver hurried through his breakfast, cut short Malachi's second relay of waffles to the great disappointment of that excellent servitor, and with his mother's message for the moment firmly fixed in his mind, tilted his hat on one side of his head and started across Kennedy Square, whistling as he went.

Mrs. Horn moved her seat to the window and looked out upon the brick-paved yard. The door of the shop was shut. Richard was already at work, for a thin curl of blue smoke was rising from the chimney. As she sat looking out upon the tulip-tree and the ivy-covered wall beyond a strange, unaccountable sense of loneliness new in her experience came over her. But with this sense of utter isolation the lines about her mouth only settled more firmly with the thought, and the anxious look that had filled her eyes changed to one of determination.

"Nobody can help," she said to herself with a sigh. "I must do it all myself;" and picking up her basket of keys she mounted slowly to her room.

Once outside the front door, with the fresh, clear air stirring to a silver-white the leaves of the maples, the birds singing in the branches and the sky glistening overhead, one of those sudden changes of mood to which our young hero was subject swept over him. The picture of the mother whom he loved and whose face had filled his thoughts, by some shifting of the gray matter of this young gentleman's brain had suddenly become replaced by another.

Pretty Sue Clayton, her black eyes snapping with fun, her hand so soon to be outstretched in welcome, was now the dominating figure in his mental horizon. Even the Sir Peter Lely and the woodcock shooting with Tom Pitts, and all the other fancies that had filled his brain had become things of the past as he thought of Sue's greeting. For the time being this black-eyed little witch with the ringlets about her face had complete possession of him.

He had not, it is true, thought of her for five consecutive minutes since he had bidden her good-night ten hours ago; and he would, I am quite sure, have forgotten even his promise to see her this morning had not his mother's message made his going to her house imperative. And yet, now that the prospect of having a glimpse of her face was really assured, he could hardly wait until he reached her side.

He really had nothing new to tell Sue—nothing that had bubbled up fresh from the depths of his heart over-night. Indeed, had that unexplored portion of this young gentleman's anatomy been searched with a dark lantern, it can safely be said that not the slightest suggestion of this fair inamorata's form or lineaments would have been found lurking in any one of its recesses. Furthermore, I can state positively—and I knew this young gentleman quite well at the time—that it was not Sue at all that he longed for at this precise moment, even though he hurried to meet her. It was more the *woman in her*—the something that satisfied his inner nature when he was with her—her coy touches of confidence, her artless outbursts of admiration, looking up in his face as she spoke, the dimples playing about the corners of her mouth. He revelled in all those subtle flatteries and cajoleries, and in all the arts to please of which she was past mistress. He loved to believe her—she intended that he should—when she told him how different he was from anybody about Kennedy Square, and how nobody swam or rode or danced as he did; nor wore their hair so becomingly, nor their clothes—especially the gray jacket buttoned up close under the chin; nor their hair, nor carried themselves as they walked, nor——

Why go on? We all know exactly how she said it, and how sincere she seemed,

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and how we believed it all (and do now, some of us), and how blissful it was to sit beside her and hear her voice and know that this most adorable of women really believed that the very sun itself rose and set in our own adorable person.

Because of all this and of many other things with which we have nothing to do, our young hero saw only Sue's eyes when that maiden, who had been watching for him at the library window, laid her hand on the lapel of his coat in her coaxing way. No wonder he had forgotten everything which his mother had asked him to do. I can forgive him under the circumstances—and so can you. Soft hands are very beguiling, sometimes—and soft eyes —Well! It is a good many years ago, but there are some things that none of us *ever* forget.

Blinded by her fascinations it is not at all astonishing that long before Oliver regained his senses the Colonel had left the house for the day. The distinguished gentleman would, of course, have waited the young prince's pleasure in his library, had he known of his errand. But since the Colonel had unfortunately gone, there was nothing here for our Oliver to do but to remain where he was until noon—this was Sue's way out of the difficulty—and then to catch the Colonel at the bank where he could always be found between twelve and one o'clock.

But by the time that Oliver reached the bank the Colonel had gone to the club where he always lunched and where he would have been too happy, no doubt—being the most courteous of colonels, etc., etc., "if his dear young friend had only sent him word," etc.

All this our breathless young Mercury —Oliver never walked when he could run —learned from old Mr. Stiger, the cashier, who punched him in the ribs at the end of every sentence in which he conveyed the disappointing information, calling him "Creeps," at short intervals, and roaring with laughter at the boy's account of the causes leading up to his missing the Colonel.

"Gone to the club, Creeps, don't I tell you (—punch in the ribs—); gone to get a little sip of Madeira and a little bit of canvas-back (—punch over the heart—), and a little—oh, I tell you, you young dog—" (this punch straight on the breast-bone)—"you ought to be a bank director —you hear!—a big fat bank director, and own a big house up in the square, if you want to enjoy yourself—and have a pretty daughter—Oh, you young rascal!" This last punch bent Oliver double, and was followed by an outburst of uncontrollable laughter.

These punchings and outbursts had gone on since the days that Oliver was in short trousers and Stiger was superintendent of the Sunday-school which the boy had attended in his early years—Stiger was still superintendent and of the same school—cashiers had to have certincates of character in those days. A smooth-shaven, round-headed old fellow was this same cashier, with two little dabs of side whiskers, a pair of eyes that twinkled behind a pair of gold spectacles, and a bald head kept polished by the constant mopping of a red silk handkerchief. His costume in the bank was a black alpaca coat and high black satin stock, which grabbed him tight around the neck, and held in place the two points of his white collar struggling to be free. Across his waist-line was a square of cloth. This, in summer, replaced his waistcoat, and, in winter, protected it from being rubbed into holes by constant contact with the edge of the counter.

His intimacy with Oliver dated from one hot Sunday morning years before, when Oliver had broken in upon the old gentleman's long prayers by sundry scrapings of his wee finger-nails down the whitewashed wall of the school-room, producing a blood-cooling and most irreverent sound, much to the discomfort of the inmates.

"Who made that noise?" asked Mr. Stiger, when the amen was reached.

"Me, sir."

"What for?"

"To get cool. It makes creeps go down my back."

From that day the old cashier had never called Oliver anything but "Creeps."

Oliver in a spirit of playful revenge made caricatures of his prosecutor in these later years, enlarging his ears, puffing out his cheeks and dressing him up in impossible clothes. These sketches he would mail to the cashier as anonymous communica-

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tions, always stopping at the bank the next day to see how Stiger enjoyed them. He generally found them tacked up over the cashier's desk. Some of them were still there when the old man died.

Carried away by the warm greetings of his old friend, and the hearty, whole-souled spirit of companionship inherent in the man—a spirit always dear to Oliver—he not only stayed to make another caricature of the old fellow, over which the original laughed until the tears ran down his fat cheeks, but until all the old sketches were once more taken from the drawer or examined on the wall and laughed at over again, the cashier praising him for his cleverness and predicting all kinds of honors and distinctions for him when his talents became recognized. It was just the atmosphere of general approval in which our young hero loved to bask, and the hours again slipped away and three o'clock came and went and his mother's message was still undelivered. This fact was not impressed upon him by the moon-faced clock that hung over Mr. Stiger's desk—time made no difference to Oliver—but by the cashier himself, who began stuffing the big books into a great safe built into the wall, preparatory to locking it with a key that would have opened the gate of a walled town, and which the old gentleman took home with him every night and hung on a nail by his bed.

Thus it came to pass that the half hour had struck before Oliver mounted the steps of the Chesapeake Club in search of the elusive Colonel.

The fat, mahogany-colored porter, who sat all day in the doorway of the club, dozing in his lobster-shell bath-chair, answered his next inquiry. This ancient relic, who always boasted that no gentleman member of the club, dead or alive, could pass him without being recognized, listened to Oliver's request with a certain lifeless air—a manner always shown to strangers—and shuffled away to the reading-room to find the Colonel.

The occupant of this bath-chair was not only one of the characters of the club but one of the characters of the town. He was a squat, broken-kneed old darky, with white eyebrows arching over big brass spectacles, a flat nose, and two keen, restless monkey eyes. His hands, like those of many negroes of his age, were long and shrivelled, the palms wrinkled as the inside of a turkey's foot and of the same color and texture. His two feet, always in evidence, rested on their heels, and were generally encased in carpet slippers—shoes were out of the question owing to his life-long habit of storing inside his own person the drainings of the decanters, an idiosyncracy which produced a form of gout that only carpet slippers alleviated. In his earlier life he had carried General Washington around in his arms, had waited on Henry Clay, and had been body-servant to Lafayette, besides holding the horses of half the generals of the War of 1812—at least, he said so, and no man of his color dared contradict him.

The years of service of this guardian of the front door dated back to the time when the old furniture of Colonel Ralph Coston, together with many of the portraits covering the walls, and the silver chafing-dishes lining the side-board, had come into the possession of the club through that gentleman's last will and testament. Coston was the most beloved of all the epicures of his time, and his famous terrapin-stew—one of the marvellous delicacies of the period—had been cooked in these same chafing-dishes. The mahogany-colored Cerberus had been Coston's slave as well as butler, and still belonged to the estate. It was eminently proper, therefore, that he should still maintain his position at the club as long as his feet held out.

While he was gone in search of the Colonel, Oliver occupied himself in examining one of the old English sporting prints that ornamented the side-walls of the bare, uncarpeted, dismal hall. It was the second time that he had entered these sacred doors—few men of his own age had ever done as much. He had stopped there once before in search of his father, when his mother had been taken suddenly ill. He recalled again the curious spiral staircase at the end of the hall where his father had met him and which had impressed him so at the time. He could see, too, the open closet out of which Mr. Horn had taken his overcoat, and which was now half filled with hats and coats.

From the desolate, uninviting hall,

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Oliver passed into the large meeting-room of the club fronting the street, now filled with members, many of whom had dropped in for half an hour after dinner on their way back to their offices. Of these some of the older and more sedate men, like Judge Bowman and Mr. Pancoast, were playing chess; others were seated about the small tables, reading, sipping toddies, or chatting together. A few of the younger bloods, men of forty or thereabouts, were standing by the uncurtained windows watching the belles of the town in their flounced dresses and wide leghorn hats, out for an afternoon visit or promenade. Among these men Oliver recognized Howard Thom, son of the Chief Justice, poor as a church mouse and fifty years of age if a day. Oliver was not surprised to find him craning his neck at the window. He remembered the story they told of this perennial beau —of how he had been in love with every woman in and around Kennedy Square, from Miss Clendenning down to the latest débutante, and of how he would tell you over his first toddy that he had sown his wild oats and was about to settle down for life, and over his last—the sixth, or seventh, or eighth—that the most adorable woman in town, after a life devoted to her service, had thrown him over, and that henceforth all that was left to him was a load of buckshot and six feet of earth.

Our hero bowed to those of the members he knew, and wheeling around one of the clumsy mahogany chairs into position, sat down to await the arrival of Colonel Clayton.

Meanwhile his eyes wandered over the desolate room with its leather-covered chairs and sofas and big marble mantel bare of every ornament but another moon-faced clock—a duplicate of the one at the bank—and two bronze candelabra flanking each end, and then on the portraits of the dead and gone members which relieved the sombre walls—one in a plum-colored coat with hair tied in a queue being no other than his own ancestor. He wondered to himself where lay the charm and power to attract in a place so colorless, and he thought, as was his habit with all interiors, how different he would want it to be if he ever became a member. His fresh young nature revolted at the dinginess and bareness of the surroundings. He couldn't understand why the men came here and what could be the fascination of sitting round these cold tables talking by the hour when there was so much happiness outside—so much of light and air and sunshine free to everybody.

He was, moreover, a little constrained and uncomfortable. There was none of the welcome of Mr. Crocker's studio about this place, nor any of the comforting companionship of the jolly old cashier, who made the minutes fly as if they had wings; and that, too, in a musty old bank far more uninviting even than the club. He remembered his mother's message now—and he remembered her face and the anxious expression—as we always remember duties when we are uncomfortable. He meant to run every step of the way home as soon as the Colonel dismissed him, and tell her how it had all happened, and how sorry he was, and what a stupid he had been, and she would forgive him as she had a hundred times before.

As he sat absorbed in these thoughts his attention was attracted by a conversation at the adjoining table between that daredevil cross-country rider, Tom Gunning of Ann Arundel, old General McTavish of the Mexican War, and Billy Taylor the exquisite. Gunning was in his brown corduroys and hunting-boots. He always wore them when he came to town, even when dining with his friends. He had them on now, the boots being specially in evidence, one being hooked over the chair on which he sat and within a foot of Oliver's elbow. None of these peculiarities, however, made the slightest difference in Kennedy Square, so far as Gunning's social position was concerned—Tom's mother having been a Carroll and his grandfather once Governor of the State.

The distinguished cross-country rider was telling General McTavish, immaculate in black wig, blue coat, pepper-and-salt trousers and patent-leather shoes, and red-faced Billy Talbot, of an adventure that he, Gunning, had had the night before while driving home to his plantation. Billy's costume was in marked contrast to those of the other two—it was his second change

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that day. At this precise moment he was upholstered in peg-top, checker-board trousers, bob-tail Piccadilly coat and a one-inch brim straw hat, all of the latest English pattern. Everything, in fact, that Billy possessed was English, from a rimless monocle decorating his left eye, down to the animated door-mat of a skye-terrier that followed at his heels.

Oliver saw from the way in which McTavish leaned over the table, protecting the tray with his two arms, that he was in command of the decanter, and that the duty of alleviating the thirst of his companions had devolved upon the General. Billy Talbot sat with his hat tipped back on his head, his chin resting on his abbreviated cane, his eyes fixed on Gunning. Both McTavish and Talbot were listening intently to the cross-country rider's story.

"And you say you were sober, Gunning?" Oliver heard the General ask, with a scrutinizing look at Tom. Not with any humorous intent—more with the manner of a presiding officer at a court-martial, determined to learn the facts.

"As a clock, General. The first thing I knew the mare shied and I came pretty near landing in the dirt. He was lyin', I tell you, right across the road. Not lengthwise, but straight across it. If it hadn't been for Kitty I would have run him down. I got out and held on to the reins, and there he was, sir, stretched out as drunk as a lord, flat on his back and sound asleep. I saw right away that he was a gentleman, and I tied the mare to a tree, picked him up with the greatest care, laid him on the side of the road, put his hat under his head and made him as comfortable as I could, when, by George, sir! I hadn't any more than got back to my buggy, when bang! went a ball within a foot of my head!"

The General ceased repointing the waxed ends of his dyed mustache with his lemon-colored kid gloves, and leaned back in his chair.

"Fired at you, sir?" The General had served both at Chapultepec and Buena Vista, and was an authority where gunpowder was concerned.

"That's just what he did. Came near takin' the top of my head off! Hadn't been so dark he would have done it."

"Good God! you don't tell me so!" said the General, mopping his lips with his perfumed handkerchief. "Were you armed, Gunning?"

"No, sir, I was entirely at his mercy and absolutely defenceless. Well, I grabbed the reins to quiet the mare and then I hollered out—'What the devil do you mean, sir, by tryin' to blow the top of my head off?' I could see now that he had raised himself up on his elbow and was lookin' at me in a way I did not like."

"'What do you mean by disturbin' my rest, sir,' he called back."

"'Well, but my dear sir, you were lyin' in the middle of the road and might have been run over.'"

"'It's none of your business where I lie,' he hollered back. 'I go to sleep where I damn please, sir. I consider it a very great liberty.'"

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' I said. 'I did not intend any trespass—' I was walkin' toward him now. I did not want him to shoot again.

"'That's sufficient, sir,' he said. 'No gentleman can do more.' There's my hand, sir. Allow me, sir, to offer you a drink. If you will roll me over, you will find my flask in my coat-tail pocket.'"

"Well, I rolled him over, took a drink and then I brought the mare alongside, helped him in and drove him home to my house. He was a most delightful gentleman. Didn't leave my place until four o'clock in the mornin'. He lives about fifteen miles below me. He told me his name was Toffington. Do you happen to know him, Taylor?" said Gunning, turning to Billy.

"Toffington, Toffington," said Billy, dropping his eye-glasses with a movement of his eyebrow. He had listened to the story without the slightest comment. "No, Tom, unless he is one of those lower county men. There was a fellow I met in London last year—" (Billy pronounced it "larst yarh," to Oliver's infinite amusement) "with some such name as that. He and I went over to Kew Gardens with the Duke of ——."

Gunning instantly turned around and faced the General again, much to Oliver's regret, who would have loved above all things to hear Billy descant on his English experiences—they being the never-ending jokes around Kennedy Square.

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"Do you, General, know anybody named Toffington?" asked Tom.

"No, Gunning—but here comes Clayton, he knows everybody in the State that is worth knowing. What you have told me is most extraordinary—most extraordinary, Gunning. It only goes to show how necessary it is for every man to be prepared for emergencies of this kind. You should never go unarmed, sir. You had a very narrow escape—a *very* narrow escape, Gunning. Here, Clayton—come over here."

Oliver pulled his face into long lines to hide his laughter, when his eye rested on the Colonel walking toward him.

The Colonel, evidently, did not hear McTavish's call. His mind was occupied with something much more important. He had been finishing a game of whist upstairs, and the mahogany-colored Cerberus had not dared to disturb him until the hand was played out. The fact that young Oliver Horn had called to see him at such an hour and in such a place had greatly disturbed him. He felt sure that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"My dear boy," he cried, as Oliver rose to meet him, "I have this instant heard you were here, or I should never have kept you waiting a moment. Nothing serious—nothing at home?"

"Oh, no, Colonel. Only a word from mother, sir. I missed you at the bank and Mr. Stiger thought that I might better come here," and he delivered his mother's message in a low voice and resumed his seat again.

The Colonel, now that his mind was at rest, dropped into a chair, stroked his goatee with his thumb and forefinger, and ran over in his mind the sum of his engagements.

"Tell your dear mother," he said, "that I will do myself the honor of calling upon her on my way home late this afternoon. Nothing will give me greater pleasure. Now stay awhile with me and let me order something for you, my boy," and he beckoned to one of the brown-coated servants who had entered the room with a fresh tray for the Gunning table.

"No, thank you, Colonel; I ought not to stop," Oliver replied in an apologetic way, as he rose from his seat. "I really ought to go back and tell mother," and with a grasp of Clayton's hand and a bow to one or two men in the room who were watching his movements, the Colonel following him to the outer door, Oliver took himself off, as was the duty of one so young and so entirely out of place among a collection of men all so knowing and distinguished.

(To be continued.)

SEA-FOG

THERE is a ghost that walks the sea to-night!
I marked him in the twilight, hovering
Beyond the marshes; a gray, misshaped Thing
To chill the very soul with nameless fright.
And as a flock of startled birds takes wing
Before the fowler, so, in sudden flight,
I saw the fisher-boats from left and right
Hurrying to harbor; and I heard the ring
Of warning bells, and then the beacon hurled
Its javelin of fire into the dark
And made a space of refuge for who saw.
Whereon, my own being safe, the outer world
Passed from my thought. Alas, the narrow arc
On Life's full round that tightened heartstrings draw!

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AN OLD VIRGINIA SUNDAY

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

THERE is an idea prevalent that the strict observance of the Sabbath was almost wholly confined to the North. Nothing could be more erroneous. "The Blue Laws" of Connecticut, surviving as a proverb for hardness, have impressed the popular mind and fixed an idea which was, however, not absolutely accurate. As severe as those enactments were, they were scarcely more rigorous, wherever the observance of Sunday was concerned, than those under which the Colony of Virginia was established and developed. Attendance on Divine service was as strictly enforced, and abstinence from all secular employment as rigidly enjoined. It was a church-going time. Religion engrossed the energies of the people. Participation in worship was the law, and whoever failed in it was a law-breaker and was dealt with accordingly. Later on, that is, prior to the Revolution, came a certain laxness—the reflex of the taut-strung bow—when the fox-hunting, cockfighting parsons were inducted into the livings; but as the causes were temporary, the main cause being the political appointment by an absentee metropolitan, so the effect was not permanent. It was out of these conditions that the Hanover Presbytery sprang, under the influence of Patrick Henry's model, the eloquent "Parson Davies," later the president of Princeton College. Indeed, while some of the English parsons who have made the time notorious, were dicing and drinking and fighting, the laity were standing stanchly for the old customs, and were making the saddling upon them of such miscreants one of the charges in their indictment against the Government "at home." They withstood innovation. They kept the faith. They built churches which still stand to-day as memorials of their piety and churchmanship. Among the finest architectural relics of the colonial period are the massive brick churches throughout Tidewater Virginia, some of them now towering in a wilderness, like that on Carter's Creek, near the Rappahannock. It is possible that pride, too, entered into the motive at times, for it is related that old Mrs. Carter, of Corotomon, whose family built the church on Carter's Creek, when she came to die, directed that she should be buried under the aisle on the side where the poor sat, that they might walk over her in her death, who had carried herself so loftily in her life.

"President" Nelson, of the King's Council, who owned the land in Hanover on which the mansion described in this paper was built two generations later, always spread a table on Sunday, at his home in York, to entertain the congregation that attended the church there.

Lists of the vestries have been published, and every student of the history of that time must be struck by the number of those who became noted in the great revolutionary struggle. The rolls of the great conventions were almost made up from the vestry-lists.

Having achieved independence, these same churchmen disestablished the Church. Mr. Madison said that the clergy having so largely taken the English side had made the Church so unpopular that the churchmen felt it necessary to disestablish it to save it. Their feeling is illustrated by the story told by Bishop Meade of the old gentleman in his cocked hat and ruffles who, during the fight over the disestablishment measure, was approached by a lobbyist with an inquiry as to how he would vote.

He said he should vote for the bill; for he was of opinion that every man should have the right to choose his own road to heaven; but he was very sure that a gentleman would always take the Episcopal way.

Even the drastic measure of disestablish-

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ment hardly saved the Church; and the first bishops, Madison and Moore, had a hard struggle to build up the waste places.

Then came the iron bishop, Meade, who saw the task before him clearly, and went about it with an irresistible resolution. A man of remarkable intellect, of unquestioned piety, and of iron will, he took the Church in Virginia in his strong grasp and moulded it to suit himself. He was the supreme dictator among the Episcopalians of the State, and stamped his impress indelibly on their thought and life. He was a Spartan in habit and a Calvinist in creed. He asked no one to do what he would not do himself; but few could endure without acute suffering what was merely a spur to his energy and an inspiration to his zeal.

The writer remembers him in his early childhood, when the Bishop came on his Episcopal visitation to stay with his relatives in Hanover. His place beside his wife's grave was railed in and reserved in their lot at the Old Fork Church, which used to give us youngsters a grewsome feeling before we knew how close to Life is Death. I have since seen the archbishops of both the Roman and Anglican communions, and have seen the House of American Bishops in procession; but I have never seen any prelate received with the homage that this stern head of the Virginia Church had from his people.* And this he did by the sheer force of his intellect and character. In the old parlor at "Oakland" an engraving of him in his episcopal robes hung beside the engraving of St. Peter preaching, one of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, and one of the Washington family.

The boys of the household of the preceding generation had gone to school to him, and recited their Latin with their jackets off, and the entire connection still took the law and the gospel from him, on all mooted points.

He was married in Hanover, and arriving the day before that set for the wedding, and finding the clergyman in attendance, he declined to wait, and the bride assenting they stood up and were married that evening. No one gainsaid him. He preached a stern gospel and lived it.

Horse-racing, cards, the theatre, and dancing were all banned as equally wicked. The observance of Sunday was enforced as a cardinal doctrine.

It was in a family established in the doctrines of the Church as expounded by this virile divine that the writer was reared. As to the keeping of the Sabbath this rearing was after the straitest sect of our religion. Religion entered into the life as I have never known it do anywhere else. Instead of being stowed away in a corner or laid up for use on Sunday, it was always at hand, and became a part, and a very obvious part, of the daily life. Nor was it a religion softened and emasculated to suit the delicate fancies of modern dilettanteism. It was the religion of the grim evangelical divines of the last century. This world was only "a vale of misery," through which we had to walk with fear and trembling so as to reach in safety the other world where true Life begins. The Bible was the literal word of God, and the only admissible question on any point was what the Bible said. No man took from it even if somewhat was added to it by Calvinistic exegesis. It is related that the wife of the old churchman of York who used to spread his table to entertain the whole congregation, on coming from church one Sunday called her maid to come and help her off with her dress, as she "had heard so much about hell and damnation she did not feel as if she would cool off before Christmas." The style had not changed in a hundred years. The lurid glare of fire was pictured from the pulpit, denounced against all mankind; but it was tempered by the soft musings of the psalmist in hours of hope, and the gentle sayings of the Saviour as he yearned over a fallen world. These, though hardly understood beside the terrific interpretation of the old divines, were somehow clung to and believed in. Fast days were kept as regularly as Sundays.

The family life was so religious in the week that it was necessary to have Sunday quite completely given up to devotion to distinguish it. Family prayers—with a hymn sung by the whole family—were always had twice a day, and after the beginning of the war, when the President

* At General Cocke's they kept a carriage which was known as "the bishop's coach" and was only used when the bishop came.

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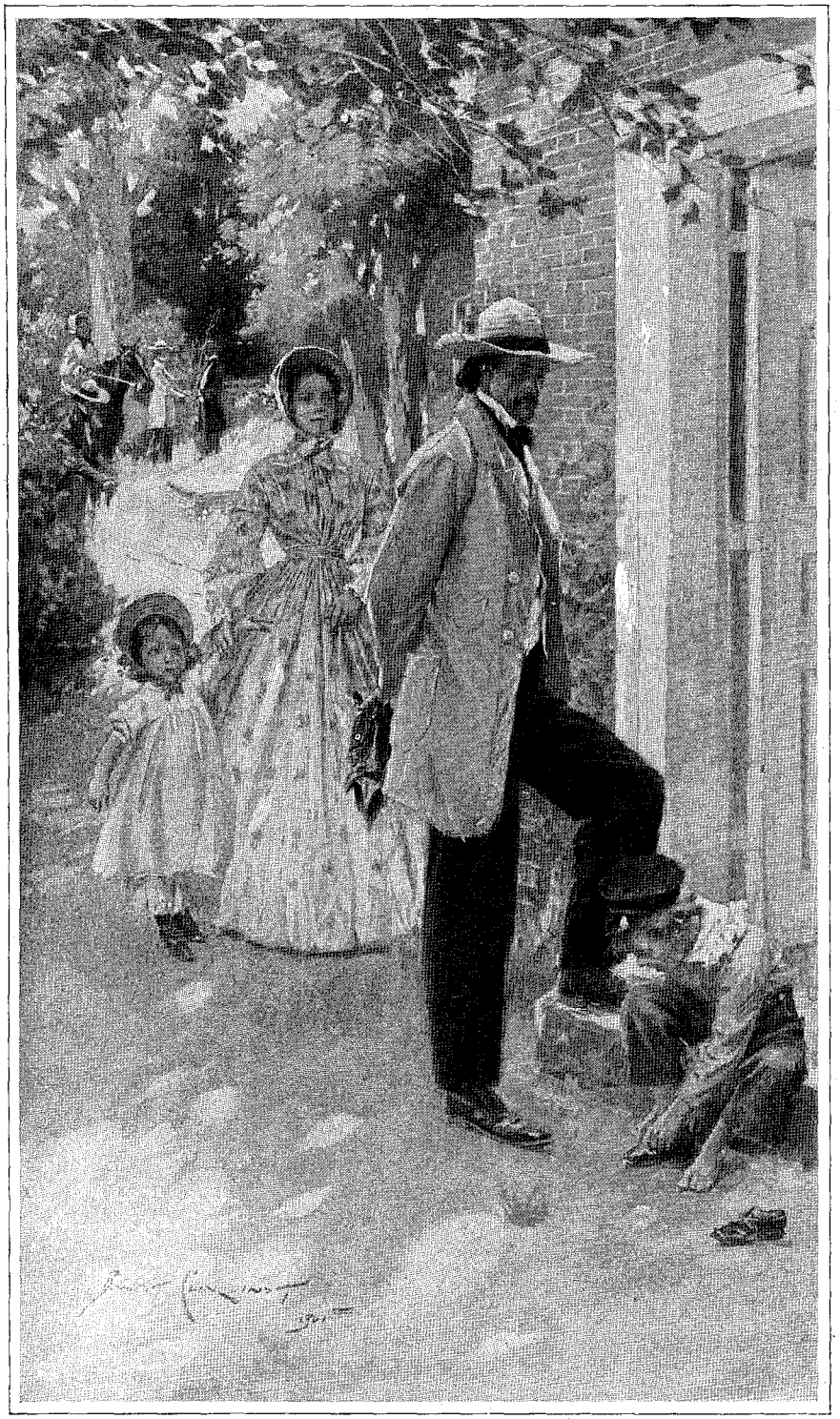

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Came in about the time of the second lesson to hear the sermon.—Page 734.

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of the Confederacy in a proclamation asked for special prayers every day for the soldiers, they were held also at one o'clock, a custom which has been kept up in the household ever since, though someone characterized it as a Mohammedan custom. Whenever a clergyman came to the house he was always asked to have prayers before he left. Thus, occasionally "prayers" were had four times a day.

Our uncle, Colonel Nelson, was the master, and always read prayers if he was at home. In his absence they were read by the next in seniority. The first sound in the morning was his vigorous call to prayers, and then his sonorous voice as he read out the hymn. He always had prayers for his servants before they went to the fields in the morning, and later on he always drew up his men and read prayers to his battalion. This Virginian churchman was a stout Cromwellian who prayed with his sword in his hand and fought with a prayer on his lips. He was known during the War as "Old Ironsides."

The rule for the youngsters was "no butter" unless we got to prayers, a persuasive ordinance; for "dry bread" is dry indeed to a youthful palate. The singing of the hymn, however, served a double purpose: it gave us notice and granted us some minutes of grace. It had another and more permanent effect—it taught us insensibly the hymns.

A wayfarer passing through the country on some business, was directed to "Oakland" to spend the night. He was detained for a day or two by bad weather, and after he went away he told someone that he had been to a curious place, an old bachelor's home where twenty people sat down at table and where when they were not eating they were praying.

We were brought up on the Bible, our regular duty being the reading of the lessons for the day, a grounding which we little appreciated at the time. Sunday was absolutely given up by the elders to the worship of God. In preparation for it our playthings, never very numerous, were put away, and the reading of secular books was discontinued Saturday night. After thirty years I can recall the lorn emptiness of my Sunday pockets. We were not allowed to "play" or "do" anything on Sunday; our sole "recreation"—a word which has always had an unpleasant sound for me since—being a walk. It should be said that the resourcefulness of the juvenile mind was not infrequently equal to the emergency, and avoiding the forbidden line of games, we occasionally substituted not less interesting entertainments. Those Sunday afternoons sometimes witnessed boxing and wrestling matches, "clod battles," and other athletic exercises which were not reported at the house.

Our reading was carefully looked after and guarded, all our "week-day books" being prohibited and our reading being confined to "Sunday books." Prominent among these were Mrs. Sherwood's works, beginning with "Henry Milner," "Little Henry and his Bearer," and "The Fairchild Family," the latter a grim and terrifying collection of moral teachings. One of these I well remember was an account of an excursion on which the father took little Harry and Lucy, after a quarrel, to see hanging on a gibbet the body of a man who had killed his brother.

The writer was nearly thirty years old before he ever saw a lady read a novel on Sunday, and such is the effect of early training that he never sees one so engaged now without its raising doubts, at least, as to her social standing.

The churches, Trinity and "The Old Fork," were four and ten miles off, respectively, and service was held in them on alternate Sundays.

"The Old Fork," amid its immemorial oaks, is one of the old colonial churches, built of brick with the glazed "headers" which, mellowed by the years, give that soft gray color so pleasing in old structures, and with fine, simple lines that render a building dignified and impressive.

The road to the Fork Church was at that time bordered by the plantations of gentle-folk, well cultivated and, prior to the close of the war, supporting a large population. It followed the ridge for miles. Now there are scarcely three places left in the hands of their original owners, and the country is almost entirely grown up. But the writer has had occasion to know that their influence has not perished from the earth. Their sons have gone out into many lands, stout soldiers of the cross, and fighters for the principles of their fathers.

We always went to church irrespective

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Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Before the minister entered there was usually a buzz of conversation throughout the church.—Page 734.

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Special prayers every day for the soldiers.—Page 730.

of the weather, or—what was more remarkable—of the roads, unless, indeed, the weather was so surpassingly bad that there was no possibility of the preacher himself attending. When we stayed at home, we had the service and a sermon, for our elders believed in making us to hear sermons. This, however, was on rare occasions. If the Fork Church road was exceptionally bad, a standard that can only be appreciated by those who have travelled in winter that bottomless stretch of clay hills and Serbonian mud, an extra pair of horses or mules were hitched on in front and we

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The old Virginian always "shaped up" and attended church on Sunday.—Page 737.

went with four in hand, or with a postilion. This, so far from being a hardship to us youngsters, was in fact generally a pleasure; for the gathering at church had a social side to it. We saw our friends, and sometimes even strangers were there. No one who has not lived in a back-country neighborhood can appreciate the interest that a stranger excites. I can remember casual strangers that I saw at church during my boyhood better than I now can notables that I have seen in later years. The church in the country fills a larger place in the life of the people than it does

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in town. It was and still is the centre of the life in St. Martin's Parish, in Hanover.

On arriving at church each gentleman had his own place, generally "a swinging limb," at which to tie his horse, quite as much as he had his seat in church, and it would have been quite as much a breach of decorum to take one as to usurp the other. This was a matter of strict and necessary etiquette; for there were certain families who never were on time, just as there were others who were always on time. Indeed, occasionally this variance was the case in the same family, for I remember a discussion in which one gentleman charged another with always having been late for church, while the latter declared that he had never been too late for church in his life.

The ladies always went "into church" immediately on arrival; the older gentlemen as soon as the clergyman entered the chancel; the younger gentlemen at the first sound of his voice; and those of the plainer people who were not Episcopalians came in about the time of the second lesson, their object being—inscrutably as we thought—to hear the sermon.

In church the men sat on one side the aisle, the ladies on the other.

Before the minister entered there was usually a buzz of conversation throughout the church, and after service there was quite a levee in the aisle. I remember once Colonel Nelson, the senior warden, as the hum of conversation before service grew too loud, rose in his seat and said, quietly, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." The hubbub ceased.

The organ was in the gallery over the entrance, and as the chants were sung a number of the men used to turn their backs on the pulpit and leaning against the back of the pew gaze up at the choir.

The choir led the singing, but the whole congregation sang. When I can first remember, the hymns were "lined out," two lines at a time, and as there were a number of the older ladies who preferred their own deliberate pace to any "time" that the younger portion who composed the choir could set, the result was sometimes amazing. But there were many fresh voices, and the singing was hearty and inspiring. The writer remembers one old gentleman, Mr. Noel, who always used to sing with his eyes shut fast, even though he was standing up, a peculiarity which possibly explained his keeping them also shut when he was sitting during the sermon. I remember to have essayed the same convenient practice; but my seniors were not to be deceived, I was poked up and made to open my eyes.

The pulpit was high up on the wall, and an interesting event in the exercises was when the clergyman, after the service, left the chancel and went to the vestry-room to exchange his surplice for his gown and bands—for no one then preached in a surplice. The gown that I first remember, during and soon after the war, was a venerable garment, and our rector was very tall and spare. I can see him now as he used to come striding up the aisle, his gown flying and fluttering behind him in a way wonderful to behold. We knew that he carried half concealed his sermon, and it was an anxious moment, for the pulpit was too high for us to see it after he reached that exalted perch, and on the glimpse we caught as he passed by depended our gauge of the thickness of his manuscript and the length of time it would take him to deliver it. It was usually disheartenningly thick.

One of our preachers having on an occasion broken through a bridge as he was travelling through the parish, an old gentleman was asking what injury he had suffered.

"None," said his informant, "except that his sermons all got wet."

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "they will get dry again."

The preaching was of the old-fashioned kind, largely hortatory, very loud and very long, and was divided into almost as many heads as the sermons of the Duke of Argyle's dominie. But, however many heads, there was one point in all; the fiery condemnation of the wicked and the felicity of those who escaped. Learning, eloquence, and zeal were piled up on this perennial theme. I early made the discovery that duration of time is not at all measured by its passage, but that an hour may be many times as long under some circumstances as under others, and that of all the means to lengthen time a sermon is perhaps the most effective.

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A Sunday Afternoon Nap.

It was, however, when taken with the surrounding life effective preaching, and all the young girls and nearly all the young men early became members of the church.

After church, Hospitality had its claim even on Piety, and everyone invited everyone else to "stop by" and take dinner, the rule being not to accept an invitation given only at the plantation gate. This was a custom that was highly appreciated by us juniors, for it gave us a day out with our friends and furnished us the coveted opportunity to ride strange horses to water. The horses of St. Martin's parish "went to water" often on Sundays.

The dinner was always cold, but it was so good that after thirty years we of St. Martin's have a penchant for a cold dinner on the first day of the week.

In the afternoon, unless we reached home too late, we had to learn the collect and a hymn, and "say" the catechism, an exercise which I appreciate more highly now than I did then.

The days were undoubtedly very long, and would have been very wearisome to us youngsters had we not recognized the inexorable necessity of yielding, as to any other divine decree. We do not complain of the law of gravitation or kick against the pricks of the laws of age and decay. When we are ready to submit, the work of submission is already half accomplished.

Reading and reflection have satisfied the writer that this extreme Sabbatarianism is not enjoined by the New Dispensation, and has not been taught by the general Church. The Sabbatarianism of our people was a result of the tide of Puritanism which swept over the country of our fathers a few centuries before, being based on the Old Testament dispensation and in protest against whatever the Catholic Church taught or allowed. The extreme type that it took in Virginia was a form of repudiation of the laxness of the ante-Revolutionary period, and of the free thought of the post-Revolutionary time following the French Revolution.

Men had to take sides, and they took them.

However hard the old regimen was, and

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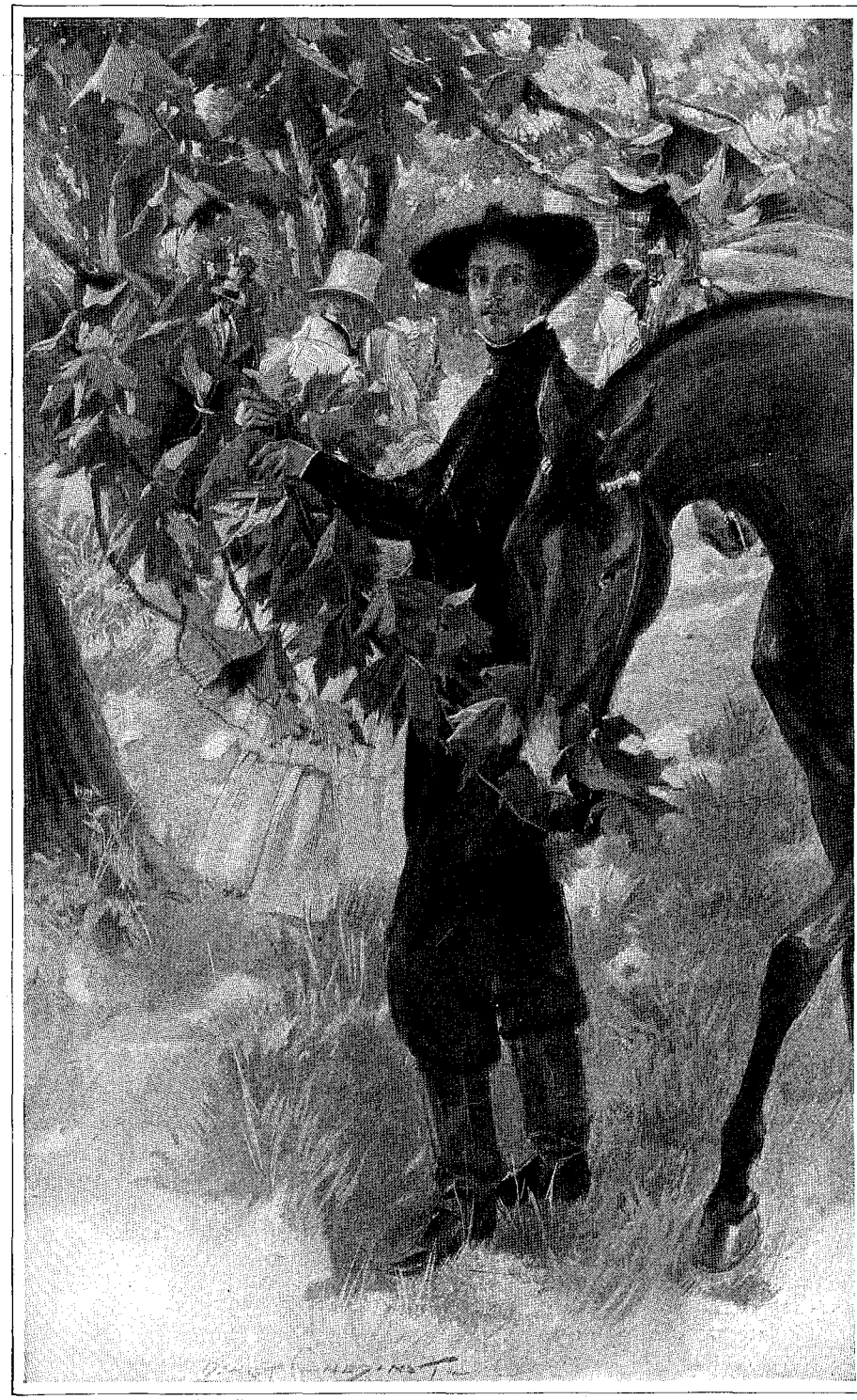

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Each gentleman had his own place, generally "a swinging limb," at which to tie his horse.—Page 734.

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the writer cannot deny that he is glad to have escaped from its severities, yet he is satisfied that in the main its effect was excellent. For one thing, it taught the habit of obedience and of reverence; for another, that of self-denial. No one can deny himself in obedience to a sense of duty without being a gainer thereby.

Men from time to time tax the hardness of their early training with their aversion to attending church. But I rarely hear them credit their virtues to their training. The writer's observation is that those who have been trained to go to church, in the main continue to do so in after-life. If there are any who were not brought up to attend church, they did not come from Hanover. The old Virginian in "The Barton Experiment," however low he sank during the week, always "shaped up," put on a clean shirt, and attended church on Sunday, because his mother had brought him up to do it.

Moreover, there was something that came from that direct recognition of God, and that sturdy determination to do one's duty as it was understood, that gave a "body" to the character not so commonly found nowadays.

But however rigorous was the life, we who underwent it look back to it now with only affection. It was clean and pure and stimulating. In a measure it still exists, though tempered by the softening influence of freer thought, the currents of which have reached even that retired haven.

Most of the old homes that once bordered the Fork Church road have passed away; but happily a few of them still remain. The old Fork Church, with its generations of worshippers sleeping in the shade of its oaks and cedars, still stands as a sanctuary for those who were reared in its teachings.

One cannot leave the dust and turmoil of the city and spend a Sunday there without feeling that he has climbed to a higher level and breathed a rarer air. It is as if he has taken a plunge into a cool and limpid spring. He comes away refreshed and stimulated.

WHEN THE SNOW FALLS IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WHILE the moist lands of the fields and the edges of the creeks were ablaze with the balm and the cardinal flowers, and the most striking displays of golden-rod, purple asters, and black-eyed Susans were yet to come, a signal announcing the approach of winter was seen in the air around the borders of the Adirondack wilderness.

For months the swallows had been rearing their families in tiny mud houses, hung under the eaves of the old barns, and in sod-roofed dugouts in the slip-banks. The young had been fed and trained until the youngest fledglings were a-wing, and the whole feathered community was able to go swooping at will, hither and yon, over fields and wood-lots wholly care free. In all the world no purer or sweeter air, nor safer resort, could be found than that in which these swallows were passing their days, and yet, on August 4th, their wise old leaders, warned by storm-signals unknown to the human race, gathered the scattered clans in one great flock, and for eleven days trained them all to fly together. For hours at a stretch, day after day, they swooped and swirled, high and low, in a cloud, that at times, and especially toward sundown, resembled, not a little, the black tornado of the plains.

Then, beginning on August 15th, a cyclone came grinding its way up from the torrid zone. As the rainfall slowly increased, and the wind grew steadily in power, the swallows, with unfaltering flight,

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rose to the lowering clouds. And there they remained, flying swiftly to and fro on the breath of the gale, until lost to view in the gloom and murk of night.

For sixty hours the storm raged with fury, and then it fled away, leaving the air as buoyant as in June. But the swallows did not come back to their homes. They had migrated to escape the rigors of winter!

A month later the woodchucks, that had been scampering about the meadows with dragging bellies, or sitting up on their haunches to look for relentless boys and dogs, suddenly disappeared altogether, though the aftermath was as sweet and nourishing as the grass of June. They, too, had foreseen the winter and had curled up in their tiny caves below the frost-line.

A month later still came a winter signal, that even man could read. On October 16th the rain fell in varying but unceasing torrents all day long. It was a rain that invited the hardy lover of nature to walk across the fields, if only to see the mosses and red-combed lichens swell and brighten under the influence of their abundant drink. But at five o'clock in the afternoon the wind whipped around to the northwest, and a moment later the rain gust grew white with driven snow.

This snow fell for only half an hour, and when it was done no trace of it could be found, save for a trifle of melting mush in the lee of logs and stumps, but it was the first blast of the Adirondack winter, and it was a foretaste of the storms that began on November 9th, and came thereafter, at decreasing intervals, until the days were upon us wherein snow might fall with scarcely an hour's interval for a week at a stretch. And it is when the snow-storms seem never-ending that one who is prepared to face them finds the days too short; when one feels a hearty pity for city friends cooped up in overheated offices or hanging to the straps in the sloppy, nauseating trolley-cars.

At a casual glance—to the tenderfoot—the Adirondack snow-storms are all alike. Each is a disintegrating, shivering shroud over a lifeless landscape. But as one learns to see the variations in, and the beauties of, the storms, their power to fascinate grows irresistibly. The snow-storm of November 9th came with howling blasts. The wind rose to sixty miles an hour, in some of its fiercest moments, and its varying speeds gathered the snow into vertical waves that fled away like the scud of a cyclone. And when the gusts drove through the groves that are found on the crests of hill-tops and along the overlooking borderlands of the streams, the snow boomed out in commingling clouds, like the smoke of an old-time broadside.

To one who had learned to look closer still, there was a curious scene at every fence built athwart the course of the gale; for from under every bottom rail or board the snow came spurting, instead of flowing—came in such swift pulse-beats from the heart of the storm that no one could count them. It is a sight to stir the blood of a Viking.

Then the narrow ridges that lay across the path of the gale gave another picture. Those that presented precipitous sides to the blast were especially notable to the unaccustomed spectator, for there the wind struck the slanting face, and bounding up, it hurled the snow in a frozen spray and spoondrift, far into the air. To see this picture at its best one must stand on the very edge of the ridge, and look along its length, though that is a post that will, when the scene is best worth seeing, test one's strength as well as hardihood. For the power of a winter gale on an open ridge, a thousand feet above sea-level, is something astounding to one who has never faced it.

Equally interesting, if less striking, was the snowfall beginning on the night of November 24th. The storm came from the northwest, and the air, though it moved with moderate speed, showed a weight that was due to an unusual load of moisture. Indeed we looked for rain, although the ground had been covered from view with snow for more than a week; but as night came on, the flakes began to fall—large, soft flakes that filled the air like a monstrous fog, and clung fast wherever they touched.

This was a snow-storm to draw the lover of nature to the forest rather than the open ridges, but at night it presented one feature in the field that may be called startling. In crossing the meadows and pastures, toward a favorite corner of the forest, at eight o'clock at night, we observed

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long, dark, and distinct shadows on the southerly side of every fence-post, stump, and tree. They were as plainly marked as the shadows cast by the moon on a clear night in its first quarter, and at sight of them we turned to the north to look for the aurora borealis, although the wet snow was steadily falling from the heavily clouded sky. But no trace of an electrical display was to be seen. Next an attempt was made to trace the shadows to the moon, even though they were on the southerly side of the fence-posts and tree-trunks, but, of course, no such connection could be made. Finally we got down and felt of the snow where the shadows lay, and that solved the mystery. There was really no shadow. The wind from the north was, as said, moderate, and the snow was clinging. Wherever a flake landed it remained. The weather side of each post or tree-trunk was covered with the snow, but the opposite side was bare and black, while the old snow in the lee of each obstruction showed dark and shadow-like by contrast with the newly fallen snow beside it.

All night long this clinging snow fell in masses; and it continued to cling, though the wind rose to half a moderate gale—say twenty miles an hour, at one time. Then at daylight the wind died down, the snowfall ceased, and by eight o'clock the clouds had disappeared, revealing a scene that stirred even the most ignorant and stupid laborer of the region to enthusiasm.

Every limb and twig and tiny bud was loaded with the utmost burden of snow it seemed able to carry, and the whole forest side drooped in wondrous curves.

And when the broad picture afforded by a forest-covered mountain-side was examined in detail the wonder and delight grew together. For then it was seen that every tree bore its burden with a grace that was all its own.

Most striking of all was the yellow birch. For the long, slender limbs of the last summer's growth were in every case so close together, and so well interlaced, that they caught and held the wet snow in deep, broad masses; and because these limbs were so long and slender they were in every case drooped lower and bent in rounder and more beautiful curves, than those of any other tree. The whole mountain-side was festooned and tasselled by the graceful birches.

And yet it is a question whether the birches were not more striking because of their profusion, rather than because the individual trees were more beautiful than the individual hemlocks. A curious feature of the broad picture was in the fact that the drooping of the leafless trees brought into view the evergreens, of which the most conspicuous, in our well-culled forests, are the hemlocks. And so, while one would gaze at the tassels and festoons formed at the mountain-side by the birches, his eyes saw also the scattered hemlocks rising between. In summer, the hemlock, with its feathery plumes waving in the sunlit breeze, is beyond doubt our most beautiful tree; and now, with every graceful length curved to the weight of snow, and its leaves showing a shade of green that was deepened by contrast with the crystal-white burden, the picture was one to swell the heart.

And then there were the spear-headed spruces, tipped as if with white quartz; the rock maples, with their trunks as sturdy as the granite bowlders grasped between their roots; and the well-divided elms with limbs that seemed to sway in the sunlight, though no wind was blowing; and the beeches, with their salmon-colored leaves silenced, for once, by their white, wet blanket; and the white-trunked poplars, and the thick-topped thorn apples, and the red-barked cherries—each of these, after a few moments' study, could be as readily distinguished by its figure under its unusual burden, as by the texture of its bark.

Still another open feature of this wonderful snowfall must be mentioned. The ridges on the southwest corner of the wilderness (where these notes were written), trend east and west as a rule, and a mile and a half north of the home of the writer, on the west of Canada Creek, is found the dividing ridge between the waters that flow into the Hudson and those that flow into Lake Ontario. These ridges lay square across the path of the snow-storm, and the tree-covered crests interrupted the flow of the gale, especially when at its highest speed, with a result of novel beauty. For the snow-laden wind was thrown into eddies, as it passed these

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crests, and so a double quantity of snow was dropped on the limbs of the trees just a-lee of the hill-top. Indeed so much snow fell there that it was piled up in huge masses on other trees as well as on the yellow birches, and so there was seen on the lee of every one of these hills a line of true aërial snow-drifts—a line of drifts that were in some cases nearly two feet deep, held high above the earth.

But that was a picture seen with more pleasure from a distance than close at hand, for the trees groaned aloud under the unwonted burden. The weight was too great to be borne in many cases; it searched out the weaker limbs and joints, and tore them away, leaving many a fair tree-top ragged and even utterly ruined.

As it happened the weather grew warm by day, after this snowfall, and then grew cold by night, for nearly a week. So the snow melted and gathered in icy balls at every twig, and about every bud. Every shrub and tree was dotted—the whole forest side was flecked over with tiny spots of white, and when looking at any copse or wood-lot the wanderer seemed to view it through an open-laced curtain of nature's weaving.

When seen from within the forest the clinging snow-storm afforded many other features of interest. We had noticed with pleasure the opening vistas in the forest, as the leaves fell, and now, with equal pleasure, we found ourselves shut in by the growing white foliage of snow. While sitting on a log during the night this snow came we could see the vistas shorten, and in the day storms we have seen a similar shortening, though not in such a swift degree. It was a singular experience to see the forest closing in around us in that fashion.

A walk through the forest while the snow is on the trees shows many a slender tree bent down to the ground. Cherries and soft maples suffer badly, but the birches more frequently than all other trees combined. A young birch is a most persistent tree. Though it be rooted in an unculled forest, it will reach up, thread-shaped, with only a tiny tuft of foliage at the top, till it secures a full share of sunlight. One thinks of sunshine, by the way, as something of a free gift, but the young trees have to work for it. So slender is the support of the birches while they work and wait, that the clinging snows of winter gather in their bush-tops and literally weigh them to the ground, and many an aspiring birch dies in the struggle. A few straighten up; a still smaller number survive by sending up new shoots—limbs that start near the ground and become in time veritable tree-trunks. The stroller can find these hieroglyphic tales of old-time snow-storms in every square mile of the Adirondacks; and there are many other hieroglyphic stories there for him who can read them.

Fresh snow is almost always notably whiter than that which has lain even on the widest, cleanest fields for a day, but one storm of the winter was a marked departure from this general rule. It came on January 7th. On looking away toward the more distant hills, during our afternoon walk, we noticed that they seemed to be obscured by a bluish mist; or, rather, that the hills showed a blue shade through a thin intervening mist. The sky was wholly overcast with clouds that showed no peculiarity, but the color of the mist called for a closer observation, and then it was seen that tiny flakes of snow were falling at wide intervals, but steadily. The mist was a thin veiling of snow borne on a breeze that was travelling perhaps ten miles an hour.

These snow-storms, if storms they may be called, are common enough. On many days of the winter the tiny flakes fall at relatively wide intervals all day long, but it was observed that on this day the haze of the snowfall was of a more decided or darker blue than usual. For the ordinary thin snowfall throws a gray-blue haze—a haze that is a blue tint, while this was of a shade of blue. From looking at the hills we turned to look at the surface of the old snow near at hand. The view was now startling, for the fresh snow had gathered in thin drifts, wherever obstructions were found, and these drifts were so nearly black that the crust of the old snow looked crystal white by contrast!

Very quickly a handful was gathered for examination under a pocket magnifying-glass, because the amateur observer of nature is apt to see things that are not there, and must needs be cautious. But this time the eye was not deceived. A sooty, fibrous, black dust was mingled with

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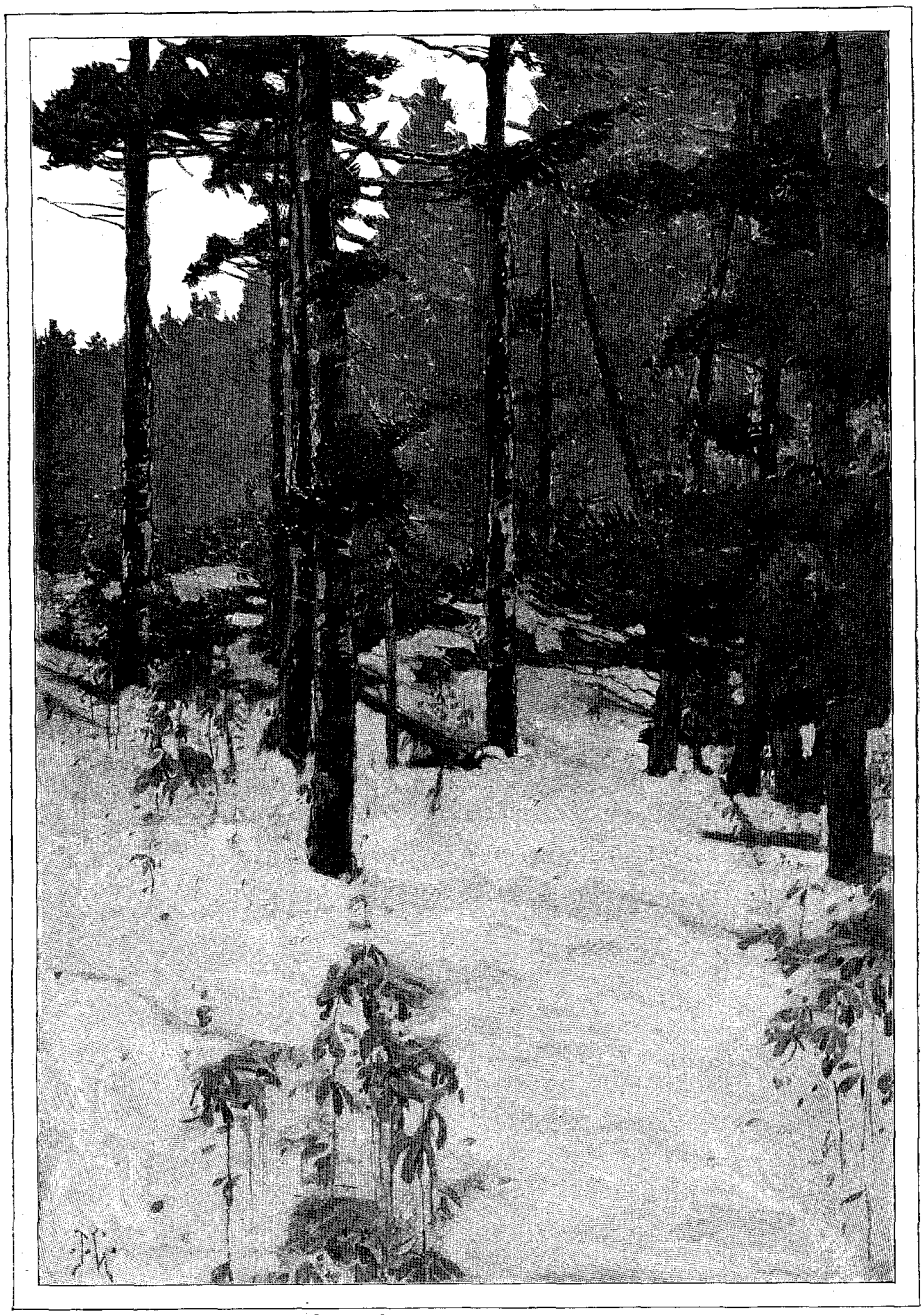

Drawn by Jules Guérin from a photograph.

Snow in the Wilderness.

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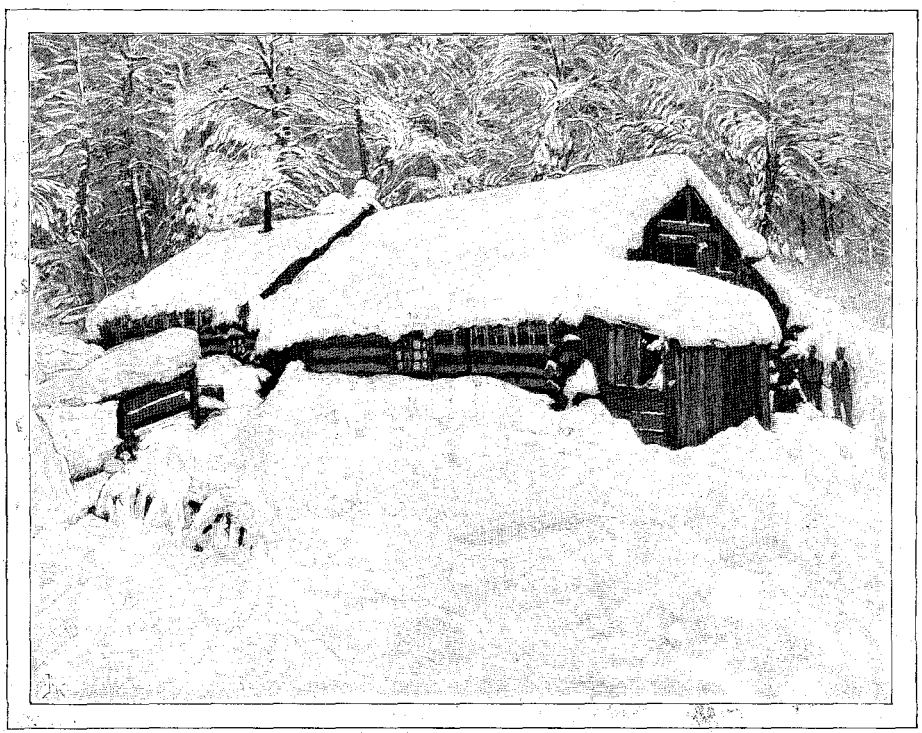

All night long this clinging snow fell in masses.—Page 739.

the snow, and it blackened the hand and soiled a white handkerchief.

At first consideration we supposed the black dust was real soot, for the chimney of a forest-destroying wood-alcohol factory was to be found a mile away up-wind. But because this chimney had not blackened the snow in any previous storm of the winter we walked cross lots until well to windward of the thing; and we found the black snow on all sides of the chimney and for five miles up-wind from it. In fact the black snow was seen and talked about by the unobservant people of the country-side on fifty square miles of land—meadows and woods.

On the following morning (January 8th) the black snow was as much as an inch deep at the drifts, and there was a barely susceptible film of it even on wind-swept knobs.

A cupful of it was melted. The water was completely covered over with a greasy, black film that clung to the sides of the cup, when the water was agitated—a film that was not washed off by further applications of clear water, though soap removed it.

A month later, when the snow was two feet deeper than on January 7th, we found the black layer of snow on digging down for it. An old woodsman, while talking about this rare phenomenon, told us he had seen one storm of light-blue snow.

"It looked like indigo water," he said.

Another variety is the storm of tiny round pellets. They are always wind-full and cold, and the pellets are gathered in charges that smite the bare skin almost like bird-shot. In fact, even the teamsters, whose work compels them to face every variety of weather, sometimes show bleeding skins after enduring one of these storms for half a day. No fiercer blasts are known to the region than these, and yet the stroller may find a walk over the ridges and through the forests exceedingly pleasant, if he will prepare himself properly. With a fur cap drawn down over the ears, and a fur coat with a wide collar to turn up to shield the side of the face, one may walk across even the fiercest of these gales in comfort, save as he may possibly be uncomfortably warm in his furs. And a walk in that kind of a storm is of all idle wanderings to be most

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commended. For the pride one feels in defying the elements at their worst, and in overcoming the various ills encountered, is more than a sufficient reward ; to the tenderfoot, or the man from the city, it is joy enough to go forth into any gale that sends the natives cowering to the kitchen stove.

There are other kinds of snow-storms than those that have been in part described. The truth is, that soon after I had begun making notes on the storms, from day to day, it dawned on me that no two storms of the winter were alike. At any rate there was something new or different to note in each one observed, and what was at first something like a study, became at length a most fascinating pursuit.

The most wonderful snow-storms of all that may be seen every winter in the Adirondacks, are those that prevail when the sky is cloudless. Of these there are several varieties. Every week or two we would see what looked like a fog form about the distant hills, and then come drifting across the creek valley. Doubtless it was a real snow-laden cloud that had been drifting along until it struck our level (1,300 feet above the sea) in the Adirondacks, when the conditions became favorable for the release of its feathery burden. We saw these clouds fill the air with flakes that were driven along almost horizontally by a strong gale, although the tops of our old hemlocks and spruces rose into the clear air and unobstructed sunlight above the highest level of the snow-producing air-stratum. We even saw the snow so thick in the air about us that the

Every limb and twig and tiny bud was loaded with the utmost burden of snow.—Page 739

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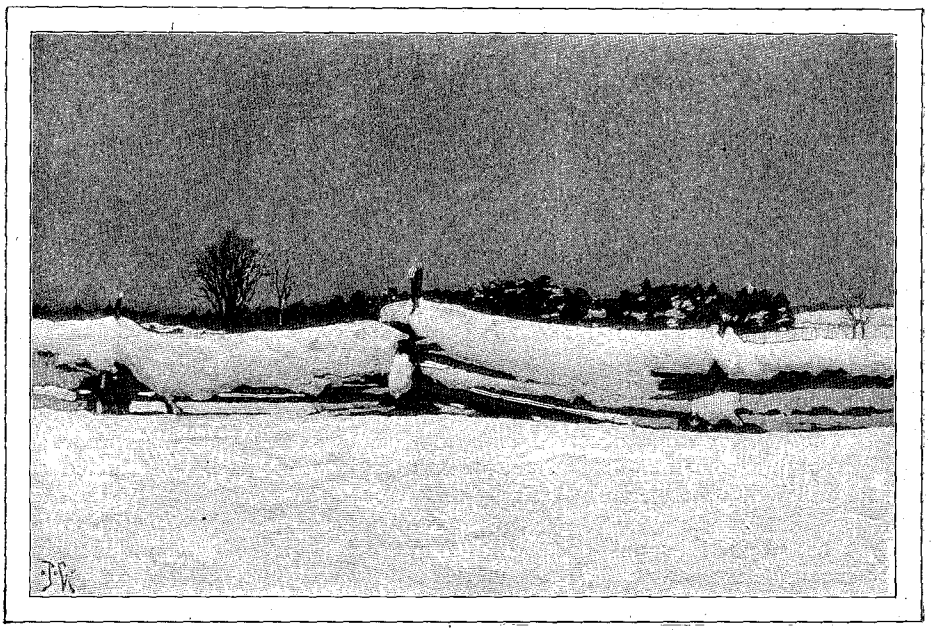

Precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave.—Page 746.

trunks of trees, six feet above the earth, were not visible, although the tree-tops could be seen, and the sun shone down through the shallow storm with strength enough to cast distinct shadows. We have stood on a quiet, sun-lit hill-top, and looked down into a valley less than a hundred feet below us, where a snow-storm was raging with violence, and the temperature was frigid.

There is one other kind of snow-squall to be seen under a cloudless sky that is still more impressive. On December 27th the air was warm and still at three o'clock in the afternoon—notably warm and absolutely motionless. It was such an unusual condition of the weather that I walked into the yard, at the sunny side of the house, to listen for the call of a blue jay or other winter resident. But five minutes later, while standing motionless and gazing over the creek bottom, a chilling damp breath struck the face, and at that instant several big snow-flakes appeared in the air right before my eyes. The invisible moisture in the air suddenly took material, visible form as snow-flakes. To have been present at the birth of a snow-flake—that were an honor to be sought by patient devotion to nature. In my own observations it was unique.

From the wonders and beauties of snow-storms one turns naturally to those of snow-drifts, even though some snow-storms form no drifts, and monstrous drifts are formed on days when not a flake of snow falls from the sky. When well clothed in furs, it is interesting to watch the growth of certain kinds of snow-drifts. A convenient place is found in a cutting where a road is worn deep into the side of a hill, or into a ridge lying athwart the course of the gales. For one may there be sheltered from the blast while facing, near at hand, the accumulating flakes.

On a good drift-making day the snow comes, not in the star-shaped flakes that look so pretty when portrayed on a page of the dictionary, but in small pellets. These pellets are in shape like tiny white foot-balls, usually, and they come rolling and tumbling down-wind as if they had been "kicked for fair" by the half-back gods of the gale! And yet while they roll and tumble and bound, they find lodging-places, and as the idler gazes he sees them pile up in a wall on the crest of the road cut. Higher and higher grows the pile, forming at first a vertical wall, but before this has risen three inches it is seen to overhang the gulch. Though round and easily rolled these pellets in some way fit

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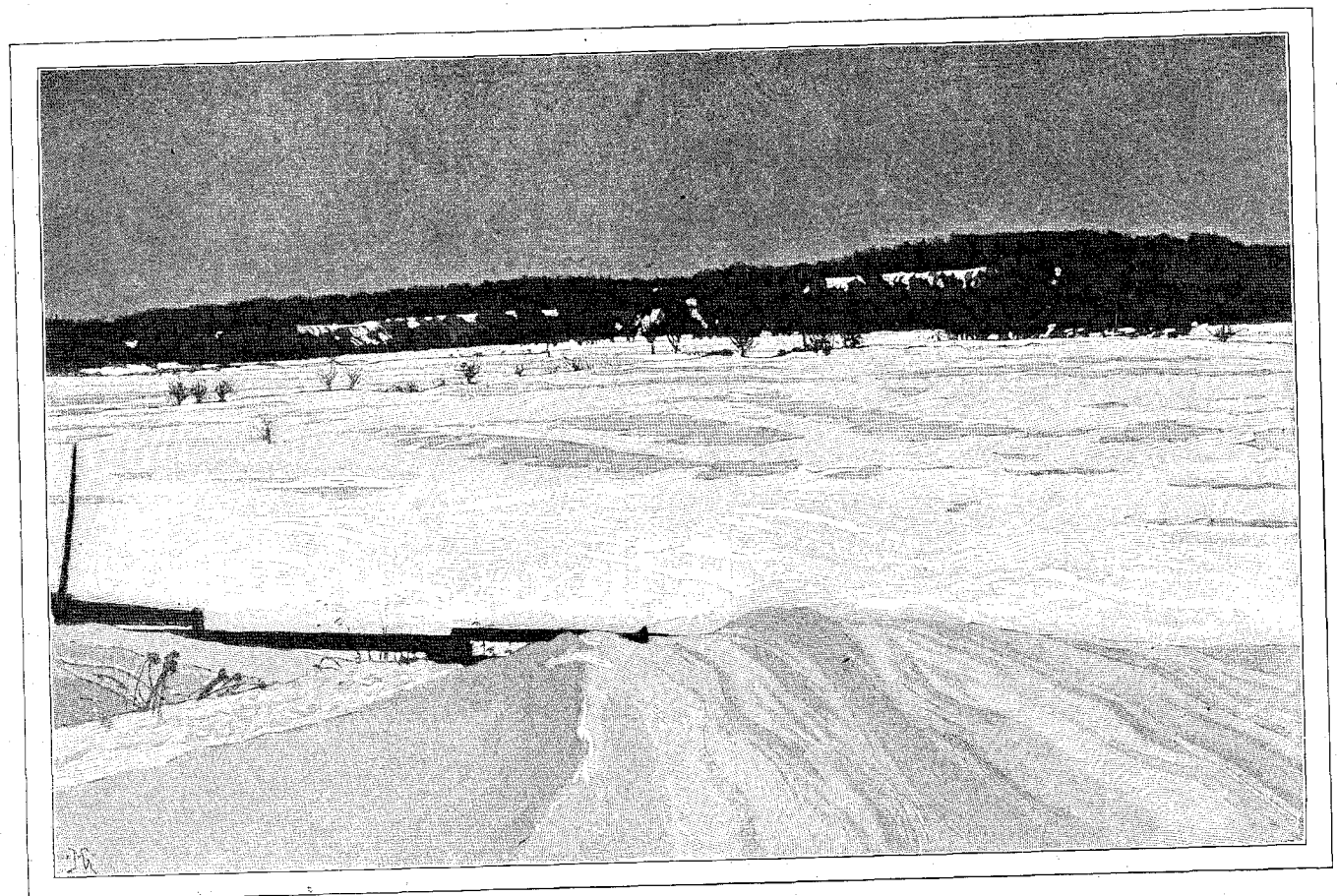

Drawn by Jules Guérin from a photograph.

The sunlight on the snow reveals the topography of the flat meadow, The cloud-like effects of the drifts are also shown.

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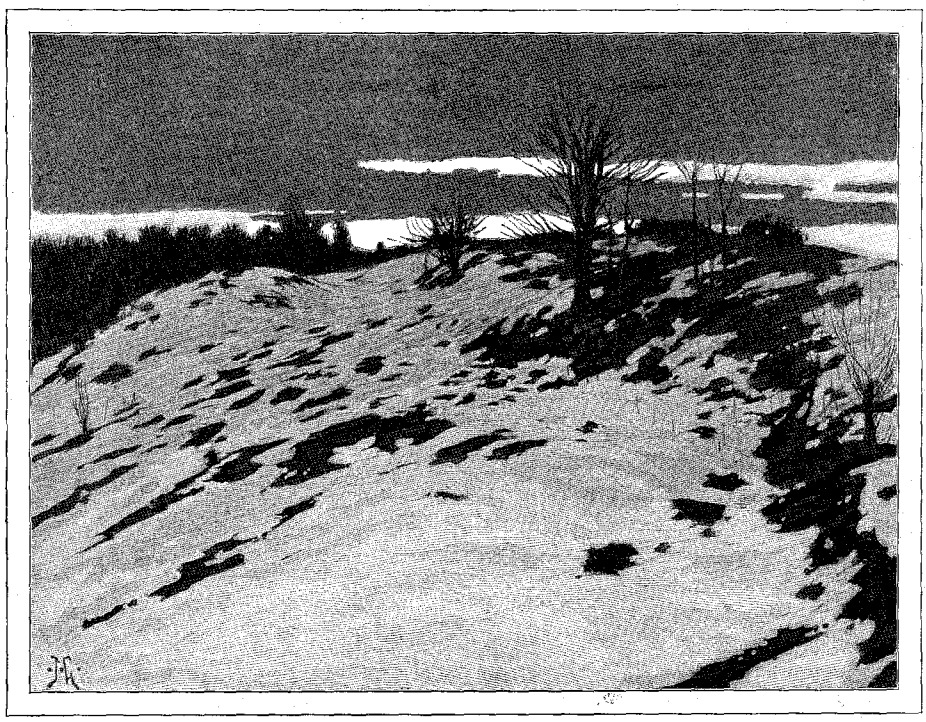

A Rocky Ridge Swept Bare by the Wind.

to each other as bricks would until the overhang is perhaps a fifth as great as the elevation of the wall and then, marvellous and impossible as it would seem to the unaccustomed observer, a lip forms on the crest of the wall, and soon it begins to droop and hang down. Wider and longer it grows; farther and farther it droops, until its shape is precisely like the lip formed on a huge wave when it breaks on a shoal-water beach. Lips that are ten feet wide, and hang down three feet, clear of all, though but six or eight inches thick where they join the chin of the wall, are not uncommon. By what magic is it that these frozen, oblong pellets, that go bounding along as merrily as foot-balls, form into such a shape as that? Of course, if the storm continues, a time usually comes when the lips break off because of their growing weight. And then no new lip forms to replace the lost one. The snow merely drops over into the lee of the wall and gradually fills the cutting.

Another curious feature of these lips is seen when they do not fall. A thaw may come—often does come—and spread a hardened skin over the lip to hold it in place. So well does this skin hold that the lip retains its form while subsequent snows bury it, and when spring comes, if the lip overhangs a brook or creek, the loose snow may be melted and washed away until the lip reappears. But a more curious feature still of these lips is seen when they are formed late in the season. For then the warm weather and rains send water down through them to form numberless little icicles on the underside, and also on the chin and throat behind and below—a sort of beard on the lip that is not to be forgotten once it is seen.

The drifting, as well as the drift, was found interesting. In a dry gale, while the air was fog-thick with the snow, the flakes showed a mockery of life as they scudded along the crust; or dodged in behind shrub and tree-trunk, as if hiding from eager pursuers; or joined in such mad waltzes, where outlying barns and other buildings obstructed their way, that a walk across the fields was a stirring experience. One might have seen with pleasure the scurrying of the snow, while gazing through his home windows on that day; a peculiarity of form on the weather side

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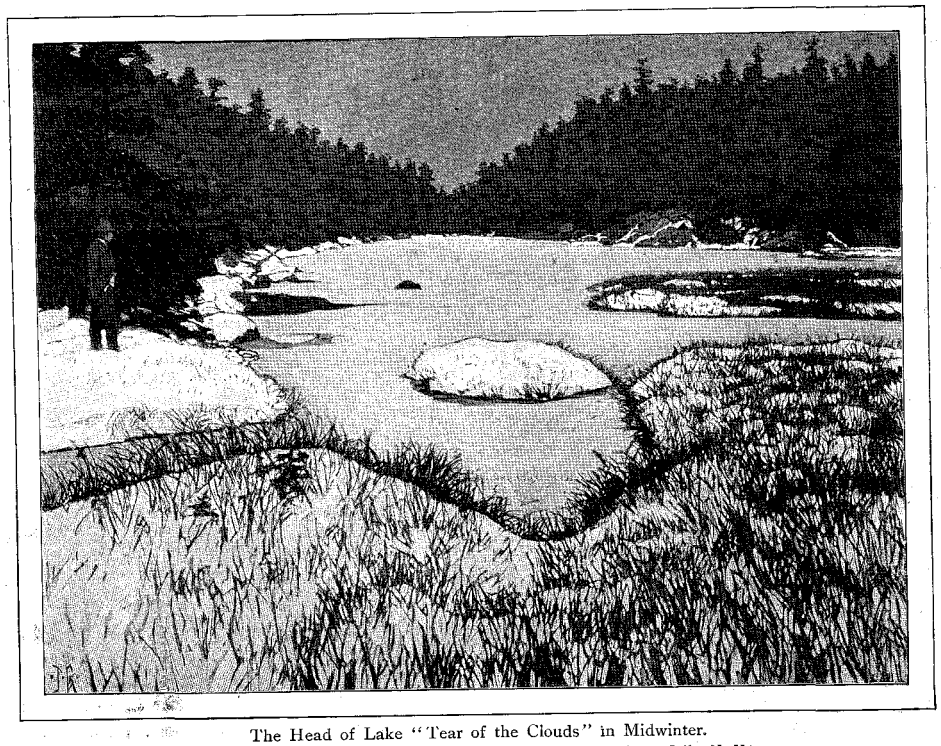

The Head of Lake "Tear of the Clouds" in Midwinter.
(Drawn from a photograph. Copyright by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.)

of my own house created a whirl in the wind that actually bored a hole three feet deep by fifteen inches in diameter in a big drift that had gathered there during the southeast storm.

In lesser drifting gales two features must strike every observer. When looking up-wind toward a clear ridge, in a steady wind, the flow of snow-flakes over the crest is wonderfully like the flow of frothed water over rifts in a bank-full stream; and when gazing there, when the wind is low but gusty, there is something to make one shiver in the way the white flakes come creeping and crawling on the crust.

And then the marked contrast in the aspects of the landscape when looking up-wind and down-wind is not to be forgotten. For up-wind such objects as trees and shrubs stand out black and clear cut, if at all within the range of vision, but there is only a wide, dizzy blur when looking down the gale.

Most striking of all, however, is the effect of walking one of the harsh drifting days from the crest of an open ridge down into a swamp thick-grown with balsams and other evergreens. For on the ridge the stroller must lean far over to the gale, lest he be driven before it, while a fair look into the face of it will make him literally weep and gasp for breath. But once he is within the shelter of the swamp, the turmoil, and the strain, and the hurry and the worry are gone. The driven snow-flake drops over the tree-tops and floats down, rocking to and fro, in the motionless air. Even the sounds of the gale come to the ear hushed and from afar. It is a haven of rest and peace—a contrast well appreciated by those who have, in old times, been distracted by the infernal din of the City Hall terminus of elevated train and bridge-trolley traffic, and then have been transported to a place where they could look upon the earth as God made it.

After the drifting and the larger drifts, the most beautiful feature of the winter scenery is found in the forms assumed by light snowfalls on the crust that forms over the level meadows. By January 1st the snow is usually deep enough to cover the stubble and the smaller weeds far out of sight. Then the inevitable thaw, followed by freezing weather, forms a crust that is usually strong enough to bear a

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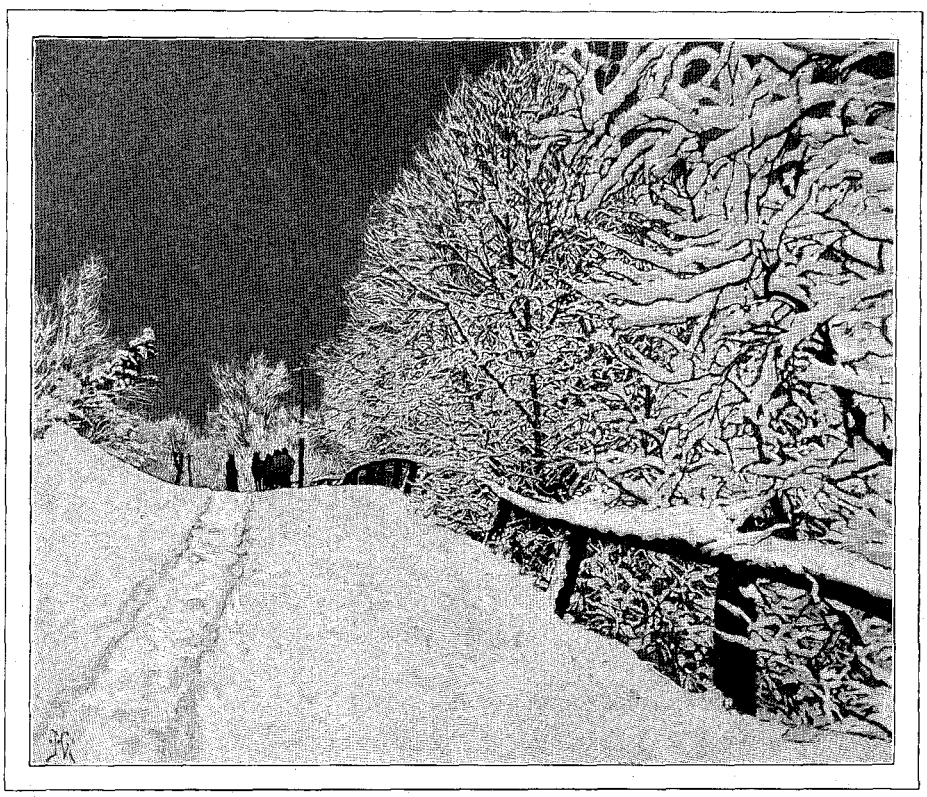

They caught and held the wet snow in deep, broad masses.—Page 739.

man's weight, and on this comes a fall of light snow—enough, perhaps, to cover the underlying snow an inch deep, everywhere, if it could be spread in an even layer. But never is it spread evenly. On the contrary the wind, whether gentle or strong, gathers it in tiny, undulating waves, and in thin, frayed-out masses and in long, feathery plumes. Let the lover of Nature go to a field like that, when the sky is partly covered with cirrus clouds, and then look from the clouds to the drifted snow, and from the drifted snow to the clouds. For every form of cirrus cloud the sky affords will be found reproduced on the snow-crust. The snow-figures are tiny by comparison, and they are also heavier and clumsier; but the resemblance is so complete that we often wonder if the cirrus clouds are not formed by cloud particles drifting along over some mesa or table-land of air up there in the sky.

Less striking but still to be noted is the effect of the snow in bringing out the contours of fields and ridges. A snow-storm that partly obscures the most distant hills brings sharply into view, curiously enough, every gulch and indentation of the wood-covered mountain across the creek—brings to view indentations that could not be discovered with field-glasses, in summer. And when the cleared hillsides and the fields have been covered and crusted over, the light of the sun, if one will observe its effects during the entire day, will reveal every knoll and hollow and inequality of every kind. Indeed, we have seen with amazement the tracks of harvesters' wheels shown, though overlaid with snow more than a foot deep.

One of the most surprising features of our winter was the fog of February 2d. From daylight until near nine o'clock the air was almost motionless (there was a slow drift from southeast), and the thermometer stood at 5° F. Yet a heavy fog was seen on the hills as daylight came, and within half an hour it had spread over the valley.

There was no change in my thermom-

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eter while this fog lasted. The most careful examination possible was given to the fog particles, because we thought it impossible for water to be suspended in the air in that temperature without being frozen into some form of hail or snow. But the texture of the fog, so far as we could see it, did not differ from warm weather fogs. While it lasted a white frost gathered rapidly over the trees and other objects exposed to it, including the clothing of the observers. We could see the frost grow in thickness on the limbs of the shrubs, and it kept falling off the limbs as they became overweighted.

Near nine o'clock, for no observed reason, this fog suddenly turned to snow that filled the air for perhaps five minutes. Then it was gone and the sun came out bright and warm.

It would be a pleasure to write of the ever-changing aspects of the winter sky. The little snow-clouds, "big as a ten-acre lot," that chase each other in swift succession across the mountains as rain-squalls chase each other across the torrid zone, are a source of endless delight. The beams of the sun that pierce through what seems to be an unbroken vault of leaden clouds add the joy of a surprise to the pleasure of seeing the hills illuminated till they flash the light back as if mirror-covered. And there are fleeting scenes—pictures that remain for seconds only. On one day, while I was standing on a hill-top that gives a commanding view, the sun suddenly broke through the cloud vault in a series or row of holes; a row of the prolonged beams, such as one sees when the sun is said to be "drawing water," radiated from the hidden centre. And the clouds through which the beams were projected were moving so swiftly that for one brief moment those rays revolved like the spokes of a gigantic rimless wheel.

But words fail when the glories of the skies are to be described; nor can brush and paint portray them.

It was while the summer heats were driving even the most greedy men of business from the towns to the wilderness, that the swallows bade us remember that winter was coming. On February 3d, while the snow was seven feet deep on the highest of our forest-covered mountains, and growing deeper; and the ice was three feet thick on some of our ponds and growing thicker; and the fiercest gales and the coldest nights of the season were yet to come, we heard the first signal and promise that summer was to return to us. The sun had climbed so high that when the clouds cleared themselves away altogether, and the wind died down until not a breath was stirring, the snow on the southern roof-slopes began to melt and run down in streams of water. There was no resisting the invitation thus afforded to come out to breathe the warm air, and with one accord we all gathered on the sun-lit side of the house. There we stopped to gaze in silence at the wondrous purity of the blue-vaulted sky, and then from the dry limb of an old dead tree down on the flats came the downy woodpecker's prolonged, musical, rolling drum-call for his sweetheart. For months he had been living alone, as we had observed. And whether there were snow-storms or rain, bitter cold days or those of thawing sunlight, he had been seemingly contented to shift for himself alone. But here was a sun-lit day of a different quality—a texture of the air that told him of a time that was coming though yet far away—and his heart bade him call for one to share his joy.

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THE STRANGER WITHIN THEIR GATES

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

I

A HOT wind from Marrazine rattled the window-shutters until they sounded as if the breezes were playing backgammon and the mignonette breathed upon the garden until its dim corners were sweet. In one of these the Mayor, M. Jouance; the priest, Père Péroult; and the autocrat, Madame de Bau; took coffee together daily. They took offence nearly as often, but there is little else doing in Vitourac.

"Of course, this is a very great honor," Madame de Bau said, filling the cups. "When one thinks of it," here she looked at the Mayor with malice, "it seems disproportionate to the size of our town."

"If Madame says so," he replied, much depressed.

"But I do not despair," she continued, "with my inventive force and the town treasury."

"But Madame——"

"The Town Treasury, I repeat——"

"But Madame!"

Another voice entered protest, the voice of Père Péroult.

Throwing herself back in her chair, Madame de Bau presented the very picture of graceful martyrdom. "Let these creatures have their say," she reflected, "it is all they get out of me."

Then the priest spoke hastily, "Advancing the wrong pawn," as they say in Vitourac.

"Receive this actor privately, Madame, as you receive us. Otherwise, one but makes work for one's self."

"When have I spared myself work?" she inquired, plaintively. "Never for the Church in Vitourac."

"Madame needs all her strength for the Church's business," he answered, suavely.

"Here is her letter," she declared. "The great Rols is coming. Other towns make fêtes for him; consequently, other towns must pay for them."

Searching in her reticule she brought to light a blue note, whose envelope was ornamented with a gold and ostentatious coronet. Its perfume triumphed over the scent of mignonette and the odor of coffee.

"Read it to us," she commanded, and Père Péroult took the blue letter from her white hand.

Adjusting his eyeglasses and clearing his throat, he read loudly, as if in the cathedral itself.

"MY DEAR MADAME DE BAU: I hope you are well, because I count on your energies for M. Rols's success at Britours. We picked him up—dear creature—at Vevey. He is wonderful, but d'Arbois says he thinks he mentioned him in a letter to you. He is as good-natured as he is beautiful and knows—simply everything. D'Arbois is crazy about him and I cannot tell you how I shall miss him as a companion. He is so intelligent that he understands perfectly that he is out of condition, appreciates that he is too fat, with a thinning tendency to the hair. Such fearfully telling points these, aren't they? I am sure that Vitourac is the place for him to improve."

"Vitourac will not help the hair," the Mayor interrupted, sadly. "I began to moult at twenty-five; I am now——"

"Perfectly bald," Madame said, hastily; her age and the Mayor's were the same.

The priest resumed his reading:

"I tell you frankly that we could put him in no one's care but yours. You will understand him, which is a comfort. His cleverness is extraordinary. You will be devoted to him and he will quite forget

"Your friend,

"LÉONIE D'ARBOIS.

"P. S.—If you are willing to receive him, wire me. He will start within a week for the South."

Père Péroult looked wise, then he smiled, saying: "This M. Rols cannot be so very

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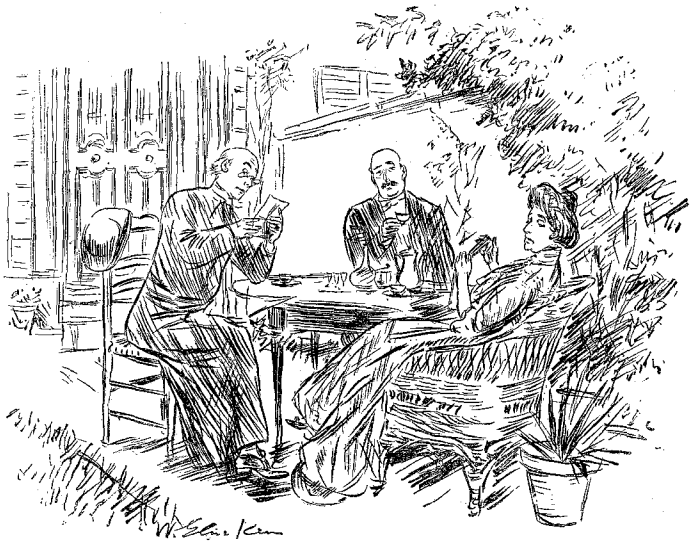

Adjusting his eyeglasses and clearing his throat, he read loudly, as if in the cathedral itself.—Page 750.

attractive, after all, or d'Arbois would be jealous of him with Madame."

"Perhaps," Madame said, hopefully, "he is deeply attached to some other lady. There are some other ladies in France besides la Comtesse d'Arbois!"

"Public subscription is the thing," she continued, boldly. "Your societies may suffer a little in consequence, Père Péroult; but they will suffer in a good cause, which is very Christian. And, after all, that is what they claim themselves to be. For instance, I will withdraw my annual subscription to the Proselytes' Fund in favor of a sum to entertain the stranger within our gates."

The Mayor winked over the rim of his cup and Père Péroult laughed outright. With him a joke was a joke, although he were impaled on the point of it.

"I shall have no expense about the band," M. Jouance said, anxiously, "except a place for them to practise. Of course you will expect the train to be met by a band of music. M. Rols will wish it, I am sure, and a national song gives style to one's welcome."

"In other words the Marseillaise gives an air to the arrival," Père Péroult suggested, mildly.

"You must engage me the suite de luxe at l'Hôtel Prudhomme," Madame said next, "and I count on the public to pay the cost of it. Whatever those rooms amount to, I look to Vitourac to foot the bill. Oh, yes, Péroult, for hundreds of years this town has honored saints, venerated virgins, given generously to the good God, but an artist is coming, the idol of France, the mouthpiece of a divine art; it is God's will that we honor him, too. I assure you of this and wish you to write me a proclamation."

"Of what, Madame?"

"Of M. Rols's near advent, of a need for funds."

II

THE details of M. Rols's greeting from the town of Vitourac were still in air when the three friends separated. A public subscription was agreed upon, however, Madame de Bau further deciding not to telegraph Madame la Comtesse until Père Péroult's proclamation be issued and the fund become a fact.

"And then," she cried to M. Jouance, across the garden wall, "let us telegraph mildly. Just to say I will receive him, individually. No hint of flags, or the town band, or your speech of welcome. Then *his* speech will be a real impromptu; you think so, Père Péroult?"

Père Péroult thought so immediately. It was growing toward supper-time and any difference of opinion would mean delay, and a man who fasts much eats

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much when not fasting. And the Mayor thought so as soon as he, for the speech of welcome might be prepared in the next week, while its reply must be the child of a moment. Speaking on the spur of the moment is a sharp experience!

When Madame was left alone in her garden she repeopled it from the "Rôles of Rols," a book purchased upon her last Parisian visit; when she crushed a nightly entrance into le Théâtre Humain, the meek de Bau following her through its thronged lobby, her wrap upon his arm, and his foot, not infrequently, upon the frilled train of some cherished frock. That he had since been treading the Elysian fields did not detract from the joyous advent of M. Rols in Vitourac, whose voice now echoed in the perfumed silence of Madame's garden. Although forty is the alleged limit of susceptibility, Madame was keenly susceptible at forty-five.

He then paid the full sum of 500 francs into my palm.—Page 753.

"Opportunity comes—eventually," she murmured, comfortably, moving toward the house.

Her evening meal had been quickly consumed, darkness hid the mignonette which added its odor impartially to day or night, a golden moon glittered through young locust-trees, and toward the high road, the water in Vitours river-bed seemed talking in its sleep. The Mayor emerged from the charmed stillness of a Southern night, ideas in his head and words upon his tongue.

"Madame," he cried, "our proclamation has been upon the walls of the Salle de Luxe but twenty minutes and already two Americans have subscribed 200 francs each."

"Well they may," Madame replied, loftily, "in return for Lafayette."

"And my plans are perfecting every moment."

"*Your* plans," Madame interrupted, coldly.

"Our plans," the Mayor corrected, hastily. "The hotel's proprietor, M. Pou, promises us a breakfast, free of fee, Madame, and the season's delicacies. And if you permit the band to practise in your garden we can receive M. Rols within five days at small expense and with most lavish appearance."

"Which was my idea from the first," Madame declared, tartly, for the Mayor was beginning to be prominent indeed.

"I have thought," he resumed, helping himself to anisette, without invitation; "I have thought of a touching and inexpensive ceremony, one in which all Vitourac will have an interest. I am sure it will delight you, Madame de Bau, and give our newspapers something to write of besides the eternal dog-show at Britours.

"If M. Rols plays at Britours, which must be his object in coming to Vitourac, no one will be thinking of dogs, M. Jouance."

"Quite so, Madame, but my ceremony is superb—inexpensive, but rich in effect. Upon M. Rols's arrival in Vitourac, when his luggage has been identified and the citizens of Vitourac have collected, when your greetings have passed and civic host and city's guest have embraced, what then, Madame?"

"It is impossible to say," she cried, with keen interest.

"The ceremony! A man, a representative of Vitourac—but not its Mayor—will tender upon a pillow (which may afterward serve as a sofa-cushion, Madame, and upon which the Vitourac arms must be embroidered), a man will tender this pillow to M. Rols. For the keys of our town will rest upon it. Superb privilege! the keys of Vitourac, which suit

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The crowd's tendency to congest at the exact point where hung the proclamation.—Page 754.

the occasion perfectly, although unfitted to any lock now in use."

"Where did you get them?" Madame inquired, suspiciously.

"They have lain in the Hôtel de Ville since the walls of our town gave place to perfume factories."

"I approve their use," she declared, judicially.

But he had to be recalled from the plan's crisis, as it were, to the sending of telegrams to Madame la Comtesse. These plans were so matured that they must be completed by the date of arrival, or lay their inventors under a load of public scorn. After another thimbleful of anisette, Madame de Bau determined to telegraph M. Rols also, in the care of la Comtesse, "Please name day of arrival at earliest convenience, by wire to Madame de Bau."

M. Jouance was about departing with the messages in his pocket, when Père Péroult entered through the casement, eagerness showing upon a face that was red and moist with the haste he had made.

"Madame! Jouance!! The subscription grows apace. Bardrolie, the Jew rose-grower, drove to the Salle de Luxe for absinthe. Seeing the proclamation—which is a work of art those who read it are kind enough to declare—seeing my proclamation, I say to you that he took a wallet from his pocket, a wallet never previously known to Vitourac, and stuffed with money. 'Who is treasurer?' he cried, 'and where is he?' Rather than miss his contribution I unanimously—that is, by one vote, my own—elected myself treasurer, with *pro tem.* as a mental reservation. He then paid the full sum of 500 francs into my palm, saying that M. Rols had given him as much pleasure as had alcohol itself, and in his turn he felt it a duty to pay for the entertainment of a man who had so ably entertained him."

"The Jews are a just people," Madame said, patronizingly.

"They are public-spirited," the Mayor observed, with bright eyes, as Père Péroult counted out the money.

"And others have signed the list for all sorts of sums," he continued, "for the news of M. Rols's coming has gone through the town like an influenza."

At Madame's command, Père Péroult seated himself near the anisette, tracing the arms of Vitourac upon brown paper. She left him with M. Jouance, to return with a square of azure silk to cover the ceremonial cushion, and to which the good father transferred a figure, at the first

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A father, with seven daughters, attempted the purchase of seats.

glance likely to be mistaken for opera-glasses. Upon explanation, it was found to be a representation of the city's towers, besieged in 1420 and defended by all public speakers (in Vitourac) ever since that date.

For crest, a weary leopard balanced the Suzerain's sword upon his lower jaw, also dangling an olive branch from his limp right paw. The motto read: "If peace come not with honor, give the sword."

Madame began the embroidery of this design, in black. Azure and black are Vitourac's colors.

III

PÈRE PÉROULT was incorrigibly benevolent. He rose while the night shower was still falling, that he might pray for the success of Rols's visit to Vitourac, although the expense of it threatened the resources of town charity. Mass said and breakfast eaten, he turned his long steps to the Salle de Luxe, where visitors taking the waters step in to read yesterday's *Figaro*, or today's *Vitourac Vitesse*. His attention, however, was absorbed by his own writing on the wall, to which the glances of many others were eagerly directed. Subscribers seemed paying as gladly as they signed, judging from the crowd's tendency to congest at the exact point where hung the proclamation.

A father, with seven daughters, attempted the purchase of seats upon a visionary grandstand which, he insisted, must be built in the railway station yard. He explained, with passionate gesture and loud voice, that it was impossible for him to allow his daughters to see M. Rols in the plays that actor habitually produced.

"I am willing," he explained, plaintively, to Père Péroult, who happened to stand next him; "I am willing to pay any sum for my daughters to see M. Rols off the train, but I cannot permit them to see him on the stage."

"And yet, monsieur," Péroult rejoined, civilly, "the train is the faster—conveyance."

Leaving an outraged parent to consider the flippancy of the Second Estate, Père Péroult hurried to Allerac, the builder. The idea of a grandstand was working on him to such extent that he wished to engage labor to work on it.

"May the good God bless you!" Péroult cried, sighting the builder in his tiny garden. "Have you ever made a grand-stand?"

"Against the devil, as my Father knows."

"I refer to a structure of boards," Péroult said.

"Like the dais in Britours, whence one sees Easter processions?"

"Yes, Allerac, like that."

"I made it."

"Make another, and we will also make money."

"And how?"

"This Rols," here the priest sank his voice to the pitch of mystery, "is the emotion of Vitourac. The visitors will pay money to see him off the train. They say so. You have heard that he comes here. My friend, we shall realize on any contrivance providing the people with a chance of seeing him."

Allerac agreed, after deliberation, securing his share of the profits, one-fifth, above the price of the lumber.

"Inclusive," Péroult said, firmly.

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"Exclusive," the builder answered.

"Inconclusive," the priest declared, walking slowly toward the gate.

"Oh, I submit, my Father," the builder cried, cheerfully. "Free grace makes the Church hard in its other bargains, but I submit. Who permits us to raise this structure?" he demanded, suddenly.

"The good God," Péroult announced, stoutly. "Erect it by night, the night before Rols's arrival. When the authorities tell us to remove it, we will do so, because we shall have finished with it."

"Religion does not mar the intelligence," Allerac concluded, as the priest left his garden.

The good Father's next visit was to Madame de Bau, who was already at her second breakfast, surrounded by all that was notable in the feminine world of Vitourac. Even a priest feels intrusive when he happens upon so great a number of eager women. They seemed to him exotic, unapproachable, as he watched them from behind the hedge, wondering that they do not speak one at a time, as men. When he discovered that they iterate rather than discuss, he endorsed their method of concerted statement as time-saving.

"Good-morning, mesdames," he said, entering the garden.

"You are just in time to read these ladies an amusing item," Madame de Bau replied, with a stately nod. "It is in the *Figaro*." She handed him the paper.

Turning to face the frilled flock, he noticed that Rols's advent had stimulated display in dress. Best hats were submitted to the sun's glare, and silks had rustled through the dust. He read from the paper in his hand: "M. Rols, of le Théâtre Humain, has left Paris without leaving his address. This may be a coincidence, or merely the occasion of his annual holiday. There is much secrecy about his new play. But we hope he will not presume upon his personal success in presenting next season's piece."

"Isn't it to be known that he comes to Vitourac?" the ladies cried, dismayed.

"I hope so," Madame de Bau answered.

Everyone else hoped so, aloud and at great length; they began to hope aloud at the very same moment.

"Have you come to a decision?" Père Péroult asked, in the next lull.

"M. Rols is the debtor of the costuming house I represent."—Page 756

As everyone replied simultaneously he was unable to learn, although he felt his question had been fully answered. He departed twenty minutes later, persuaded of Paul's wisdom in denying these ladies speech in his church; in fact, he felt personal gratitude to the great apostle. To the ladies, also, he felt a passing thankfulness; they had booked seats on the grandstand.

IV

Two more days passed swiftly in preparation, M. Rols telegraphing Madame de Bau that he would arrive upon a day which suited her arrangements perfectly, the sixth day after the first letter of Madame la Comtesse d'Arbois, who had lately written her friends in Vitourac a further description of their prospective guest. "He is light in build and full of

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style," she wrote, "his eyes express great intelligence, and his mustache is too droll for anything."

"He is just letting it grow, I suppose," Madame de Bau said.

The morning of the third day brought a gratifying development—the Paris papers were ringing with M. Rols's visit to Vitourac. Of course they were a day old when they reached the South, but the prominence the town had achieved yesterday warmed the pride of its citizens to-day. The tactful exaggeration of the splendor of M. Rols's reception was a matter for rejoicing even to the visitors; the very children felt themselves honored in their birthplace.

One editor was visited with a fascinating fancy. He said that M. Rols had been so touched with the hospitality preparing for him, that he had caused six exquisite thermometers to be made as presents for the six ladies of the committee of reception. He had chosen thermometers as a tribute to Vitourac's even temperature.

Père Péroult, having sold all his seats upon the grandstand, allowed seats upon the laps of adults to be purchased for children. Permits were issued at five francs each, and their sale was as rapid as could be desired. In the course of a few hours all Vitourac's children were provided for, and many incorrigible bachelors learned with alarm that a Gustave, Susanne, Jules, or Didie would perch upon the knee of celibacy during the oration of the Mayor and the subsequent ceremonial. No complaints were received from spinsters, as they are ever pleased to masquerade as matrons. Although the subscription in the Salle de Luxe grew momently, the church's finance had never been so good.

The night-train puffed into Vitourac station thirty-six hours before the fête. A young man alighted from it, asking for the office of the Vitourac *Vitesse*. He entered it and addressed the editor as if he were an ordinary being; now this editor was the Napoleon of the press in the judgment of Vitours, and such familiarity annoyed him.

"I have come from Paris," the traveller said, finally, "and I wish very much to find out with whom M. Rols is to stay while here."

"He stays," this editor replied with haughtiness, "at the Hôtel Prudhomme, in the *suite de luxe*, all expenses paid by Vitourac. Good-evening."

"Has he no special friend here?"

"Madame de Bau is his personal entertainer, as you might have seen in yesterday's *Vitesse*."

"Thank you," the stranger said, departing.

By means of frequent inquiry, he found his way to the house of Madame de Bau, who was plainly visible in her white gown at the open window, embroidering the leopard's left paw in the Vitourac arms. He advanced on the gravel to within a few paces. "Madame de Bau?" he inquired.

Although she started, her voice was quite steady in reply.

"I understand that M. Rols is to be here in Vitourac and that you are better informed of his design in coming here than —than others."

Madame de Bau nodded assent to this pleasing proposition. "I believe so," she rejoined, grandly.

The traveller continued in the accent that essays sympathy and shows hypocrisy: "M. Rols is the debtor of the costuming house I represent, and its debtor to a considerable degree."

"Does he allow your claim?" Madame inquired.

"He leaves Paris, but does not leave his address. Such journeys are called evasions."

"I should prefer to hear the name M. Rols gives them. Great fame is more annoying to the really sensitive than insolvency. He escapes publicity in flight."

"I agree with you in that, Madame. But may I show you his note?"

The traveller drew from his pocket a paper of official appearance, and Madame read the signature of Banastre Rols upon a debtor's note. The date mentioned as the day of payment being that, the traveller declared, of M. Rols's departure from Paris.

"The whole civilized world knows what train brings M. Rols to Vitourac," he said, simply; "he will be arrested on that train for 1,500 francs. I cannot act except as

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I am ordered, but I thought it merely kind to stop your preparations for a fête, as its principal cause could not attend in person."

"Give me that note," Madame cried, angrily.

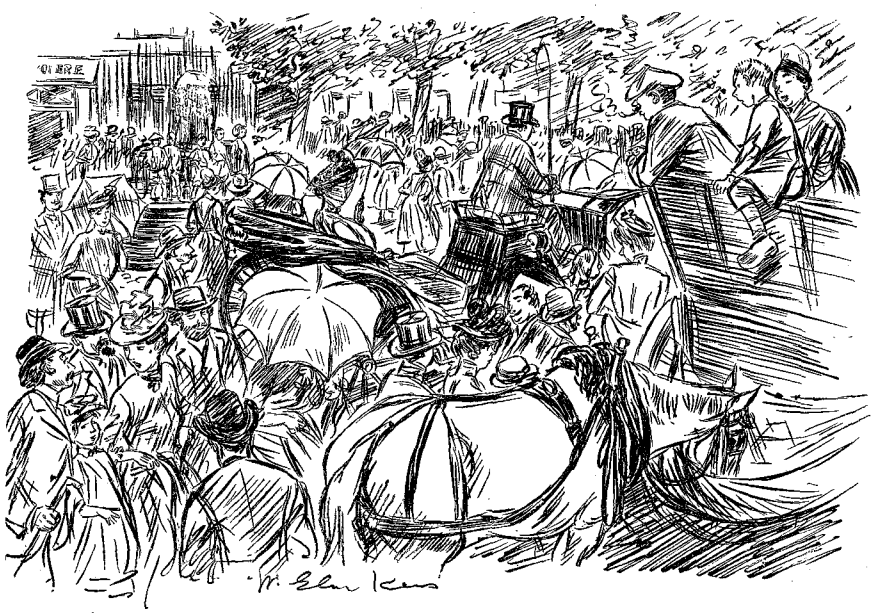
"Only if you pay for it, Madame."

"If I give you your money at noon tomorrow, will you be gone by night?"

"Assuredly, Madame."

"Then, begone now."

The traveller turned obligingly, and his slight figure was soon but a vague shape in the night's shadow. As for Madame, she cared but little; 1,500 francs could be collected before another noon. There were telephones in Vitourac, besides wealth and enthusiasm.



Vitourac had never before been the scene of such a splendid fête.—Page 758.

V

EVERYONE knew M. Rols's predicament before second breakfast on the day following. Madame de Bau called the reception committee to a meeting at 10.15, when she gave them their coffee and her view of the situation. Her manner was convincing, but her words eluded the memories of those whose hearts she had stirred and whose pockets she had lightened. One member said that her face was a drama of emotion, another that she should never forget her voice, a third pronounced her wonderful, and a fourth told her effectiveness in full. "We have subscribed the 1,500 francs," she said.

"Could you not have taken some of the money already subscribed?" the Prefect cried to his wife.

She was deeply shocked, rang for aromatic ammonia, and assumed the look of martyrdom which is ever effective in controversial matrimony. When she grew stronger he was assured that such a course would be dishonesty. He was thus silenced.

But Madame de Bau had nothing of all this with which to contend. The noon sun fell fiercely upon her gay garden and upon its walk, where the mica specks glittered like paillettes. The breeze grew fresher and the trees gave no shade; lizards, green and supine, stretched upon heated stones in the courtyard, which was at last crossed by the overnight visitor.

"Admission free?" he inquired, with insolence.

"Quite free," Madame answered, stiffly; "but observe I prepay your return."

She handed him the bank-notes, which he counted with care and a moistened forefinger.

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"How came M. Rols to visit Vitourac?" he asked again, folding up his money.

"Through Madame la Comtesse d'Arbois. His dear friend is M. le Comte."

"Madame d'Arbois the fancier, the dog fancier? I read of her dogs in the papers."

"Dogs are her passion."

Madame de Bau could not relinquish an opportunity of conversation. To enlighten even a bill-collector upon the hobbies of a countess is a pleasant educational enterprise, it reflects social glory upon the teacher.

"Her dogs are like her human friends," she said, slowly; "they are more than animals with names, they are personalities. I am the only other person in Vitourac who shares these appreciations with her. During the lifetime of my own pet, le Prince Zulu, her caniche, Orizaba, wrote to us almost daily. I recall that she possessed a visiting card with the d'Arbois arms upon it, and studied daily tasks like a real child. This dog gave and received gifts at New Year, telegraphing her state of health in her own name when absent from her mistress, who also gave her a weekly allowance of six sous. 'The Humanization of the Canine' is the name of her book, in whose composition I was somewhat concerned. Should you care for a copy it may be procured at Dufu's for two francs."

"Thank you," the visitor said, civilly, rising to take leave. Madame rang the telephone-bell as he again crossed the court.

"Numero deux, Vitourac," she said. "Hola, Madame la Prefecte, Madame de Bau is speaking."

In another moment the Prefect's wife was within earshot and Madame de Bau in full tide of successful narration.

"He gave me no trouble," she concluded.

"But did he give a receipt?" the Prefect's wife demanded.

"Most certainly," Madame de Bau rejoined, while a scared pallor spread over her face.

The Prefect's wife declared herself satisfied. "You must excuse my coming to the telephone in my petticoats," she said.

"Don't apologize," Madame de Bau answered, graciously. "Except that you tell me, I never should have noticed it," which was incontestably true.

Even a telephone cannot damage the manners of France.

Madame de Bau rushed to the desk in alarm, but Rols' note for 1,500 francs lay upon it. Sighing with relief she resumed her good opinion of herself as a business woman. When good fortune is with us it is difficult to distinguish it from good abilities.

VI

MADAME DE BAU greeted *the* day at dawn, glancing at the Varac hills, upon whose summit the sun prints his official announcement of morning in red ink. She had no anxiety about the weather, for at that season the rain falls only at night, and she sought sleep again with speed, for a night without it is said to add a year to one's appearance. When she woke again it was time to dress. The agitations of her toilet were greater than those of a bride. The exact amount of powder to be worn upon one's nose without detection, the exact amount of strain to be placed upon one's belt without destruction, and the exact amount of cordiality to be infused into one's greeting without vulgar demonstration, were problems which forced themselves upon her busy mind.

But at last the horses pranced in the courtyard and the stream of pedestrians to the grandstand thickened without the gates, bevies solidified, becoming a crowd, the growing crowd became a throng. Madame de Bau fixed a final pin in her veil, descending to meet the Mayor and Prefect with admirable calm, but she adored the stir in Vitourac.

"You have your handkerchief?" she inquired of the Mayor.

"I have a supply," he replied, pulling four from the pocket of a new frock coat, for when he mopped his brow the deaf Prefect was to obey the dumb signal by presenting the keys upon their cushion. He moved forward involuntarily at sight of them, while Madame felt assured that her rehearsals would bear fruit in prompt performance. She acknowledged that Vitourac had never before been the scene

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The train stopped and the band began.—Page 460.

of such a splendid fête, the street to the station was filled with strangers, and harvesting wagons were drawn up along its sides. Their horses fed from bags tied to the tails of these carts, and patient peasants from the back of Vitours province waited the opportunity to see a Parisian personage. No coign of observation was neglected, girls and boys stripped off their shoes to stand in the basin of the market-place fountain. In the general enthusiasm and good-nature, Madame de Bau was cheered from all sides, she was happy, gracious, elaborate in dress and manner. The brightness of life blinded her; she imagined her first conversation with M. Rols in a sort of ecstasy.

"Has M. Rols accepted Britours's invitation to be present at its dog show?" Père Péroult asked when his friends had gained the station-yard.

"We are not yet informed," the Mayor replied, fussily. "Such details arrange themselves."

"They are giving out handbills announcing his presence there," the priest said, pointing to the men who were pressing bits of yellow paper upon the passers-by. Père Péroult was working hard himself. The grandstand being packed, Allerac was explaining its construction with a voice of thunder to the father of the seven daughters, who failed to see Péroult's importance in this celebration.

"He is not in the confidence of the authorities," he exclaimed. "He did not even know that this stand was to be erected. I asked him myself, and he made no reply, upon the very day that you engaged labor to work on it."

The seven souls of the seven daughters were on fire with expectation and desire to see the great romantic actor whom one applauded nightly had one the blest lot of matrimony. "Wedlock is the price of admission to plays of interest," they agreed. Madame de Bau scanned them with scorn, she felt sure that no rival could compete with her for M. Rols's favor.

The sun beat down upon the waiting throng, and presently, far in the faultless blue, one caught sight of a floating film, like a lady's veil. It vanished and others came, while from the north one heard the shrill voice of progress, the whistle of an engine. It was followed by the rumble of heavy wheels, rolling up grade to Vitourac station. The Vitesse Méridionale was come at last.

The Mayor cleared his throat and swallowed a surreptitious troche, the Prefect began his watch for handkerchiefs with the keenness of a terrier alert for a ball.

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Madame de Bau felt her heart knocking against her satin corsage.

"Ah!" she cried, "this suspense is interminable!"

The train stopped and the band began. Reporters stepped from the "wagon lit," fountain-pens in hand and telegraph blanks over the heart, *i.e.*, in the breast pocket. A fresh consignment of strangers was merged in the moving mass, in which they were soon lost after struggling to the platform. The reception committee formed a triangle, with strained smiles of welcome upon their faces and excitement surging in their souls. The grandstand thrilled in sympathy.

Madame de Bau exclaimed in surprise: "There is Gabriel, the d'Arbois valet. He doubtless identifies M. Rols's luggage. Beautiful dramatic instinct! M. Rols wishes to be the last to leave the train, that his welcome may not be marred in all this crowding."

Gabriel drew forth a tiny box from the luggage van; it was two feet in length and eighteen inches across, bearing upon one end this legend, "M. Rols, D'Arboisinage," which last name is of the d'Arbois château.

Barking now sounded from the luggage van, imperative and persistent barking, and Gabriel returned to the van's opening to receive a poodle into his arms. The dog was a chenille caniche, chestnut colored, and straining toward the platform from a chain of pure silver.

"It is the actor's animal. It is his dear dog. Behold a great man's pet," everyone cried at once. Children ran forward to slip garlands under his collar, and Gabriel turned again and again in a slow circle, trying to bow to each towns-fellow who praised the poodle.

"It was proper of d'Arbois to send his own man," the Prefect murmured to the Mayor, "but I should hardly think Rols would send a friend's servant to care for his dog."

"I have not time to gossip about our guest," the Mayor responded, stiffly. "I must greet him. It is evidently customary to get upon the train and bring these celebrities off."

The Prefect stepped into the vestibule of the American carriage, the Mayor following, at which moment Gabriel sighted Madame de Bau.

He made way for himself by means of his elbows, shoving to right and left, and at last gaining Madame's side.

"Were you sent as guide to M. Rols?" she said, graciously.

"Yes, Madame. He was much trouble in travel, but he is all right at home, I assure you."

Madame de Bau glared at the author of this insolence, the five other ladies of reception followed her lead.

"He is full of tricks," Gabriel continued, without observing the six scathing stares. "For instance, give the paw now! See, ladies, he gives the paw!"

Two ecstatic children shook the poodle's paw, while Madame looked about her as in a dream.

"You identified his luggage?" she demanded.

"Yes, Madame. He travelled in the van with it himself."

"To what does celebrity amount?" Madame exclaimed, seeking to fill a pause with a little oratory. "One foregoes comfort rather than endure the blaze of publicity. Celebrity has its smart, success its agony."

Such fine language superadded to a great event affected the committee strongly.

The boom and hissing of the air-breaks of the Vitesse Meridionale now ceased and it began to move away over the single track of steel which glitters to the sea.

"Where is the Mayor?" Madame screamed; "where is the Prefect? where is M. Rols?"

The town officials descended from the last carriage, from which a guard threatened them with his key.

"Only my M. Rols was upon the train," Gabriel said, politely; "but I know the great one was expected here, from the papers."

"Your M. Rols? Who is he?"

Gabriel pointed proudly to the poodle. "Madame la Comtesse laughed to think her dog and the great player would arrive together, Madame. She thought so great a person might enjoy a little coincidence. She bought *our* M. Rols a new box for his collars, his soap and brushes. 'He must appear well,' she said. He had also fifty francs to buy his namesake flowers."

Madame de Bau pushed Gabriel farther from the committee. "When Madame

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d'Arbois wrote me of M. Rols, did she mean *that?*" she gasped, pointing to the modish caniche-maron, whose pink velvet tongue curled up as he yawned at her.

"She did, Madame."

"When a telegram arrived signed 'M. Rols,' did it mean *him?*"

Madame again pointed, Gabriel bowed in assent.

"When she wrote of M. Rols's success at Britours did she mean—*that?*" She now pointed a trembling finger at the advertisement of the Britours dog-show which hung upon the station's wall.

Gabriel looked at her with pity, but responded with firmness. "She did, Madame."

"Then never ask me to live in Vitourac again," she cried, sobbing aloud under cover of the band.

VIII

THE population of Vitourac is determined and consistent, as its Mayor has remarked very frequently—in public. Having agreed upon a fête it did not cavil as to a cause, but turned the Rols carnival into a general rejoicing. Madame de Bau drove home in a victoria filled with flowers. She looked very foolish, and probably felt so.

Père Péroult was accused—by the Église Évangelique—of having fostered faith in the coming celebrity that he might augment church finance. But he was exonerated by the father of seven daughters, who proved him to be guiltless and outside the confidence of the authorities, by the grandstand incident in the Salle de Luxe. Then Père Péroult explained the singular mistake and the Mayor took great pleasure in criticising his manner in addressing the profane. "The civic public is not his congregation," he said, jealously. "Péroult was not at home with it, as I should have been."

The poodle took first prize at Britours and none of the Salle de Luxe subscribers asked for their money again, but where the proclamation had been hung there appeared, in a week's time, this telegram:

"Sorry not to be at your great demonstration. Did not know I was expected. Thanks for honor conferred. Was without newspapers off Heligoland in Rondel's yacht "High C." Again thanks.

"ROLS."

The reception committee never alludes to the sum of 1,500 francs, nor does Rols, but Madame de Bau realized on that great actor's note for the amount, selling it at an autograph auction for a price that gave her satisfaction.

Madame again pointed, Gabriel bowed in assent.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

LYING open on the table was a bound volume of an illustrated paper. An old volume it must have been, for it was open to a cartoon by an artist whose pictures years ago ceased to appear in the public prints. This picture represented a lot of negroes under some bitter experience of discipline, with burning houses near by, and the gist of it was that order was again in course of establishment in the South. Probably the Force Bill was pending at that time and this cartoon was in support of it. But what the picture suggested, as I saw it, was the great change in the Northern sentiment that had come to pass since it was drawn. Worse things happen to individual negroes nowadays, than happened then. There were no burnings at the stake twenty years ago. Interest in the Southern negroes is as keen as ever. There never was a deeper sense of responsibility about them and their future than there is now. Money was never given more freely, nor thought and work spent more lavishly than now in their behalf; and yet such a cartoon as that that caught my eye would express nowadays no sentiment that has an important following. For while there is solicitude ever so keen about the negro's moral and economic welfare, the idea of securing to him political ascendency against the will and the interest of the white men that are his neighbors is moribund, if not dead. And why has that idea passed into such obvious decline? Because the country at large has come slowly to the conclusion that the hope of the South is in white-man's government; that where two races clash, it is to the interest of both that the abler shall prevail; that under negro domination the South would go down, and civilization would be retarded, and that under white man's government it will prosper, and the negroes prosper with it.

Good will to Men.

That, in a general way, is why the wisest friends of the Southern negro talk no more of Force Bills, and bestow little thought on the negro's right to vote and hold office, but bend all their efforts to the attempt to teach him morals, skill in handicrafts, thrift and responsibility. They have gone back to first principles. First, they say, he must learn to take care of himself, and to climb the difficult ladder that leads to self-reliance and independence. A government in which personal and property rights are secure and under which energy, enterprise, and self-denial are reasonably sure of their rewards is necessary to his advancement. There is far better hope that such a government will result in the South from the labors of white men than from the political activity of negroes. Therefore let the white man govern for the present and the negro take such advantage as he may of the order that surrounds him.

There is a great deal of novelty about this growing American appreciation of order. Liberty was what the Fathers fought for when they won independence, and Liberty was the watchword of the nation for a hundred years afterward. Liberty — "Liberty and Union one and inseparable"—was the war cry in our great civil conflict. Liberty is still a word infinitely dear to every true American, but experience seems to be qualifying our definition of it. It used to mean self-government, and equality and fraternity followed after it naturally as part of the same mental process. In that sense it is still our ideal, for all peoples as well as for ourselves, but our theories as to its attainment seem to have been gradually modified. We have come to think a great deal about order, and to suspect that the liberty which includes self-government has a price, and that those who cannot pay that price must wait for it until they can. That price is order; such a degree of order as will make it possible for civilization to advance. We have begun to doubt whether liberty is at all times, for all men of all races, a panacea for all political ills. We have begun to discriminate. We hold liberty in our own gift, and refuse, as we look toward the Philippines, to bestow it in full measure. "They are not ripe for it yet," we say. "They are still children in the world's great family; we will give them for the present personal freedom and order, with more to follow, but full liberty and in-

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dependence all at once, we dare not grant." And then we wonder not a little if we are doing right.

As to that, heaven knows; but certainly we are doing our best. "Peace on Earth, good will to men," are sentiments so closely associated that we may not separate them. Though sometimes our anxiety to make peace prevail may cause our good will to be questioned, we may certainly insist—however doubtful of the comprehensiveness of our own wisdom—that our obligations as promoters and conservators of the world's peace are far too grave to be neglected in the interest of our reputation for mere good-nature. As human parents we often show our love for our children in ways distasteful to them, and if by reason of strength and capacity we have come as a nation to stand in a parental relation to some of Earth's children that are not of our breed, our good will toward them is not to be impugned because we decline to treat them in all respects as though they were competent and responsible adults. The parental relation is new to us as a nation. We are green hands at it. The rule we have best known and practised has been, "Give every man a chance and let him do his best with it." Nowadays we have to modify that maxim so that it reads: "Give every man as much opportunity as he seems competent to handle, and if necessary help, and even constrain, him to handle it." We may make mistakes. Undoubtedly we have made mistakes and shall make many more. But our hopes for success, both for ourselves and those we try to guide, need not falter as long as our purposes square with the Golden Rule. So long as we say to our step-children, and are sincere in saying it, "Do thus and so, accept this or that plan, for your own profit and our honor," we shall be in the right path, and may hope to blunder through to a good end. When we say, "Do thus and so for *our* profit and because we are stronger than you" we shall have strayed into a path that our feet should never have trod, and turned our backs shamefully on that ideal of liberty to which we were born.

NOT long ago I heard a distinguished physician—a man of many years' experience as city medical examiner, and quite as noted for his keen humor as for his skill as a practitioner—say: "When I retire, I mean to amuse myself with writing a book which will contain some rather startling truths. I am afraid, though, that it will not be much more than an amusement, and will do little real good; for I shall not be able to keep a touch of humor from creeping in every now and then, and this will prevent ninety-nine readers out of a hundred taking any of it seriously."

The Distrust of Humor.

I was reminded of Oscar Wilde's "Only the dull are taken seriously."

Why is it that humor should be so suspicious, as it undoubtedly is, to the average Anglo-Saxon? We Americans, in particular, are supposed to possess quite a racial sense of humor; yet most of us are terribly prone to suspect that, when a man says a thing epigrammatically, he does not quite mean what he says. How explain this apparent inconsistency?

One explanation might be sought in the general human—and by no means distinctively Anglo-Saxon — tendency sharply to classify men according to their more salient qualities. We instinctively assign specialties to our fellow-mortals. Let but a man emerge from the vulgar throng with a resounding success in any line, and we straightway hang that success round his neck, as a label, ready ever afterward to predisprize what he may attempt in any other line. Hector Berlioz once said that a composer who had won fame with a symphony had best give up all hope of succeeding with an opera; all the world have already classed (*parqué*) him as a symphonist, and it was well known that no true symphonist could write a fine opera—Mozart and Beethoven to the contrary notwithstanding. The late Professor Bowen, the metaphysician of Harvard University, was once heard to opine that what had, for years, most stood in the way of Schopenhauer's recognition in Germany was his admirable prose style. "Everybody thought that a man who wrote as well as that could not possibly be a philosopher!"

Now, few mental qualities are taken by the public at large to be more sharply classifying than humor. Let a man but be recognized as a humorist, and small hope has he of being accepted as anything else. Few actors have had a more penetrating power of pathos than the late William Warren, of the Boston Museum; but he was best known to the public as a comedian, his assigned "specialty" was the Morton farce; the result was that unthinking play-goers—the thinking play-goer is a rarity — imagined that everything he did

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must be funny, and his finest pathetic moments in serious parts were too often greeted with a stupid guffaw. Mark Twain has complained to friends that his reputation as a humorist stood terribly in the way of people's believing that he ever meant what he said. The philosopher of Hartford is but a funny man to too many readers, and the deep humanity of his philosophy recognized, for the most part, only by critics of insight.

Still, though the tendency to assign "specialties" to men according to their more salient qualities, and to set corresponding limits to what shall be accepted as valuable in their doings, is broadly human, surely we Anglo-Saxons have outstripped most of the rest of the world in regarding humor as incompatible with seriousness of purpose. Strange that this should be true of so intrinsically humorous a race as ours! The trouble probably is that we too often misappreciate the true quality and function of humor, to the extent of valuing only its laughter-provoking side. It seems to be only the thinkers among us who recognize its underlying and ineliminable seriousness, and appreciate that the possession of that sense for the incongruous, which is the heart and soul of humor, is the surest guaranty of a man's seeing things in their true relations. What debarred Victor Hugo, for instance, from supreme greatness as a poet? Nothing but a well-nigh total lack of humor, rendering him blind to all true philosophic and emotional proportion. Wit he had, and poetic energy; mainsprings galore, as many and strong as any poet who ever wrote; but the balance-wheel of humor was denied him, and it is only by the French—who have, for the most part, as little humor as he—that he is confidently placed in the front rank.

If anyone doubt the very general distrust of the inherent seriousness in humor here in America, let him but look at—it were cruel to ask him to read—the ostensibly serious authors whose works have the largest sales in this country. For it is just these ostensibly serious writers who are taken with the most grim seriousness by our average reading public. Perhaps it were hardly fair to bring up the portentous Martin Farquhar Tupper in this connection now; his day is pretty well past. But take Hall Caine, whose books are positively devoured; a man whose lack of humor is so complete that he can be taken seriously only by those who are in the same ill case, or by the far larger mass who have never thought of exercising their sense of humor, save for fun. It is not too much to say that the enormous success with the general public of writers of the Hall Caine stamp—not to mention some earnest essayist of overwhelming dulness—has been largely, if not chiefly, owing to precisely their lack of humor. They, as it were, advertise their seriousness; it is "down on the bills," and people can read them with the comfortable assurance that their dignity runs no risk of being compromised by a smile. But let the author smile himself, and his hold upon a serious public is lost. The serious humorist and the humorous philosopher can speak intelligently only to the *élite* of readers, whose nature is so nobly serious in itself that they can afford to dispense with the trappings and the suits of earnestness; who know how to distinguish between humor and levity, and see the unfathomable *néant* that underlies dulness.

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THE FIELD OF ART

ART SOCIETIES AND SOCIETIES OF ARTISTS

I

MUCH precious thought and time go yearly to the management of art societies: and this calls forth many disparaging remarks to the effect that there are too many of these societies; that the artist-world does not husband its forces; and that something like consolidation is the remedy. It is noticeable that the persons from whom these criticisms have come are not the persons immediately interested in the societies. When the great number of the societies is alluded to, as, for instance, in New York, it is not one of the men devoted to their management who complains—it is the outsider, the business man who thinks that it is unbusiness-like for the artists to divide up their forces in this extreme way. Business men are always thinking for artists. They assume, naturally, that artists want just that which they, the business men, would want. It does not strike a business man, even him who is fond of fine art and addicted more or less to the society of artists—it does not strike him that there are other causes for the existence of an art society than the holding of a business-like exhibition once a year. Or, if he is reminded that the due influence of the artists upon the political organizations and the financial world can only be made good by means of joint action, his conviction is strong that such influence would be better secured, such joint action much more powerful, if the societies were to be merged in one powerful Union of Interests.

It is not merely as a union of interests that the societies appeal to the artists; and in that fact lies the objection to the business man's theory as above set forth. There are a score of separate objects to be gained—a score of separate dreams to be realized, a score of ambitions more or less worthy, more or less noble, more or less important to the whole community as well as to the smaller community of men devoted to art; and every one of these dreams, of these interests, of these ambitions might, under certain conditions, become the *raison d'être* of a society.

II

1. The artists wish to talk things over among themselves; and the more serious and strenuous of them have but little time for that traditional chat of the studios of which we hear so much, and which, for good and evil, has indeed done much to make the modern artist what he is. They need very much the opportunity of discussing artistic topics, sometimes in twos and threes in corners of the rooms, sometimes in meetings of thirty or sixty men. Nor is it to be supposed that the debate in the large meeting is of little value, even where there are but few men who can talk readily on their feet, and those few are monologuists to a fatiguing extent, as sometimes happens; that is not the last word of the discussion by any means! After such a debate the minds of the men present are primed for further meditation and for further and more tranquil private discussion, and that is the true result of these meetings. The critical talk which follows such a meeting and continues until men part at the corner of the street, two hours later, is often the best part of it; and it is something which could hardly be replaced by any other conditions were those meetings once abolished.

2. The artists want better and more intimate knowledge of the feelings of their possible employers, of the public bodies or the rich men from whom important orders are to be had; and for this purpose they wish to mix with others than artists and, on certain occasions at least, to have such communication in a way more intimate than ordinary private society gives, more close to the subject at issue than the social clubs can give, more frequent than the ordinary meetings of acquaintances can be in a vast modern civic community. In this sense, the Society becomes an exchange; the more valuable that ideas as well as material interests are concerned.

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3. The artists, if they are painters, need better pigments than they are now able to get; not that the general run of colors and the like supplied to them by the dealers are of inferior make and are no longer trustworthy, but because some most precious and costly colors are absolutely unknown to the world of trade, and can only be purchased at first hand and under special conditions of care and watchfulness. An Industrial Union might care for such things as this: but some society, without taking that hard and repulsive name, might do the needed work.

4. The artists want to see precious natural materials guarded, preserved, watched, that they may be utilized in good time. A well-known expert, in the Dictionary of Architecture and Building, (Vol. III., article Stone), says that commercial interests will not tend to save the splendid blocks and bowlders of alabaster and porphyry, quartz and agate. "Beautiful masses of clear Rose Quartz go to the making of road materials or abrasives. . . . Such are neglected simply because the material cannot be quarried by the ton;" or, as the writer goes on to say, a permanent business built up by extracting and shipping it. Well! the artists require that other than commercial considerations shall govern the supply of such precious material; and if they have not learned to demand it, that is merely a voiceless condition from which the right society would save them.

5. The artists, if they are sculptors, require some place of deposit for the plaster casts of the larger original models. In those plaster casts are preserved the essential thoughts of the artist. These casts, if kept safely, in no matter what fire-proof shed, would serve for decades as a valuable lesson to the successors and intellectual heirs of each sculptor, as well as memoranda of importance to himself. This place of accessible safe-deposit might be brought into successful existence by a society in which the Industrial Union should be modified by the Museum idea.

6. The artists require good models, male and female; and such a recognition of the comparative worth and importance of the model to art that the matter shall not be relegated to silence and, as it were, ignored; the public being supposed to believe that the painter and modeller of the nude does so without any intimacy with the unclothed living body.

7. The artists, if they are architects, or working in connection with architecture, need ready access to such memoranda, photographic or other, as may be obtainable of all modern buildings of interest, and of those applied and decorative sculptures, those mural paintings, which go to make the buildings more worthy. This access they need especially because of the lack in this modern world of natural and normal evolution. There is so much too much of separate work; every man for himself, with no guide but the easily obtained plates and photographs of old work —everybody studying ancient detail, from which he borrows too freely and much too directly.

8. The artists, if they are makers of furniture, silverware, textiles, and bookbindings, or workers in any admittedly artistic industry, require even more than their fellows such aid and comfort, such help from their contemporaries in other lands than their own. They have their claims to be thought artists and to live and think as artists do—claims which have lain in abeyance merely because sculptor and painter have come up in the social world and have obtained a place like that of the professional man—claims which in their turn have been admitted by the modern world. Now the most inaccessible piece of knowledge will be found that which belongs to wholly modern work in pottery, glass, mosaic, metal-work, and the like. The young artistic industries of the United States are the least known of all; nor can the most ardent student of such things name the men or the localities.

9. The artists want exhibitions like those of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in which one subject at a time is treated exhaustively, in a tranquil little show which will not attract the larger public. The latest Burlington exhibition was limited to work in wrought steel. Once, the subject taken was Rembrandt's etchings; and then Francis Seymour Haden prepared the catalogue with, as introduction, that memorable analysis of those etchings which are generally classed as Rembrandt's. Once it was bookbinding; and from this and from the first above-named show, as from others, noble folio books of illustration have grown.

10. The artists want exhibitions of sketches: summer studies by the landscapists; figure studies by the mural painters; wax models in small by sculptors. It is one of

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the serious needs of younger men that they should learn how their seniors are doing their work; nor are the seniors generally adverse to showing some part of their preparation. The annual shows of the New York Architectural League give evidence as to that.

II. The artists want all the seceders and all the come-outers, and all the protestors and the prescribers of new or admired old ways of seeing nature and painting thoughts about nature—all of them—to hold their exhibitions too, and prove their worth.

III

So much of what the artist needs from his fellows and from a chosen part of the non-artist community. There is also the question of what the community at large needs and which certain art societies may render. Owing to the condition of public affairs in the United States, where the important posts in municipal or State affairs are seldom filled by men of much cultivation, or of even such intelligence as appertains to mercantile, legal, or manufacturing business carried on in other than a small way, a peculiar direction has been given to the numerous American attempts at refinement and improvement in public matters. The commission, composed wholly or in large part of men not in public office, takes on an importance which it could hardly possess in a highly organized and much governed and policed community. Boston has an art commission; Chicago has an art commission. New York's art commission consists of four men *ex-officio*, viz.: the Mayor and the heads of three incorporated institutions of fine art and learning, and three artists and three non-artist citizens appointed by the Mayor from a list furnished by a certain artistic association. Each of these city commissions is the offspring of art societies: no one of them would have existed but for the constantly applied and always strenuous and eager suggestion of associations of artists and "laymen" interested in art. The duty of these art commissions is indeed negative rather than positive; they deal with keeping out of the streets and squares, parks and parkways, all works of art thought to be unworthy. In no instance has the commission obtained or assumed such public state that it has "hearings" and listens to arguments pro and con of invited or volunteering citizens: and yet this would seem to be peculiarly desirable now that the tendency in city government is toward the supplanting of bodies of men, "Boards" of parks, of public works and the like, by single-headed public offices. Commissions will be as timid in art as they have been thought in war. Their business will be to show all the boldness they have in the selection of the artists who are to do any piece of public work; and for that purpose it is obviously requisite that the members of such commissions shall be other than amiable and unconvinced men, other than those of whom we have so many in our social life, who are strong in kindliness, in sympathy, in good fellowship, and in public virtue, but weak in the power to discriminate, and timid when it comes to saying No. And for all these reasons the selection of the members of such a public art commission, which is indeed the very foundation and origin of its status and power, should be largely controlled by the art societies.

IV

HERE again the opponent of the modern tendency toward many and diverse art societies will be heard to say that such influence could be brought so much more forcibly to bear if the artists and their trusted allies were combined in one great association. This is the ground of the forcible-seeming arguments on that side of the question, and it is here that those arguments may best be considered.

And first the reader must recall the well-known fact that membership in one society does not debar membership in another. The Fine Arts Federation of New York, alluded to above as the association from which sprang the New York Art Commission, is a league of eleven art societies; but the Federation in itself is nothing but a council of delegates, dealing with a few duties which are definitely defined and described. Now, many a delegate out of the whole number of sixty-six belongs to four, five, or six of the constituent societies. There are, indeed, certain limits to membership; and yet for all the restrictions there are some men who might belong to every society in the whole list of eleven, and there are few who would not find it feasible to belong to four or five.

Hence arises a curious sense of uniformity of interest and even uniformity of aim. The opinion of any one society, taken at a late hour

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in the evening, taken as a kind of snap judgment after a brief discussion, may indeed be totally different from the opinion similarly obtained from another society; but there are accommodations and second thoughts; and no matter what the public may think, there are no more reasonably minded men than the artists and their allies; nowhere is it easier to have votes rescinded and ignored and the deliberate second thought of the association prevail. It was eminently a good thought to establish the Fine Arts Federation (and for the urgency of its presentation to the artist-world let us all thank the man whose name should be remembered in connection with it, George Louis Heins); the Fine Arts Federation has proved its immense value, and may be of vastly greater service yet if the need should come and should find a strong and well-chosen body of delegates in the Federation. But no one familiar with the Federation has dreamed of doing away, by its means, with the separate societies themselves. Those who sit as delegates in the meetings of the Federation know too well what a power for good are the separate societies, even the smallest ones; they having each its own point of view, and one so clear and easily differentiated that any individual artist or layman, A. B., or Y. Z., sitting in the rooms of one society, becomes almost a different man from that which he was, three days before, in the meeting of another association.

V

THE community has need of still other societies which artists and the allies of artists must conduct. Let us continue our numbering—omitting the F. A. F., as it is fondly called, because that is a congress only.

12. There is wanted in each urban community a society to undertake what the "Arts and Crafts" may be thought to strive for, in London or in Boston. This is to keep on teaching the lesson that there is no designer but the maker. The rightly designed gas fixture is not to be drawn on paper in one quiet room and then cast, drawn, hammered, chased, bronzed, put together in a series of rooms full of workmen doing each his little piece of the work. He who will make *the whole* of a silver pocket-flask, from the first sketch on an envelope to the object ready for delivery, is to be encouraged in every way. And hand-work, in contradistinction to machinery, is to be insisted on, with the most severe and most exact regulations as to what and how much aid from mechanical devices is to be accepted.

13. There are wanted societies to undertake what the Municipal Arts Society used to try to do in New York; to raise money in considerable sums, and expend it in the direct purchase or ordering of important works of fine art for the public buildings and the public places of the city. The society above named was able to do this well and honorably in two cases. Two important groups of works of art exist, and should exist forever, which would never have been but for that organization. There is, however, the need of gaining such and so strong a hold upon the community that its membership shall be large, or wealthy, or both. Twenty thousand a year might be had from 2,000 members, or from 500: the only question is the practical one—How do you mean to beat up recruits?

14. There is need of societies to undertake business of Municipal Art, in the recently accepted, popular sense; and although this may be done very largely by societies which are wholly non-artistic (for what need of architects to insist upon broad streets and sunshine, frequent and thorough cleaning, or decent street-signs and street-lamps?), yet the artist's world is soon found to touch the city-reformer's world, and they must consent to be accepted as mutually dependent. There is, then, the possible society of purely artistic aims, made up of men who are convinced that the one important thing is the separate —the individual and unique—work of fine art, and that this is as likely to appear amid the crowded and black streets of an ill-kept and seemingly unsanitary old town, as in the most carefully policed modern capital. There is also the society as described in 13. And each of these will be purely a society of artists and friends of artists.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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